TRAVEL AND TALK

VOL. II.

BOOKS BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.
SPEECH IN SEASON.
CURRENT COIN.
ARROWS IN THE AIR.
POETS IN THE PULPIT.
UNSECTARIAN FAMILY PRAYERS.
WINGED WORDS.
THE LIGHT OF THE AGES.
THE STORY OF THE FOUR.
THE PICTURE OF JESUS.
THE PICTURE OF PAUL.
THE CONQUERING CROSS.
THE KEY OF DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.
THE BROAD CHURCH.
MUSIC AND MORALS.
MY MUSICAL LIFE.
ASHES TO ASHES.
AMERICAN HUMOURISTS.
PET; or, Pastimes and Penalties.
LIFE OF SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

TRAVEL AND TALK

1885–93–95

MY HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES OF TRAVEL

THROUGH

AMERICA	CANADA
AUSTRALIA	NEW ZEALAND
TASMANIA	CEYLON

AND

THE PARADISES OF THE PACIFIC

BY

THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

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TRAVEL AND TALK

SAN FRANCISCO

I

A WARNING.—In the autumn of 1894 I had what my doctors euphemistically called a 'warning.' About middle life, they told me in a comforting way, this was far from uncommon. It simply meant that the machinery of life was meant to last a certain time, but that sooner or later the treacherous reeds, pedals, pipes, and bellows of life's strange organ would betray signs of wearing out, and have to undergo repairs. They were obliging enough to add that they considered I might be repaired. Once before, in the winter of 1892, which killed poor Sir Morell Mackenzie, I had fled precipitately to my favourite resort in Morocco. Personally I don't trust any climate nearer than the north of Africa. Biarritz Nice—even Mentone—are all broken reeds.

The winter of 1894, after Christmas, turned out to be an unusually severe one. I took a sudden resolve, and left the Thames to freeze and the fogs to chill and poison. As for me, I followed the sun.

Of course, when I am abroad I consider our English climate the finest in the world, and London the healthiest city in Europe—our 'veiled skies,' indeed, I am told, are most attractive to Americans who suffer much from 'blue sky on the brain.' As for the yellow fogs, it was proved at the Royal Institution that they consisted largely of fish, vegetables, grease, and rancid substitutes for butter, and carbon—a capital filter. In fact, our yellow fogs are full of nutritive and highly interesting properties. No doubt Sir Morell Mackenzie used to say that they held sundry sewage poisons in suspension which irritated the throat, and provided him with many of his best patients; but 'tis an ill fog that benefits no class, and the medical profession must be supported, and certainly should be the last to complain of fogs. Still the free and fickle Briton, whilst extolling his climate to the gasping foreigner, is apt himself, like the swallow, to seek a brighter clime after one or two futile mustards and a touch of the dreaded 'flue.' I confess that was my idea. A mild autumn day, or even week or two, didn't take me in. 'How do I like your climate?' said the American. 'I guess you have not got any climate in England—you've only got samples!'

A sharp run down to Liverpool—I leave Euston in Cimmerian gloom—I board this time the 'Teutonic,' twin to the 'Majestic,' White Star, in sunshine, and am off to Queenstown—New York—Francisco—the Golden Gate—the Californian fruit gardens—the Indian summer—the winter paradise of the Pacific coast.

II

MY THIRD VOYAGE.—I had just written so far—how little man knows, especially on the ocean, what a day may bring forth (or bring up)! As I drew near to New York Harbour, I plucked up courage to look back at my diary. There were awful gaps in those five days. I knew what they meant. 'Kathleen!' Who was Kathleen? Once more I look over the side of our giant ship along with the rest. We are still waiting for the mails off Queenstown—the sea is like glass—Kathleen, in a boat far down below, looks up, holding out Irish lace, shawls, &c., Hibernian textiles. Buxom, merry, saucy, pretty Kathleen, with your clear, ringing voice. There are other red-cheeked, dark-eyed Irish girls with you, and a swain or two sorting the flounces and tippets—but you are the queen of barterers. 'Here's a fine piece of lace for that lady beside you. Catch the rope, gentleman! I'll position the basket. Pull it up; let the ladies see. Pass it round; look at the pattern—the arms of Brian Boru, as I'm alive! and the blessed shamrock; it will bring luck to the lady! What will you give? You shall take it for 35*s*. 20*s*.! No, sir; I couldn't get the price of a turkey out of it. There, 30*s*. No! Well, there's a good-looking gentleman beside you; he shall have it for 28*s*. I'm giving it away, sir, to you, because you're so handsome. Won't have it? Hope you'll be better looking next time. Well, there, lady, 25*s*. to you! Take it up: send us down the money,' and the basket is lowered with the coin.

There was one young fellow bent on chaffing Kathleen. He offered for everything, and then beat

her down. 'Make her talk! Make her talk!' he said maliciously. I watched him, and I watched Kathleen. She had taken his measure, and with true Irish subtlety she bided her time, and beat him at last. He never meant to buy, but he led her a life. At last the bartering grew fast and furious over the diminished heap. Kathleen, if you believed her, was giving the things away; everybody was now 'so good-looking;' the basket went up and down; the British cad nobbled her for a closing encounter. 'Kathleen! Kathleen! what will you take for that strip?' 'Twenty-five shillings, not a farthing less!' 'No; twenty-two shillings!' 'Twenty-five shillings!' 'Twenty-two shillings!' She ceased to notice him, and went on briskly with the others. Suddenly the anchor was loosed, the signal given, slowly the big ship moved. 'Twenty-two shillings!' roared 'Arry. But the last bargain was struck, and pretty Kathleen was already floating adrift, still holding up the lace, and shouting saucily, 'Twenty-five shillings!' but now apparently beyond reach. 'Twenty-five shillings!' roared out 'Arry out of sheer bravado. Instantly the men in the boat pulled like mad. A rope was thrown. It was caught by the steerage passengers, and in a moment Kathleen was being towed alongside. The crowd leaned over in the utmost excitement; the basket was hauled up.

'Yours, sir, for twenty-five shillings,' cried triumphant Kathleen, adding, with crushing irony, 'because you're so good-lookin'.'

A roar of merriment and applause greeted this last sally, and 'Arry reluctantly produced the coin, and pocketed his lace with a surly frown. He will not try any more passages of arms with Kathleen, I

trow. Her smiling face and jubilant figure standing up in the boat, waving her thanks to all as we steamed out of the bay, was the last pleasant sight that fell upon my eyes—before——blank in the diary. Inward presentiments of approaching dissolution, combined with circumstances over which I seemed to have very little control, now for two days or more prevented me noticing much which might have repaid attention. The steward was my only and occasional companion, and he was happily an optimist. As Byron says,

'Above all pain, yet pitying all distress'

—he was at once considerate, hopeful, and resigned to the sufferings—of others.

About midnight I rang the bell. I was tired of listening to cries of the steerage passengers, mostly Irish, imploring the Virgin and all the saints. The sea seemed mountains high, and the water kept pouring down the stairs.

The steward lurched in, calm as usual, and stood for a moment, balancing himself respectfully with an inquiring air, at the foot of my bunk. It was a roomy cabin. I pointed mutely to my portmanteaus waltzing with each other, then to my rice pudding nicely mixed up with my boots on the floor; everything else was also on the floor—when not flying about. 'It's awfully rough,' I gasped.

'Rather a nice night on deck, sir,' says he, cheerfully, picking out my boots.

'This rolling is dreadful!'

'Well, sir, she might pitch.'

Presently she did pitch; then he only said;

'It's better than that rolling. Take anything, sir?'

He seemed under the impression that you could take anything. He was confident about everything that he brought till it proved a failure, and then said, cheerfully, 'I would not try that again,' as if that made things any better. He was even hopeful about the stove, and pretended to warm his hands at the cold grating. He would come in saying, 'Nice and cosy in here, sir,' and when I complained of the room being stuffy as well as cold, he would unscrew a window, which nearly blew me out of bed, with the remark, 'Refreshing to get a little air, ain't it?'

Yes, certainly John was an optimist. I think it was the third day I staggered up on deck, to see the results of what John called 'rather a nice night.' I was rewarded; half the ship and cordage facing the wind was sheathed in the most dazzling white ice and snow. It looked like a huge frosted sugar ship. The crow's nest halfway up the mast was solid ice; the ladder was frozen, and all the ropes hung with thick ice, which had to be chopped off piecemeal. I learned that two men were always up in the crow's nest. Last year one poor fellow tried to get down, in the darkness and tempest; but, dazed with the plunging sea foam, and half-frozen, he slipped on the ice and broke his leg. This was doubtless another of John's 'rather nice nights on deck.'

When at last I emerged and looked about me, in the interests of my readers, I perceived nothing very remarkable about the passengers—such of them as showed up.

There was the usual Frenchman who never took off his clothes or seemed to move from his sofa, called occasionally for 'von shpit box,' and when advised to undress and go to bed, pointed with his finger downwards, signifying that he intended to be drowned in his boots and breeches, the advantage of which I failed to see.

There was the American millionaire, who looked as if he had rather not know anyone for fear you might want to borrow 1,000 dollars; the inevitable nautical young lady who was never sick; and the athletic Goliath who suffered what Mrs. Gamp would call the 'tortuses of the imposition,' never getting his sea-legs at all; and, of course, there was the boy in everybody's way, including his own, and the squalling baby, whose mother looked round with just pride at the commotion and dismay so small a brat could create.

I was fortunate, when I did take my seat at table, to find myself between two doctors. One instantly recommended me raw beef with Worcester sauce; the other counselled a brandy cocktail.

A Dutchman opposite consumed two fat mutton chops, and then announced his intention of eating his way down the menu and up again—a terrible threat which he fulfilled to the letter. As we looked around that gorgeous dining saloon, with its sumptuous first-class hotel appointments, its attentive and brisk waiters, the affable captain, the refined medical officer, the attentive and smart purser, the profuse bill of fare, my medical friend on the right told me he had crossed in '58 on one of the great liners.

'I can tell you the contrast is rather shocking. I

paid first-class for a cabin and a bunk a long way too short. Next door there was an empty one which would have suited me. I applied to the purser. "Well," says he, "I don't see why I should suit you for nothing. I guess everyone's on the make, and you pay me 5*l.* and move in!" As for the captains in those days, they kept up their dignity by haughty, overbearing manners, insulting the passengers and issuing vexatious orders to show their power. My captain was shut up with a little governess on board half the day, and neglected everybody else so grossly that he was complained of and suspended. The chief engineer got drunk, and swore he would drive the ship ahead of all that floated on the —— ocean. And so he did for an hour, when his shaft broke, and we were drifting about with sails for a week. It is to master minds like Ismay, of the White Star Line, that management of this kind has become a thing of the past on the great Atlantic liners. Travelling by sea has been reduced to a fine art.'

✓

III

TO NEW ORLEANS.—For the third time I enter New York Harbour. No one meets me—no reporters, no friends. I steal about the city for a few hours, almost fearing to meet some one who might persuade me to linger—but no, I am bound for Frisco; it is December 13, and on December 23 I am to occupy the pulpit of Trinity Church, San Francisco, the principal church in the city. My good Francisco friends, as soon as they knew I was coming west in search of health, opened, as I may say, their hearts, homes, and churches to me More than one pulpit was at

my disposal, but the Trinity Church Committee prevailed, and secured me for two months. I was to preach every Sunday night.

Instantly on landing in America I felt revived. On the whole the voyage had rested me. Though still very weak, I had now no fear of a relapse. I had just to get to my destination on the Pacific coast.

I sat down in a Broadway restaurant, and after a basin of the inevitable clam soup, I took out my neglected pocket diary, and made a few back notes. At that time I had no intention of writing these two volumes, but being an inveterate 'special correspondent,' my instinct is always to retain in paragraphs vignettes of things, places, and people as I go along. This greatly adds to my own enjoyment, whilst tempting me at times, I fear, to bore my friends under the plausible pretence of giving them useful and interesting information. Still, I hasten to add by way of excuse that I do not cram my memoranda with guide-book extracts. The result of my meditations may not amount to much, but 'tis the honest product of personal and first-hand observation. As Shakespeare says, 'A poor thing, but my own!'

I am quite aware that, with the assistance of a 'Murray' and a map, a considerable reputation for acuteness and observation may be acquired without much trouble. We all know that Mark Twain achieved some of his most daring exploits with even less. Sitting quietly at his window in a Swiss hotel, he turned his telescope at intervals upon so much of the Alpine pass as he could see, and described in a few immortal pages the perils of his dauntless ascent.

I am without a telescope and without a guide-book, but I confess to a map—several maps—astonishing maps. You will find them stored and stacked at Cook's and all other tourists' offices—narrow, brief-like looking documents which unfold and reveal a map on one side and a marvellous and profusely illustrated tale on the other. One tells you that the Santa Fé route is the best, another that the Central Pacific is the shortest, whilst the South Pacific 'Sunset route' is, &c. &c. The rivalry between the lines is so hot that anyone who has a concession of reduced fare to go by one line can easily get a similar concession if he will only change his mind and go by the other. The pen of the novelist and the pencil of the artist compete at the back of the map.

A young lady lies asleep in an armchair at an open window in a spacious apartment, gentlemen with newspapers lounge as at their clubs in Piccadilly. Others are seated writing at bureaus—a large dining saloon, an ample kitchen, a luxurious bedroom and lavatory—and 'tis only a railway carriage after all.

Well, if these palatial apartments do shrivel into the familiar Pullman car when we have got our ticket, no matter, an effective appeal to the imagination has been made, and if we are not happy it is nobody's fault but our own. I could dispense more willingly with the flowery letterpress contributed by the Company's special novelist: 'old Sol, darkly red from his day's exertion, sinks to rest in the broad bosom of the Pacific Ocean' is not only florid and superfluous, but needlessly inaccurate.

However, let us start. No, my friend, don't tell me the South Pacific route to Francisco from New

York is about the same as the Central, it is palpably longer, hard upon 4,000 miles as against 3,000 and odd, by the Central or the Santa Fé routes, and extra sleeping cars and food will be required, I know. You can't have everything for your own Company; you needn't cheapen the merits of the other companies. You know also that there is little fear of my being snowed up if I do go by the Central. I am going by your South Pacific because the Utah Desert, with its alkali dust or waste of snow, as the case may be, bores me, and I want to taste summer and dip into the land of alligators and see New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico *en route*. So no more lying, and make out my tickets accordingly.

I think I should like American travelling better if I could control the railway nigger's passion for Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace. As I sat asphyxiated with stuffiness and heat in the Pullman car, I faintly called to the coloured gentleman in charge of the ventilators, and with a gasping gesture pointed to the closed air flaps.

'Yes, saar—weather vera cold, saar—shut all up—get warm,' and the fiend grinned at the thought.

'Open!' I said. 'Why am I to be broiled alive?'

'Vera well, saar, you will see—vera cold!' and he went down the whole car, opening every flap, until icy currents succeeded the suffocating heat, then he shut them up again. Another traveller had complained.

'Him say his head ache—he don't know what he want!'

A thermometer hung on the door, like a sort of

grim joke. The conductor gravely inspected it from time to time, and gave it a shake. It had evidently ceased to act—that thermometer had died of overwork.

As I sped south through the old Slave States, the filth and vivacity of the towns I alighted at told of that *sans souci* and general neglect of spruceness and sanitation which easy living and a gracious climate seem naturally to engender. I shall not soon forget squalid Athens, with its ramshackle, muddy old coaches, its absence of pavement, its slatternly maids, unlike those that won Byron's fickle heart, its dreadful smells. London again, a mere collection of dirty wooden shanties; and Birmingham, as dirty, but not so populous as its great namesake. Still most of these towns have the electric light, which is common throughout the Southern as well as the Northern States. The perfect organisation of cheap electric tramcars is also something for us to admire, if we cannot imitate it.

On approaching New Orleans, the train to all appearance puts out to sea. In fact, a large but shallow lake has to be traversed—one of those shallows which are so apt to overflow, and cause widespread disaster. This reminded me that I was in the region of tidal waves, floods, and volcanic disturbances. An occasional mild submergence at Windsor, or a few weeks of overflow in the midland counties, is not in it with the cataclysms which periodically afflict South America.

'The natives, sir, are pretty indifferent to these things. As they don't know when they are coming,

they don't worry—the only certain thing is that calamities will come—and at no long intervals. There are some islands,' said my companion, 'in the Gulf of Mexico—"Grandes Îles" they call them—they are about fifty miles from New Orleans and about seven miles from the shore. They are famous for their fine oysters, and great fisheries of all sorts are carried on. The people are very prosperous, and do a brisk trade with the mainland. Well, sir, will you believe it, about every ten years or less, a tidal wave submerges these islands sometimes thirty feet deep, and sweeps every living thing off them. Few of the fishing boats live through the commotion, most of them are hurled on the mainland miles away bottom up. The year before last there came such a wave; it swept away about 5,000 people—of the Grandes Îles' folk, but about 300 escaped. A subscription was got up for them; and—they went back and began again! The fact is, the trade is too valuable whilst it lasts—and they take the risk—which means sooner or later—almost certain sudden death.'

IV

THE BISHOP OF HONDURAS.—I travelled to New Orleans with the Bishop of British Honduras—who seemed to me the very model of what a missionary prelate should be—carefully correct in his dress, quite unaffected, and easy-spoken with all sorts and conditions of men. Bishop Ormsby was promoted from the ranks at the recommendation, I believe, of the Bishop of Rochester. He had served under Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, and also in South London. The See of Honduras, if the Nica-

ragua Canal scheme is reopened, and the territory goes on developing as it now seems likely to do, will in a short time become one of prime colonial importance. It is the only centre of British influence in the South, and became so oddly enough by right of conquest, as it fell to England in one of its rows with Colonial Spain.

At present it is only worth about 800*l.* a year and a 'palace,' but I could see that the Bishop, when he happened to be absent, which is seldom, travelled as systematically for his diocese and for the benefit of his people as did ever any gentleman of a more commercial calling.

'The cathedral,' said the Bishop, 'must be enlarged and restored. I am going down west to secure land for schools and sites for churches, and open up the country. I am bringing out four young men whom I recently ordained—it is not easy to get men—the last Bishop died in a few months. We have not a good reputation on account of yellow fever; but the dangers have been exaggerated. We live close by the sea, which is full of sharks, but the air is delicious, and there are plenty of healthy spots. And if you will come and see me you shall have turtle soup every day, for we have turtles in abundance.'

These Bishops are true missionaries. They fit out yachts with chapels, and sail from isle to isle; or a caravan with an altar and nave and accommodation for eighty people, and wheel around to the wildest places, and whip up cowboys and squatters, hundreds of miles from anything like a church or a parson.

'Where are you going?' said I to the Bishop as we got out of the train at New Orleans.

It was just eight o'clock. Well, the Bishop knew of a quiet restaurant, and thither we went. Elbowing through the mixed coloured population, the confusion of waggons and electric trams, the reeking ill-paved streets, half Spanish, half French, and wholly Southern, with their open sewers, trading shops, and lazy, vivacious, ragged populace—we at last reached a quiet hotel in a side street.

'And where next?' as I rose from the small round restaurant table after breakfast. (The floor was sanded, but happily there were lots of spittoons.)

'Well!' says the Bishop, 'we'll walk out to St. Paul's and waylay the Rector, Mr. Waters.' I thought I saw offertory for the diocese of Honduras, native schools, repair of Cathedral &c. in the Bishop's eye.

Now, the Rev. Mr. Waters had also an eye to the main chance, and as we both met him at the door of his handsome stone Gothic church, which seated at least 1,200 people, he put aside the offertory question, but laid hands on the Bishop for personal service, and it ended in my being sent up into the pulpit to preach then and there, whilst the Bishop was announced for the evening.

The day had been hot and misty. We had lingered a little too long on the banks of the Mississippi overlooking low-lying Orleans. (Next morn, Monday, the Bishop woke with a little touch of malarial fever, which fortunately subsided.)

V

THE BLACK PREACHER.—On Sunday night the Bishop went off, apparently in good condition, to preach his sermon, and I went off to hear one. Was it a sermon? . . . In the poorer part of New Orleans, affected by coloured people, the Rev. Butler, a coal-black preacher, in a spacious wooden edifice, held his solemn but sensational religious carnival.

I pushed my way in through the crowd of darkies, male and female, of all ages. The chapel was already full, but I was spotted by a black elder, who dragged me 'right along' up to the platform pulpit, and in another moment my hand was clutched by a huge, black, hot, moist hand, and I was pulled up and installed in an armchair beside the preacher.

'Brother,' he said, 'we're right glad to see you—we'll have a happy time to-night!'

He was an immense negro, cheery and frank, dressed in black frock coat, loose collar. He fanned himself incessantly with a large palm leaf, and presently got up and walked about the platform—conversing with, rather than talking to, his congregation.

'Now are you all praising the Lord to-night? He's here, you know—He's knocking at your door—now, let Him in to-night. Oh!-h!-h! (long groan) come in, dear Lord! Oh!-h!-h! break down the door—glory be to God! I say, glory be to God!'

'Amen! Amen! Hallelujah!' came from different parts of the room.

In this way he worked them up, and then gave

out a hymn, and sat down by me chatting and fanning himself whilst the people sang.

'I've been rousing the souls of the people all day —I'm a little hoarse to-night. This is my fourth service. Glory be &c., we've swept 'em into the Lord's barn.'

'Come into the Lord's barn, dear brothers and sisters!' he shouted out. 'Come to-night!—yea! yea! praise Him! Glory, glory!'

'I say, you poor sinners up dar in the gallery, won't you come tew? Say!'—in stentorian tones and giving the table a mighty bang.

'Won't you come, tew, sinner?' and the preacher glared fiercely and coercively about him. Then there was a show of hands.

'Many of the Lord's people here to-night; but we want the others. Oh—h—h! melt the rocky heart—touch the sinner—as he stands by the flaming pit—clutch him to-night, dear Lord!—more hands, more hands!' and there was a bigger show, and the black preacher laughed out loud: 'The old devil, he don't like see coloured people come to Jesus—ha! ha!'—a storm of groans, cheers, chuckles and 'glory be to' followed, and then the preacher settled down to read a chapter from St. John's Gospel.

Then after another hymn began the sermon proper —which, I am bound to say, was extremely clever, and at times witty, but the like of which I never heard nor could have imagined.

'Are you in Christ?' he asked with Paul—'Paul,' he said, 'you want this people to answer that question to-night. We must have it out—no good to say, "My neighbour, he do all the praying—or the wife,

she good woman"—that ain't de question. Are *you* in Christ? 'postle want to just know dat. You ought to know—you know about de body—you got headache or pain in back. I got de neuralgia—I don't want you tell me dat—I know it——

'You know financially to a dollar how you stand—dem dollars in dat bag shove away you count 'em ebery night—and if there any missing I reckon there's trouble in the camp before bedtime. You know just how many houses you own in St. Charles Avenue'—mentioning the Belgravia of New Orleans—'I guess you can reckon 'em up on your fingers.' Here the chuckles and even loud guffaws broke out on all sides from that devout but not wealthy assembly; but as the sermon went on the tone changed.

The preacher fanned more violently, shouted and gesticulated more wildly, until, as he described the descent of Jesus to earth, with attendant angels, and contrasted the lowly manger of Bethlehem with the apocalyptical splendours of heaven, his voice went fairly into a Gregorian chant. He literally sang out his sermon in musical periods, and the people sang it along with him. His command of poetical imagery was very fine. Daniel, Job, and Revelation were at his fingers' ends, but his eloquence soon became spasmodic and personal. He paused, and looked around, like the ruler of the spirits—a woman who had been staring into space fell flat down, and was held by her neighbour. Another girl kept throwing her arms wildly about, and shouting 'Glory! glory!' The room was now full of people, who jumped up and down, screamed, and stared like creatures possessed. The black preacher came and sat beside me. He was streaming with sweat, and fanning

himself, but apparently quite happy and contented with the turmoil he had raised.

'Ah!' he says, 'when our coloured people are really happy, they will show their feelings!'

Indeed, they seemed to be having a high old time. Nothing came of the convulsions—the maddest soon settled down quietly.

In a few minutes the preacher again rose and said, 'Now we'll take up de collection. Come round all of you and plank down the dollar as the Lord has prospered each one. Freely ye have received, freely give.'

When the people had done jumping, embracing each other, shaking hands quite promiscuously (I came in for my full share), they came up in file, and deposited their contributions on the table beneath the preacher.

'That's the way,' he said to me, admiringly, 'not grudgingly, but the cheerful giver the Lord loveth. Our people are all cheerful'—and so indeed they seemed.

'We raise in this way from seven to eight thousand dollars a year, or about 1,600*l.*' I am bound to say that, amidst much that was ludicrous, and which might seem irreverent, I could not deny that the preacher held his crowded and free-and-easy audience from beginning to end, and held them for good.

He certainly smote them hip and thigh, more than once, and they groaned, chuckled, and even screamed as if they thoroughly appreciated the castigation. After getting a large number to hold up their hands as evidence of being in Christ, he got their further assent to the proposition that if they were in Christ they must be like Christ.

'Did you ever hear of Christ drinking in a gin saloon? Did you ever hear of His swindling His neighbour? You never do those things? But I know you do—don't tell me; your neighbours know you do—they see you coming out of those places, and you tell me you are in Christ. How came you to hold up your hands and bear witness to such a lie? Don't you do it again afore you are in Christ; and you come in to-night. Oh—h—h—h, sinner, come in and hide you in the rock. Safe, safe, safe. Oh—h—h—h—safe in the arms of Jesus——'

No words can describe the electrical effect of the black evangelist's prolonged groans; he groaned and agonised till the sweat poured down his sable cheeks, and the black elder broke into hysterical laughter; he groaned till the women sobbed and fell down flat and rigid, till the girls jumped, and danced, and threw themselves wildly into each others' arms; he groaned till the men sprang up and shook hands and embraced each other, and until the whole assembly groaned to the thronged doors, and the groaning and hallelujah was taken up in the street outside, amidst incoherent shouts of frantic piety and rapture.

One poor woman kept screaming at intervals, 'Glory! glory! Barabbas in the highest!'—I suppose she meant 'Hosannah!' but she said 'Barabbas!'

I found it the fashion amongst the local clergy at New Orleans either to despise and ridicule these strange devotional exercises, or ignore them altogether. I was glad, therefore, at a clerical meeting next day to bear witness to what I conceive to be the reality and worth of such performances, and to notice

how in all ages from the days of Paul—who in his Corinthian Epistles alludes to similar phenomena—to the days of Luther, Wesley, Whitfield, the Irvingites, and the Salvationists—these revivalist extravagances have signalised really powerful spiritual movements, and not been without their use in the midst of formal communities, apt to go to sleep in well-padded pews to the music of drowsy and conventional utterances.

I am glad to say the Bishop of Honduras, who has had some experience of these coloured people, backed me up in my sentiments.

VI

JEFFERSON, THE ACTOR.—The black preacher was doubtless a powerful actor, but I spent my next and last evening at New Orleans listening to a still greater white actor. This was none other than Mr. Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. The veteran—and still by far the greatest American actor—is nearer eighty than seventy, but his marvellous impersonation has gained rather than lost in refinement, finish, and realism. In the last act, now that he is really an old man, no words can convey the pathos of the situation. The scene in which he meets the ghostly pirate crew and drinks with them on the Catskill mountains, was a piece of by-play acting never surpassed in his earlier days.

'How often have you played Rip?' I asked him when he courteously received me in his dressing-room, still wearing the rags and tatters which he appears in after his twenty years' sleep.

'Ah!' he said, 'don't ask me, I could not tell you myself:' he then went on to talk about the play in the most interesting manner. 'It grew,' he said; 'there

have been sundry dramatic versions of it, but Dion Boucicault took it in hand for me—he was an extraordinary man, a strange character—a mixed character perhaps, but a most interesting person.

'There was about Washington Irving's legend of Rip, a glamour of the supernatural that always fascinated me. I often seem to feel that we live in a world of mystery, and the realm of visions and ghostly communication is sympathetic to me—it touches a chord too in many natures. The actual story of Rip is fanciful and impossible, no doubt; but it appeals to the love of mystery, a something in us. It is curious, too,' continued Mr. Jefferson, 'how seriously the negro people at the top gallery take it all—they will nudge each other and explain in the greatest excitement, "There, you see, he's been asleep for twenty years, and that is just how he would look." They think it all quite reasonable and natural—to the sensitive and even spiritual nature of the negro, the supernatural is the natural.'

'And are you as fond of painting as ever?' Painting is Mr. Jefferson's chief pastime.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I am never without my colours and my paint brush; it has a charm for me indescribable—almost greater than my own profession.'

Mr. Jefferson spoke in terms of the highest admiration of Henry Irving—'he is simply a unique man—his extraordinary combination of qualities, and his astonishing success, set him quite apart amongst the actors of his day.'

'And may I say that you will once more visit us, Mr. Jefferson?'

'I fear not; I am getting old, and if I manage to respond occasionally to the call of my own country-

men, it is as much as I can expect to do, or as can be expected of me. My daughter is married in England ; I have not seen her for fifteen years. I should like to see her!'

I have a motive in recording this much of my conversation with Mr. Jefferson.

He lives chiefly in retirement near New Orleans, beloved and honoured far and wide, happy in his children and grandchildren. His house is a refined and genial centre of literature and art. His smile is one of the sweetest I ever saw. Off the stage he is exactly the lovable, gentle side of poor Rip, divorced from his moral infirmities; but he exhibits in his old age, and in this special part so absolutely identified with him, the rare spectacle of an excellent power and perfection never surpassed, if ever attained to, when in the prime of life.

I saw him twenty-five years ago, but on that night in 1894 he impressed me even more than before. There is nothing like it on the stage—and merely as a lesson to all rising and risen actors, as well as a wholesome message to a public giddy with meretricious sensations and drugged with false melodrama, London ought to sign a round robin and prevail upon Mr. Jefferson to come amongst us once more. Soon—too soon—Jefferson's Rip will be but an exquisite memory; but whilst it is still a marvellous reality—one of the most marvellous realities of the modern stage; we should do our utmost to secure for our children, and even our children's children, the privilege of seeing Mr. Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle.

VII

A PEEP INTO MEXICO.—Speeding as I am at this moment as I write these lines through Texas, I might entertain you with remarks on the climate, which is at this moment roasting (on December 18), with the log huts of the settler along the line, about the most lonesome and forsaken place I ever saw, the forest fires which rise on either side—the smoke, going up in the distance, a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night—most weird and startling, especially when the train rushes through a crackling cotton wood on fire, as it did just now—but I forbear.

I shall strike Los Angeles to-morrow, and Frisco —a five days' run from New Orleans—on Saturday.

White sand, stunted scrub, and level plains of Texas; a forest fire in the remote distance; beyond, a rocky spur of blue hills; half-starved cattle; a few Indians. Nothing more? Well, an occasional turkey buzzard, a log shanty settlement, and a few ragged Texan cowboys. Oh, much lauded Texas! Land of emigration! 'I call it a hell of a place,' said Horace Greeley, who is said to have ridden through it in his younger days with an intending settler. 'Not so bad a country,' said his hopeful friend. 'Only wants a few good people and a little water.' 'Well,' says Greeley, 'I reckon that's just about all hell wants.'

Being like Greeley rather sick of Texas, or having had, as an American girl expressed it to me, 'quite plenty of it,' I spent a while at El Paso, and took a walk into Mexico. The old adobe houses of unbaked clay gradually, and only gradually, yielded to the more civilised wooden and brick structures; I came

upon a whole suburban village built of sticks and hardly daubed at all with clay or plaster—amply ventilated, I should say. But this is a land, it seems, where there is no wind but whirlwinds, and no rain but torrents.

It is late in December, and since last summer no rain has fallen around here. The watercourses are dry. The people cluster lovingly about the drippings of the Rio Grande River, which flows sluggishly, like so much yellow mud, even in the main stream. I meet the Texan miners riding two on a horse, with shovels and baskets ; they all seem furnished with lassoes, which are used indiscriminately for horse, oxen, and sheep, and in war skirmishes for men. I thought of Garibaldi's Black Cavalry, of whom he was so proud, who advanced on the enemy at full gallop, and suddenly throwing out a cloud of lassoes, entangled men and horses in one confused mêlée, and fell upon them and massacred or captured at will.

I came on a man one afternoon, who inspired me with a great desire to study Mexico. There seemed to be vast tracts of Mexico entirely unexplored, and still held by tribes of fierce Indians, who resent interference, and with whom no South American Government cares to meddle. Amongst these are the Yaquis and Guereros, so named from their warlike qualities. The Yaquis are peaceful enough when not meddled with. They are agricultural, and when the crops fail will come down to the shore and work hard enough ; but they hold valleys and mountains no European or American settler has ever trod ; and the Guereros are still more exclusive. They will kill anyone immediately who attempts to force his way into their territory,

and their fastnesses are prudently deemed impregnable by the Mexicans generally.

Notwithstanding this, about thirty miles south of Mexico city, two immense settlements of the unknown past have only just been discovered. They lie hidden in adjacent but remote valleys, and a vast tunnel connects one with the other. Antique houses and immense public buildings, of an immemorially ancient civilisation, are standing as though completed yesterday—small trace of ruin, though probably much has been submerged in the sandy soil.

It is roughly computed that two hundred thousand inhabitants, possessing all the arts of an advanced age, must have peopled those mysterious cities. The Indians have nothing to say about them ; they are part of another epoch ; but with the singular instinct that such matters belong to the white man by rights, the otherwise implacable Guereros do not oppose the exploration of those cities ; and I believe a French scientific expedition has already started, with a view of endeavouring to connect them with the general history of the world. The Indians, with singular liberality, have offered the explorers a safe escort ; but it is understood to be a concession granted, and not a right conceded. It is probable that extensive finds of unbroken pottery will be the result. Nothing is more remarkable than the quantities of jugs, basins, and vessels, many of beautiful and quaint shape, and profusely figured and decorated, that reward even casual digging.

The Mexican Government, whilst exercising no intelligent surveillance over the excavations, which are quite haphazard and casual, refuses to allow the

export of the old Aztec pottery, which explains why, when there is such a quantity, so little gets abroad. Now is the time for collectors. You can pick it up on the frontier, but in no great quantity. However, a certain amount of smuggling goes on, and, under the name of common pottery, cases of it not infrequently escape the attention of the ignorant Custom House officials.

There seems at present little if any run upon these singularly interesting relics of an extinct human world ; and there is consequently as yet no manufacture of Mexican antiquities, the antiques themselves being chiefly buried and finding hardly any market. If the British or South Kensington Museum would give me a commission to go down and hang about these buried cities, or even the outskirts of Texas, I could pick up for a song such a collection of ancient pottery as in a very few years will be as scarce as genuine Etruscan or Egyptian antiques.

One strange old-world figure, full of pathetic expression, attracted me at El Paso. It was about a foot and a half long, and represented a human figure bound round the legs, the eyes looking up to heaven, the tongue protruding from the parched lips, an empty drinking cup held on the stomach ready to receive the rainfall in answer to the petition. The whole figure was like an agonised prayer. This is supposed to be a symbol of parched Mexico in time of drought, praying for rain. The casual owner had been offered 100 dollars, but he knew its value would rise and had declined. I would have bought it for one of our National Museums on spec. if I had had the dollars about me at the time.

I was surprised and rather glad to find that amongst the few travellers really interested in ancient Mexico whom I came across, Donnelly's book, 'Atlantis,' was considered to indicate the only possible solution of the ancient Mexican civilisation question.

A conceited young New York professor, who had never put his nose beyond Boston and Washington, and had probably never looked twice at a bit of Aztec pottery, pooh-poohed Donnelly and his theory of a buried continent called Atlantis, which with its related islands was, he conceived, formerly the great highway between Africa and the Americas. Of such a continent the Azores and the Canaries are supposed to be the still extant peaks. This theory is neither dead nor buried yet. I trust more to the impressions of those who have examined the Mexican antiquities, let alone my own eyes, than to slapdash statements of sucking professors.

Those who have been to Mexico are mostly unanimous in the conviction that the mysterious people who built these strange cities, the number of which is unknown, were colonists from Africa, and brought with them something akin to Egyptian art and civilisation. Not only is there the same delight in massiveness, the same science of raising huge blocks of stone, the same solidity and magnificence in what are presumed to be the burial places of the kings, but such undecipherable written characters as have been as yet found bear a strong resemblance to Egyptian hieroglyphics. Perhaps they represent a still earlier form of the most ancient symbols known to us.

But there is one feature about the Aztec relics which appeals with dumb but persuasive eloquence to

the most casual observer, and seems to proclaim aloud the African and even Egyptian origin of the deserted cities. Jug after jug comes up decorated with the same familiar face—the straight, strong nose; the square, wide brow; the almond-shaped eyes; the hair dressed flat and low down on either side of the high cheek-bone. It is the face of the Sphinx. If these things are so, any notion of Mongolian or Asiatic origin for the old peoples of Mexico seems knocked on the head.

I cannot find a trace, as far as I can gather such traces, either in the buildings, written characters, or art work decoration of the deserted cities, of Mongol or Asiatic influence. Of course, I do not pose as an authority, but, from the days of Herodotus downwards, travellers' tales have not been without their use; and more than once in the history of archæology a stray suggestion by some one who has seen something with his own eyes, and heard more from those who have seen more, has proved of as much use in its way as the speculations of professors who settle everything to their own satisfaction without leaving the confines of their study.

Some of us can remember the fury of Stanley, the African traveller, at having the very existence of the lakes and rivers which he had navigated denied, because they did not happen to be figured in the maps at the Royal Geographical Society's disposal. I can lay no claim to such original investigations, but the more I see and the more I travel, the more I am convinced that every scrap of information picked up direct from Texans and Mexicans, and every bit of pottery personally inspected and talked over with

them, has a suggestive value above any mere speculation remote from these centres of observation, and should be pondered over as lovingly and with an absorption as intense as that which Sir Richard Owen bestowed on the stray relics of an extinct animal world, until once more the dry bones lived, and the ancient creatures became as real and familiar to us as when they ranged the extinct forest or floundered in the antediluvian swamp.

Antiquity hunting is not the only form of excitement in this happy land where I am at present straying. Travelling alone in Texas and Arizona has its gentle stimulants, not to say exasperations. 'I guess,' said the guard of one train to me, 'I have had pretty near enough of it: one wash-out (train stopped by a mountain torrent), one hold-up (train sacked by brigands), and two break-downs (engine off the line), and all in a month. That's enough for me.'

These things don't get into the English newspapers. In fact, before we got to Yuma, the engine did go off the rail. It was about nine o'clock at night, and a lone, desolate place enough. As I looked over the dim moonlit plains, flanked by the hills of New Mexico, I could not help thinking that if the robbers had got wind of our break-down, what a rare chance they would have. There we were for two hours, and not a soul fit to help himself, and no one within reach to come to the rescue.

The next day I went into a barber's shop at Yuma to get shaved, and asked my black barber if they had lately had any hold-ups on that line. He said, 'Why, no. Not for two weeks. About a

fortnight ago they held up the mail, and 200,000 dollars were taken; but we are getting the better of them since the Southern Pacific have come to an arrangement with the Texan rangers.' 'What is that?' I said. 'Well, they're certain of the cowboys, well mounted, and dead shots, and they can be wired for and sent on the track of the brigands, and the brigands don't like them; they're clean shots and have captured several of them already.' After this, I viewed those ragged Texan horsemen with much more respect, and devoutly hoped they might not be far off in the hour of need.

VIII

CALIFORNIAN WEATHER.—So rapid and vivid has been my life in San Francisco that I had actually written *en route*, laid aside, and forgotten the above record of my peep into Mexico, when the other day it fell out of my portfolio. I congratulated myself down there in Texas on the absence of rain, the clear sky, the temperate heat in mid-winter. 'So,' I said to myself, 'will it be in favoured California—gold and good weather!' But no sooner had I arrived there, at the beginning of January, than the sky was mantled o'er with clouds, and for some weeks, with transient gleams of sunshine, the rain came down in torrents. The trains were snowed up on the Central Pacific line, the telegraph wires fell, the telephone wires rattled 'that'—that I could not speak from Frisco to Sacramento, only about eighty miles off.

As I passed through the Palo Alto country,

famous for horses (the American trotters, *et id genus omne*—I am not a horsey man myself), it was curious to see the lowlands flooded, and whole farms a mere ornamental water for wild ducks. As I travelled to St. José, here and there great placards stuck up out of the waste of waters: 'This eligible building site,' or 'This fine arable land, admirably suited for a cattle ranch,' &c.

I could not help thinking if the would-be purchaser should happen to pass that way—the very wheels of his rail car swelching through the water—how his craving for Californian lowlands would suddenly subside, and how he would take out his pocket-book, and make a note of the agent in Francisco who proposed to sell him arable land suitable only to the residents in Noah's Ark.

Presently I stopped at a station half under water. The town was knee-deep in flood, torrents rushed about at their own wild sweet will, the church (it was Sunday) stood up out of a little lake of its own, but there was no access to it, and not a boat to be seen. The wooden houses themselves looked like huge house-boats in rows, and the inhabitants were gazing sadly out of the windows, but had apparently found no means of escape. Whilst I mused on these things, standing just outside my long car and watching the squirm of the water round the wheels as the train moved on, there was just one pale gleam of watery sunshine upon the hills, then down came the rain in blinding torrents.

But 'chut!' as the French say: I know these words will sooner or later reach my dear San Francisco public.

Was I not warned on my arrival that no adverse criticism of any kind was expected, or would be tolerated from strangers? Was not our admirable actress, Mrs. Kendal, accused in the newspapers of calling Frisco a 'jay' town? Did not Lottie Collins share the same fate? Have not even I—but no matter—we live and learn.

What a jay town means I have no idea: no one here either seems to know. But it is a term of opprobrium, and that is enough. Well, one day after I had learned wisdom, I swam into my hotel, soaked and battered with rain and mud, and blasted with wind. No sun, no moon, no stars that day or night.

'How do you like our climate?' said a Californian, with a self-confident air of conviction that nothing could stagger.

'Oh,' I said, with a cold shiver, 'heavenly climate —delicious—balmy—' and then my conscience gave out, and I added, as cheerfully as I could, 'I fancy during the last few days I have noticed a little dampness, just a slight moisture in the air, you know; but it may have been only my fancy.'

The Californian then made a slight concession. I suppose he felt a sort of *noblesse oblige.* 'We don't have rain like this ever in California,' he said.

'What, never?' I gasped.

'Hardly ever,' he answered, and the conversation flagged.

A word seriously about the climate. People recommend the ranches and little towns not quite by the sea, like San Raffaelle and St. José, for chest, throat, and consumption generally, and they are

quite right. I am told that Los Angeles (it was wretchedly cold when I was there), farther south, is a specific, and San Diego, though more relaxing, quite a paradise. But the strange thing is that the Californians who get consumption do not benefit by their own climate, and have all to be sent away. Sometimes to Europe—with what results I do not quite know.

However, should I desire at any time to prolong my own life—a point about which I have not yet quite made up my mind—I should come to San Raffaelle. San Francisco is not only a little too damp from sea mist, but subject to bitter winds in summer, without which the place would be insufferable in times of drought and heat.

I picked all this up from San Franciscans in their unguarded moments.

IX

CIVIC CORRUPTION.—I paid a good deal of attention to what is called the civic corruption of the Western States; but I was enlightened more by what I overheard and read in the newspapers than by the confidences of the people.

The people will denounce to each other freely enough the venality of senators and the partiality of judges, and in public meetings Americanese is quite unrestrained by any fear of libel; the accusations being not only mostly true, but the truth most notorious.

Matters seem to be 'pretty bad,' as they say here in Frisco (you must always say 'San Francisco' to a Californian), and a desire to get straight, together

with a deep hatred of the Southern Pacific Railway monopolists, have resulted in seating Mr. Sutro—an honest man—as Mayor over the heads of two fierce political candidates. Sutro's first action was to call a mass meeting to denounce the appointment of a scandalously unfit police superintendent and other civic officials of shady virtue and questionable integrity.

At that meeting the best speakers—men of position, senators, judges of the Supreme Court, &c.—indulged in such amenities as 'Jobson is a thief,' 'Bounder is a perjurer,' 'Elder Smut is the owner of notorious bad houses, No. —4 in — St.' 'Grasper was turned out of Bunkum's office for robbing the till,' 'Binker is a liar,' and 'O'Sneakum forged a will.' Sentiments received with uproarious applause—some of the incriminated parties being present, and smiling around blandly. They knew it was true; everyone knew it was true; and no one seemed to think it strange.

I am bound to say, however, that largely in consequence of that mass meeting, the newly appointed Governor displaced the offensive officials and appointed better ones, which all good Franciscans hailed as a hopeful sign of the times.

A good deal of absurd nonsense is talked about the Californian conceit, and sensitiveness to criticism.

The Californians, as far as my experience goes, are very sensible people; they have much to be proud of, and they know it; they also know their limitations, although they may not always relish back-handed criticism. You can discuss with any of them, civic corruption, or the state of the arts, or education, and

there will be little real difference of opinion between a cultivated European and an average shrewd and educated Californian on such matters. What they detest is for people who have concealed their real opinion, and flattered them up when in their midst (a thing which I cannot plead guilty of), to get right away, and then round upon them. Good-humoured tit for tat and honest expression of opinion give no permanent offence in California, any more than in any other civilised community with which I am acquainted. It all depends upon the way in which things are said and done.

If these wonderful new cities and vast fruit and cattle ranches have much to learn from and revere in the old world, Europe has much to learn from them. And it would be a calamity if we only met to exchange our vices, not our virtues, or refrained from expressing frank opinions for fear of giving offence, which, in nine cases out of ten, is not intended, and ought not to be taken.

X

CHRISTMAS AT FRISCO.—Sound to the core! None of your old-world *blasé* sneering at the festive season as a fraud, and not even a pious fraud. No misgiving as to decorations—Christmas cards, cakes and ale, and kisses. Francisco is quite above-board about Christmas.

If you don't look happy, you're stared at; if you don't devour cake and 'candy'—a term used for every conceivable kind of poison in the shape of sweets—you're supposed to have lost your mother or your character, or gone silly.

This go-ahead country, this materialistic money-

grubbing Frisco, is in matters of religion and of 'use and wont' about the most conservative and sentimental place I was ever in.

Just as it is said that the Eastern State nasal twang is the real English accent that came over in the 'Mayflower,' so there seems to me to be the same conservative treasuring up of old English ways—old English holidays, dances, conventions, ceremonies and sentiments in this newest of new towns, this Pacific Coast edition of Eastern America—which is itself a reminiscence of old England—much mixed, no doubt, in these latter days with Auld Oireland.

Well, on Christmas Day, I suppose there was not a house which did not boom the occasion with green wreaths and flowers, and humble indeed must have been the home without its Christmas tree.

As to the Frisco Christmas card, it is a subtle mechanical contrivance as well as a work of art. The act of drawing it open is enough to cause a cardboard gentleman, offering a bouquet of flowers, to bend almost in half towards a tinsel lady, who not only looks towards him but likewise bows.

On unfolding another card angels rise in the background and hover over the Babe of Bethlehem.

Then there are the still more elaborate contrivances that open like an accordion and show the moonlight falling through blue gauze on talc upon a sparkling frosted landscape, a manor house warmly lit up, of course, in the foreground; but the odd thing is that the elderly, money-getting, hard business man will hunt for these things and bring them home in piles, and go into ecstasies over them, and look upon you to admire them as the choicest specimens of art.

This kind-hearted simplicity and child-like fresh-

ness about the citizens of Frisco is not one of the least attractive features of this wonderful city, and makes the denizen of the old world feel sad that so many should have outgrown such simple pleasures and such innocent recreations.

XI

A MIXED BALL.—But hark! As I sit up in my charming and home-like suite of apartments in the Occidental Hotel, there are sounds suggestive of coming frolic and fun. The gorgeous corridors, 200 feet long—quite on the scale of a royal palace, with their adjacent saloons—are festooned with fir, laurel and red berries. A group of musicians are rehearsing round a grand piano—waiters are hurrying to and fro. 'Tis Christmas night! Each guest at this favoured hotel, on his return from church (in Frisco everyone goes to church on Christmas Day, or pretends he has been), comes in to find a frosted cake, with 'A Merry Christmas to You' scrawled in pink on its immaculate sugar snow. This is only one of the popular landlord's innumerable attentions, but it strikes the keynote of a style of hotel life on the Pacific Coast which I have found nowhere else, and which would certainly be difficult to imagine out of America.

The Occidental is not a boarding house—yet everyone is more or less on nodding terms—or if they do not become so in a very short time, they must be conspicuously deficient in heart or intelligence, or both.

The distinction of classes is not marked—this helps. Everyone gives you credit for being somebody and something, and it is the more easy to pocket your dignity, whatever it is, when no one wants to dispute

it, or, better still, to forget that you are either more or less than a man and a brother.

Then our landlord, Major Hooper (late of the Grand Army, of course), is a typical Californian, a rare combination, transplanted early in life from the hardy, industrious, Puritan East—inflexibly honest, with his New England instincts of self-reliance, and his backbone of religious principle; add to this a square headpiece, an acute perception, an intuitive judgment, and a correct estimate of the relative importance of men and matters, and you have the practical elements which have made men of Major Hooper's type the big successes of the Pacific Coast. But to all this the Major adds a certain breadth of Nature—a kindly unspoiled heart, and an inexhaustible faculty of taking pains with everything and everybody, which are all his own. Like most of the earlier settlers on this coast, he mined, he planted, he bivouacked, he traded, he ranched, made money and lost it—and finally, when he had done his bit of fighting in the big war and retired as Major from the Grand National Army, took to hotel-keeping. At last he may be said to have found his true vocation, as the friend of everybody and everybody's friend.

But the musicians have done practising.

The electric lights have broken out all over corridor, hall, and staircases. Groups of young girls are arriving. There is laughter and greeting, and people emerge from or enter the giant 'elevators' on the wide landing-places—they seem to know each other—they carry flowers or bon-bon boxes—presents are the order of the day.

'Tis dinner-time—the large saloon is full of different

sized tables—family and social groups settle round them. Some are in evening dress (the ladies more often so than the men)—they enter by ones and twos, and sort themselves. There seem to be no strangers—anyhow no one, however foreign or forlorn or lonely, is long a stranger here. He must be indeed 'impossible' if no soul gravitate to him and he gravitates to no soul. But the Major's secret is not to have impossible people here—no rowdy elements either are admitted. The character of the place, and the Major and his attractive lady are so well known that undesirable people simply don't come. 'We don't want 'em,' says Major Hooper, 'and, what is more, we won't have 'em.'

But the *clientèle*—and it is a *clientèle* of trust—is a wide and varied one, and to-night it is spectacular to a degree.

As I looked round at all the tables, I soon noticed the large preponderance of young girls. They were entrusted by their parents to the Major and Mrs. Hooper for the Christmas holidays, and many children of wealthy planters down South had come in for the Christmas dance that night.

A strange sight was that hotel dinner company. Surely we were all young. Everyone having exploded his Christmas cracker, had put on his thin paper cap, hat, or flimsy helmet. This *sans façon, sans gêne* style stamped the assembly at once—yes, we were all young, including the Admiral of the Fleet, judges, learned councillors, and a few grandmothers. In what European first-class hotel would such a thing have been possible? And everyone so grave about it too!

Remember, the Occidental is not a hole-and-corner place—it corresponds to the Métropole in London—

big and first-class—suites of private rooms—private families—cosmopolitan too—yet all these elements resolved into a sort of happy family.

But dinner is over—the groups now pour into the salon, and parade up and down the spacious and illuminated passages adjoining.

The music strikes up, and this most unconventional assembly begins to enjoy itself to its heart's content. Such a picturesque racial mixture I never before set eyes on. Here were Mexican girls, half-caste Spaniards, the South American-Indian type, almost pure and simple—the Indian crossed with no one knows what a generation or so back, producing a very handsome child of about sixteen, with coal-black hair, dreamy eyes, and the oddest olive green complexion, flushed with red, reminding one of a moss rose; the Brazilian crossed with the pale American, and as a set-off the diaphanous white-china-looking American, hardly flushed with the dance.

The U.S.A. Navy was there in costume, the brass buttons being the admiration of the ladies. Any sort of badge or distinction is dear to Americans, and any kind of title, even a common aldermanic 'Sir,' counts as nobility; and an English colonial Bishop is easily credited with a seat in the Lords, although I have frequently explained that colonial Bishops are not peers of the realm at all, and that to 'My Lord' them is merely to give them a courtesy title. The explanation makes no more impression than when I explai that I am not 'Dr.' or 'Professor,' or 'Canon,' but only 'Mr.' I suppose this tendency to dote on handles accounts for the fact of one's never meeting with any private of the Grand National Army. All the private

must have been killed off early, or have long since expired, for there is nothing under 'Captains' left now in the United States.

Amidst this happy family of school-girls, merchants, clerks, travellers, and here and there officers, military and naval, judges—quantities of judges—with a planter, a rancher, and a stray millionaire or so, moved the genial Major and his charming wife—the second Mrs. Hooper—about the age of her bright step-daughter. At last I felt—a sensation I have never experienced in plutocratic New York, cultured Boston, conservative Baltimore—at last I felt I had reached a land where I need not be bothered with social distinctions. We all felt, or felt we ought to feel, very much of a muchness. The Major vouched for our general respectability, we honoured in one another any little fragment of personal distinction or merit, but everyone counted for one—and no one inquired after anyone's grandmother—like 'the grand old gardener and his wife,' we were prepared, if necessary, to 'smile at the claims of long descent.' But, in truth, in that merry throng of laughing, chatting, dancing revellers, no one had time for anything except the extraction of as much plaisance as could be got out of the free and spontaneous flow of soul and rhythm of body.

XII

HIGH AND LOW JINKS.—Here is another slide in the lantern.

I was now prepared to find everything at San Francisco more or less unconventional, but my wildest dreams never anticipated the surprise in store for

me at the Christmas festivities of the Bohemian Club.

This guild of Frisco's wit and wisdom, whose symbol is an owl with one eye winked, has gathered in by a kind of magnetic attraction all the *esprits fins* of the city. Lawyers, actors, writers, doctors, and artists meet in Bohemia on common ground, but a certain rowdy element, so apt to creep into such clubs in England, was conspicuous by its absence. Boisterous, rollicking, effusive to the point of an almost Celtic sentimentality ; but rowdy, coarse, *risqué*—no !

I don't mean to say that Bohemia is squeamish —jokes may be occasionally let off not quite suited to ladies' ears—but the wit, and not the impropriety, is the point.

Admission to the annual Christmas function certainly goes by favour, and tickets are hard to get.

When I arrived about nine o'clock, the rooms were already thronged—two large rooms—one built up like an amphitheatre, with a platform on one side, and an orchestra, consisting entirely of club members. In the pit a dense seated crowd of gentlemen, in every sort of costume, from evening dress to a free and easy go-as-you-please—most of them smoking—and all of them talking loud through the din of the orchestra. Such was the spectacle that burst upon me athwart clouds of tobacco smoke. 'Please, silence for the President!' A thin, tall, and rather elegant-looking gentleman, not unlike the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour in appearance, opened the proceedings, and was listened to in hushed silence. The speech was admirable, witty, and with an undertone of serious allusion to the sacred season, reminding men of peace and goodwill, and the duty of making others happy and

brightening poor homes and hearths. The President's theology seemed to me a little mixed, but perhaps that was intentional, and no one but myself seemed at all oppressed with the incongruity of saying that it did not matter what we believed about the Author of our religion as long as we were prepared to enter into the genial celebrations of the season. Speeches and papers followed.

A gentleman in the style of Artemus Ward spoke a rambling piece, full of very excellent fooling. A leading lawyer followed with a ponderous MS., which he read sententiously. It was what we should call high falutin', with allusions to astronomy, to the dramatic contrast between the rich and the poor, to human life and philosophy, the whole purporting to be a fireside meditation of the writer, who had been cudgelling his brains to find an appropriate subject. I think the whole room was taken in as much as I was. The reader seemed every now and then to get fairly off on one tack or another, but it came to nothing, and at last he told us that, as one subject after another had occurred to him, and was put aside as unsuitable, in the small hours he fell asleep.

Now, we all thought, we shall after this prolix introduction get a sensational dream *à la* Dickens. But he dreamed nothing—when he woke he coolly told us that the white sheets of paper and the nicely pointed pencils still lay before him unused—the fire was out. The morn had just begun to dawn, he did not feel equal to preparing the paper then, and gathering up his unused writing materials, he resolved to abandon the attempt altogether ; and with these words the distinguished lawyer, who had baulked us with magniloquent platitudes for about half an hour, quietly

left the platform amidst roars of laughter and applause. Up to the very last sentence the elaborate joke was successfully concealed, and then it burst upon us like a shower bath.

The thing was excellently contrived, and we all felt such fools for having thought him dull and prolix when he had really got us in his power all the time.

It was not 'so English, you know,' but it was very American. What followed was a mixture of schoolboy audacity and dry humour—if possible more American still.

After a pause there was a stir in the crowd, and Santa Claus, a venerable figure in scarlet blouse and flowing white locks and beard, was seen elbowing his way on to the platform. Before him was carried into the midst of this assembly of grown men a quite ridiculous little Christmas tree, with lighted tapers and baubles of the orthodox kind—and this was popped down on a pedestal by the side of Santa Claus, who was in fact an old gentleman hard on eighty, the father of Bohemia, justly famed for his ready wit and *bonhomie.*

He proceeded to call up various members by name, and to hand them absurd presents with grave and appropriate remarks, always of an offensively personal character, and invariably in the nature of a 'sell.'

One present was a huge tome, labelled 'Whist.' As the unfortunate recipient stood in front of Santa Claus to receive it, with all eyes fixed upon him, 'You, sir,' remarked his tormentor, 'have been uniformly unsuccessful at whist. The club admires the temper and good nature with which you have parted with large sums of money. We present you with this

volume on the art of playing whist, and in doing so we desire to say that it would take a great many volumes as large as this to tell you all you don't know about whist.'

The next victim fared even worse—he seemed to have been an unsuccessful devotee of baseball. The sage addressed him thus—

'You, sir, are an enthusiast at baseball, but we cannot find out that you have ever won a single game. The club has much pleasure in presenting you with what you have won.'

The wretched man looked up expectantly—

'Nothing!' said Santa Claus, and he retired amidst the roars of the 'boys.' These high jinks being over, supper followed, and Bohemianism soon became rampant. The popular president moved around from table to table, and was embraced by various excited friends; choruses suggestive of football cheering broke from different knots of revellers to the accompaniment of popping champagne corks. Refreshments lasted only about three-quarters of an hour, and then mostly elevated, but not drunk, the 'boys' gathered again in the adapted theatre, and the low jinks commenced.

It was now long past midnight, and the orchestra began a prelude which was completely drowned by the shouts, witticisms, and laughter, cock-crowing and imitations of Punch that were volleyed from different parts of the room.

As the Bohemian low jinker March had been expressly composed by a young German of great talent who conducted it himself, I felt quite sorry for him. Not a note of it was listened to, and as it was a composition of great merit, I was forced to conclude

about America, as I long since concluded about England—that 'the Americans are not a musical people.'

Of the tragedy in nine acts which followed, time would fail me to speak. The programme informed us that the chief actor had always been a failure on the boards—until the Bohemian writer had at last given him a position on the stage which fitted his style. Concerning the spicy song, 'And her golden hair was hanging down her back,' the programme stated that 'although this song had been prohibited at the Baldwin, by special permit from the Chief of Police and the Society for the Suppression of Vice, it would be sung by Mr. Harry Dimond.'

And so I suppose it was, but I retired in the small hours, not because I was alarmed at the title of the song, which I am informed is as morally innocuous as every other part of the performance, but because I had had as much of high jinks and low jinks as my present amount of training in Californian life fitted me to bear without injury to my general social and professional duties in San Francisco on the morrow.

On the whole, I think it would improve some of our Christmas pessimists to come over here and get their English sourness knocked out of them, and a little San Francisco merriment knocked into them, about Christmas time. They would have a better chance of beginning a 'Happy New Year.'

San Francisco, I shall leave thee with regret. Thy very foibles are winning; the eagerness to prove that thou art not less than the very chiefest cities in the

universe shows thy laudable ambition. Thy sensitiveness to criticism betrays the knowledge of thy defects, and when thy failings are pointed out thou dost stoutly deny them; then thou dost apologise and then dost ardently strive to amend them, like the boy who said, 'I ain't a bit dirty; besides, I couldn't find the soap, and I'm going up to wash now.'

Kind and warm-hearted art thou, though so sharp and business-like—ready to think well and believe the best of everyone—no surer sign this of a sound nature, a *mens sana in corpore sano.*

Yes, the Franciscans are optimists. Rotten old pessimistic civilisation, have you nothing to learn from these eager young new-world communities? You ensconce yourselves behind ages of culture, and sniff at those who have not had your opportunities. What use have you made of them? The only use of art and literature is to develop humanity; the only crown of culture is noble manhood and pure womanhood. How do you show up?

Supercilious critics, cynical heads, and cold hearts, beware! Impetuous, generous, rollicking, magnetic Francisco, with its earnest, sanguine face turned to the future—in spite of all its open sensuality, its unblushing civic jobs, and its childlike faith in the almighty dollar—may yet have stuff in it capable of laughing to scorn the languid satire of the old cities and the culture cant of Europe.

'Somewhat too much of this!' as I believe that inveterate moraliser Hamlet remarks.

'Anyhow, we're alive!' remarked a Franciscan to me.

'Alive, kicking, and cosmopolitan!' I replied. 'Gibraltar is the only place I know where so many

nationalities jostle each other in the streets. You're alive in vice——' He stopped me.

'Friend, add that we are alive in virtue as well.'

'But your municipal and State jobbery?'

'Well, quite true. Knaves and profligates in high office, but the town rose against them. Have you marked down that? The people would not stand it. Mayor Sutro called a big meeting.'

'I was there, and never did I hear such libellous and violent language on any decent platform, for your best citizens were there and spoke: "Jobson's a thief!" "Dobson's a liar!" "Hobson, the elder of —— church, keeps bad houses!" "Progson's a forger!" "Griggs deserves hanging!" were amongst the milder flowers of rhetoric.'

'Ay, but what was the result? Next week Jobson, Dobson, Progson and Griggs were kicked out of office by the new Governor—all appealing, and protesting, and blustering; but they had to go. Side by side with corruptions, everywhere in Francisco you will find the counterblast and the palliative. The most dramatic example of this stands out in the person of our new Mayor, Mr. Adolph Sutro, Mayor by free, independent, and popular vote of San Francisco.'

XIII

MAYOR SUTRO.—A word about this remarkable man. Mr. Sutro—the G.O.M. of Francisco—is not a politician; he has never held office. His fame rests on engineering work done in the mountains, and the plucky and ingenious way in which he put through schemes said to be impracticable, with bril-

liant success. His name will be handed down in the history of the Pacific coast for all time in connection with the Sutro Tunnel and the Sutro Heights.

Now, by time-honoured custom, the Mayoralty has been jobbed, like most other civic offices, by the wirepullers of political factions. This last time (1894) there were to have been two rival candidates of the usual sort; and the all-powerful South Pacific Railroad Company—an organisation dubbed the 'Octopus' by Mr. Sutro—made sure of forcing their candidate, or one as good for their purposes.

The hatred of the 'Octopus' is widespread, and with good cause.

The South Pacific controls the traffic, beggars the fruit-growers by extortionate rates, juggles millions of votes through its employés, tampers with all municipal elections and even State appointments; has raked in the tram, cable and electric cars of the city, and in fact dominates the State for its own extortionate ends.

The people are furious, but powerless; the (to us) unintelligible sympathy in Francisco with the men who struck against the railway lately is partly explained by the intense popular hatred inspired by the Southern Pacific complex and octopus-like tyranny.

The moment came. The two mayors were up for election, and the people suddenly resolved that neither should get in—not the South Pacific candidate, nor the other, who would soon have succumbed to the 'Octopus' if elected. The dark horse was none other than Sutro. He was put up—unexpectedly, suddenly, almost in spite of himself. He is an old man well into the seventies, a hater of wire-

pullers, reverenced for his nobly acquired wealth, and beloved for the still nobler use he has made of it in wise and populăr benefactions of all kinds. Although above the party cliques, he is a bitter foe of the 'Octopus,' and much feared by the 'Octopus,' which constantly tries to stroke and soothe him with its treacherous and insidious tentacles in vain.

Sutro was doubtless the leading man in Francisco without professedly leading anybody. It was known that he could not be bought, or cajoled, or bribed, or frightened. The day came, and Sutro, to the dismay and bewilderment of the newspapers and the politicians, quietly walked over the course. He headed the poll by an enormous majority.

Bravo, old man! It was a revelation to San Francisco.

The people, then, were after all free; they could make their power felt. They quickly profited by the lesson, and in the new mayor they found a ready helper. As soon as Sutro is in power– the very next day in fact, as has been related—he calls a popular meeting, and by a popular vote squeezes the State Governor, who, whilst denying the pressure, sends half a dozen rascals in high office to the right about. Such a wave of reform has now set in on the Pacific Coast as bids fair to sweep out many an Augean stable in California State. Yes, certainly, my friend was right. San Francisco City is alive anyhow.

Mayor Sutro is a German, and of Jewish extraction; but, as I sat opposite him in his office, he reminded me forcibly of old John Mitchell, the Scotch

surveyor and engineer, who made so much of the Highland Railway, and so many of the bridges in Scotland. The Mayor had been lying down on his sofa—it was a day or two before the election—and the old man was besieged with crowds of office-seekers and surrounded by secretaries. He vibrated between the Mayor's office in the magnificent State buildings and his own handsome office in Montgomery Street.

'I was just taking a few minutes' sleep. Strange,' he added, 'that the brain doesn't wear out as one grows old. I'm not sensible of any diminution in mental activity, and I can sleep at any moment.'

'It is a faculty so many great workers have had, Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington amongst others.'

'Well, anyhow, it keeps one in working order, and I am as fresh after a nap as after a night's rest.'

Sutro nevertheless looked worn. The incessant excitement and infinite detail, and swarms of all sorts and conditions, and not the elect, of men, crowding round him during the big fight with the Octopus,' had left a mark even upon this veteran of work. As I knew there were two benches full of male and female applicants waiting outside, I rose, and as we parted he said, 'Lunch with me on the Heights next Sunday.'

XIV

LUNCH WITH SUTRO.—No one can ever forget the Sutro Heights. The promontory and adjacent hillsides overlooking the Golden Gate harbour, which

disputes with Rio the distinction of being the finest in the world, has been secured by Mr. Sutro for his magnificent gardens and home-like villa. Large butterflies and humming birds flit about the elaborate flower beds, themselves like winged and wandering flowers and dropping jewels. The evergreen walks are adorned with copies of the masterpieces of ancient statuary, and conspicuously the busts of philosophers, poets, and statesmen, ancient and modern. To walk through the grounds is a liberal education, and all is free to the people, and to the Sutro Heights they swarm in thousands on high days and holidays.

Sloping down to the sea we come upon the enormous system of baths on the scale of Caracalla, built by Mr. Sutro for the people, with thousands of raised seats for the spectators of aquatic sports in the mimic inclosed ocean—mimic (?), no, real—for Sutro has employed his matchless engineering skill in letting in the tidal wave through rocky channels, and allowing the ocean currents to flow through his baths, only under perfect control by cunningly devised dykes and sluices.

The 'Octopus,' *alias* South Pacific Railway Company, thwarts him all it can with high fares to and from the city, making access to the baths and gardens as difficult as possible. So G.O.M. Sutro is just building a railroad of his own, and will put the fares down to the lowest popular prices, so that 'his house may be furnished with guests.'

Such public spirit deserves the mayoralty, and small wonder is it that, when the opportunity came, the pent-up gratitude of the people revealed itself in

a shout of no uncertain sound, and installed Sutro in the mayor's seat.

On Sunday, at midday, I found a great crowd at Sutro's villa—the Pomological Society from the east had sent a deputation to pay their respects. I went in along with them, and the Mayor was good enough to introduce me as a person of some eminence, whereupon the agricultural gentlemen stared at me, but with no speculation in their eyes. I had never heard of the Pomological Society, nor had the Pomological Society ever heard of me, so we were quits.

Splendid as are the gardens and baths, which are for the people, there is no splendour or superfluous luxury about Sutro's house—which is for himself—it is comfortable, not palatial. Sutro is a man of simple and frugal tastes, but he gives his guests of the best. He dotes on his pretty grandchildren, and is usually surrounded by some of his family and old friends. His conversation is often caustic, his opinions decided, and his knowledge encyclopædic. He has collected a magnificent library, which he means, along with his gardens, to leave to the people of San Francisco. He is a large buyer of rare editions of the poets and classics, and has one of the most valuable collections of old historical pamphlets in existence.

I shall long remember the kindly, cultured old man, Mayor Sutro, who had now added to his honours and his varied labours in his old age the stormy mayoralty of the biggest city of the Wild West. I can see him now, as he stood in his study, whilst the Pomologists went up in file to shake hands with him, a kind word for each and a tolerant smile, when suddenly one of them, a middle-aged lady, whipped

out a safety pin, and clapped a silver badge and ribbon of membership on the G.O.M.'s coat, and lo, the Mayor became a Pomologist.

Just opposite Sutro Heights lie the famous seal rocks—so near that the seals which crowd upon them can be seen without an opera glass as they tumble and fight and flop. The weird bark or roar never ceases night or day, and gives a singularly wild character to the adjacent heights.

But it must be 'touch and go' with Francisco and its Mayor and all its ways. I have lingered awhile over the G.O.M. of Frisco because he is a sign of the times, as well as a most interesting personality, and one of the few local magnates whose action is being felt widely outside his own State, and whose policy is likely to light up the torch of reform, and teach the people of the greatest Republic on earth that they need not for ever be the slaves of unprincipled monopolists, or the helpless dupes of political scamps.

XV

CHINA TOWN.—A cold moonlight night; not an English cold, only a soft Pacific Coast cold. 'Tis past ten; I turn halfway up California Street; to the right the population grows denser. Where have I got to? The shops are all open and ablaze—upper storeys with balconies hung with coloured lamps and paper lanterns—quite a strange illumination down both sides of the street. But the people seem changed too—small active creatures carrying buckets on bamboo poles afore and aft, with round hats and flat placid faces. Where am I, indeed? A

moment before I was in San Francisco, now by crossing the road I am thousands of miles away—I am in China Town.

The Celestials who serve this earthly city have descended—pigtails, drug shops, joss houses, puppy dogs, birds'-nest soup, opium dens, and all—and here they live the celestial life in their own way. Why they should be so wide awake all night I cannot tell; they are quite as active by day. They are much abused, but seem perfectly indispensable as cooks, washer-men, and he-maids. A lady told me she only had to tell her Chinaman she wanted a dinner for six or twelve, and at the shortest notice John would have all the courses ready, excellent, and to the minute. And everything was so quietly done without fuss or argument.

China Town contains a colony of domestics, gold workers, barbers, and shops. What shops! Dried Chinese ducks and fishes, and desiccated lizards and herbs from Chinese swamps, and fruits. The oranges are marked. Nothing grown in America is good enough for John's own use, and his drugs—a regular sight. The grave chemist, with longest pigtail, and bluest blouse, and thickest paper soles, and perfectly expressionless face, will put you up what is good for gout or colic, not in a bottle, but in a bundle. You carry your dose home like a packet of tea. A pinch of dried frog, powdered snake's tail and mint, hare's liver and cinnamon cooked in green water, fried and pulverised; in short, whatever the doctor has prescribed; and the odd thing is that the severest penalty is inflicted on the chemist who puts up dried frog instead of rat's brain, or *vice versa*.

But the oddest thing of all is that quite as many (or as few) get well under Chinese treatment, as under the European or American physicians. Indeed, it is not so very uncommon for benighted Christians to resort to the Mongol M.D.

'Quite lately,' said a Francisco gentleman to me, 'there died a celebrated Chinese physician in China Town—he had an extensive outside practice. A friend of my own suffered from an ulcerous boil that he feared to be cancer, and which our doctors could not cure. He went to the Chinese leech, who applied a poultice of figs, I think, and gave him some powdered lizard, or some such stuff, to drink, and in about three weeks he was perfectly well.'

The mention of a fig poultice struck me as curious because it was a scriptural remedy, mentioned in 2 Kings xx. 7, prescribed by that universal genius, prime minister, poet, prophet, and physician, Isaiah, for King Hezekiah. 'Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered.'

Out of the druggist's into the joss house. These extravagant and grotesque temples of worship and divination are kept up by the great merchants. There they get prayers said for them. You only have to beat a gong to wake the god and look out the proper prayers and numbers in a book, and then you get what you want—quite as often, so the Chinese say, as Christians get what they want when they pray. The gorgeous decorations of these temples with their idols—the carved wood and ivory and gilt and ebony, the coloured lights, the incense, spices, and candles—produce a scene of grotesque splendour, tinsel and glitter quite indescribable.

But the idol feasts, on special days, down in the cellars below are more commendable. Here the poor sit for hours opposite plates of piled-up food—huge platters, heavy with cooked veal, bacon, beef, mutton, poultry, and vegetables of all kinds, a portion of tobacco and opium too for comfort.

About three in the morning, at a given signal, after his mouth has watered sufficiently for several hours, the hungry man seizes his platter and makes off with an empty stomach, but a heart overflowing with simple gratitude to the gods who have given such good gifts unto man. Blessed, indeed, in his poor pagan eyes is the meat offered unto idols; nor do I reckon would Paul himself, whilst showing the more excellent way, have grudged the sympathetic tear could he have gazed on those devout but happy faces.

'We know,' methinks he would have said, 'that an idol is nothing in the world, nor is meat offered unto idols anything; yet doth charity cover a multitude of sins!' Who are we to say that the Chinaman's religion means nothing to him (albeit we may not understand it) when it brings forth at least some good fruit of practical benevolence?

Out of the glare of idol feasts into the black darkness of reeking alleys, truly from the celestial regions of the joss-house glitter to the inferno. No drains, no ventilation, no scavenging—another mystery. Why don't they all die? Every sanitary law seems here defied, yet I am told that the health of China Town is not conspicuously below the average, while comparing favourably with that of our own slums.

O doctors! O men of science! the longer I live, the

more I despair of knowing the truth about hygiene. Is everything poison that you call poison? Do not the measures you sometimes recommend—exclusion of foul air, and bad water, and indigestible food—make us more sensitive to disease, and whilst removing plague sources outside open up plague attractions within us? We live in evenly warmed rooms, and the first current of wind gives us a chill; we drink filtered water, and the first impurity we swallow poisons us; we breathe the purest air, and a smell knocks us down. For example, I did not get over half an hour in a Chinese theatre for a week—I can smell the smells now; but it was crowded with Chinamen who had been there for hours, and the actors who were playing at midnight had been there on and off since nine in the morning, and the band had not changed at all. Half of the musicians, indeed, seemed asleep, but they played and smelt on.

Pardon the digression. I was just going into an opium den. It opened out of the slummiest, filthiest of dismal courts. One went down slimy boards into cellars, niches dimly lighted and fitted with couches in which the bodies lay as in living catacombs. I sat down and watched the glutinous bit of opium popped on the hole of the opium pipe; the pipe was then held to the flame and the fumes inhaled. I tried a little, but of course had not time for a full experiment. It did not strike me as disagreeable—not much worse than a cigar, from which the connoisseur will infer that I am not myself an eager smoker.

Of course, some smoke opium in excess, and they suffer; but I am told that opium is not nearly as bad

as brandy—at all events, it does not inflame the brain; and it is quite certain that without it the Chinaman would not do his work so pleasantly or so well: probably would not do it at all. Celestials of all ranks smoke opium habitually, and don't seem much the worse for it. It is brought in for guests as we bring in tea or offer a glass of sherry, from which I infer that the same irrational and exaggerated nonsense has been talked about opium as we have all heard about alcohol, tobacco, and even tea and coffee.

I dare say that all these are real poisons to some people, and always bad in excess. It is also very likely that what may be taken with impunity by the Chinaman may be a risky experiment for the average European; but I often remember a remark made to me by the late Dr. Letheby, the great food analyst. He said:

'When you find a certain drug, like opium, alcohol, tobacco, tea or coffee, used by millions of the human race, you may be pretty sure it serves some not wholly deleterious purpose; in other words, it corresponds to a legitimate need or demand.'

But a truce to further speculation, and adieu! adieu! to Francisco with its bright skies, its loyal, open-hearted citizens, its beautiful, sensible and sympathetic women, its marvellous cable cars and electric trams that run up and down its perpendicular streets like magic—as the Chinamen say: 'No pushee, no pullee, but go vèra fast much!'

Adieu! the busy mart and the bustling hotel, the crowded church, the fraternal clergy, the pleasant social gathering, the genial hospitality, and the inventive newspaper reporter!

A long farewell to friends grown dear during a two months' sojourn—the last roses, abundant, beautiful February roses, are given ; the last smiles and almost tears ; kind hands are waved. I am bound north, to the wild, new cities of Tacoma, Seattle, and wondrous ten-year-old Vancouver Town, the rival of gay Victoria, but as surely the Canadian Pacific mart of the near future.

IN THE LONE WILD WEST

XVI

PLAYED OUT?—I advise anyone who thinks the civilised earth about played out to follow my example, and run 900 miles from San Francisco to Vancouver, and then a little matter of 6,000 more to Montreal and back. You can do it all in a fortnight. 'The earth subdued,' indeed! Why, here, in the midst of her Majesty's dominions — her British Columbia and Canada—what has man done? Scratched the earth here and there, and sown a little grain—cut a few logs, and then set the impenetrable forest on fire in the petulance of despair—even thus only singeing the fringe. Towns and houses, forsooth! You can go hundreds of miles and see nothing but a log hut; get out of the beaten route, and you won't see that.

XVII

CANVASSING.—I travelled over the 'Rockies' with a Canadian M.P.: he was on the stump—'travelling,' as he said, 'in view of the elections.' How did he do it? Simply got out at every railway station, and chatted to little clusters of miners' overseers—anyone hanging about—shaking hands all round, and then

got into the train again. A good handshake anywhere, with any Tom, Dick, or Harry, evidently counted in his sanguine opinion as a vote, or at any rate sound electoral influence. He was a cheery soul—'Oirish, bedad!' and proud of it, with a true Hibernian gift of the gab.

'Explain!' I said, after watching him at his business.

'You wonder whativer I'm after! And, sir, shure I'm after picking up votes, and the boys are round the stations, or nowhere in the world. 'Tis a lone land—a mighty lone land—when I tell you my constituency is about as large as all England, and about as populous as a London parish.'

'So?' I said. 'And you can work the chief centres from the Canada Pacific stations all along the line?'

'You've just hit it, me friend, and here's the last station in me constituency, so I'll git off and wait for the train all the way back—two days and nights—and a grand meeting in the big town at the end, and I'll spake for thray hours, with just a taste of "rye" [the Canadian whisky] in the whater—like Mister Disraeli—a whiff of Home Rule in me speech, to be sure—but not o'er mooch, as 'tis gone a little oot o' fashion—bid a flare-up to her Majesty Queen Victoria for me peeroration, and here's to her good health!'

Whereupon he tossed off the last jorum of 'rye,' leapt on the platform as the train blew its sepulchral whistle, and, as we read in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'I saw him no more.'

XVIII

WINNIPEG.—But the episode serves to illustrate the loneness of the land, and its sparse population, and how comparatively few have as yet set to work to subdue the earth of Western Canada. Still what has been done is phenomenal. Winnipeg, a couple of decades ago, was next to non-existent. It has already had its Grand Opera House burned down. The State buildings and the Governor's house are of fashionable brick. I am told there is nothing to do for either, but that is evidently not Winnipeg's opinion, and the tedious bickerings in 'the House,' as well as the variations of 'his Honour's' health, are recorded in the leading (Winnipeg) organs—with the solemnity of State bulletins.

His Honour, who is a real Winnipegger, received me very courteously, and so did his wife—'Lady,' as some of the enthusiastic Winnipeggers call her. This was all the more gratifying to me, as it soon became too evident that neither of them had ever heard of my name, and I submitted, with an occasional protest, to be called Mr. 'Morris' to the end of the interview. I certainly spelt my name once, but it produced less emotion than I expected—in fact, none at all—i' faith! a very wholesome rebuke to my puerile vanity! What comfort could it be to me after that to read columns of flattery in the Columbian 'Blazer,' or the Canadian 'Torch,' if neither the Governor of Winnipeg nor his lady had ever heard of my name—ay me? With that foolish,

but I fear incurable egotism (so often rebuked by my critics), I will just risk mentioning another rebuff of a similar character which I received not long ago in a third-class railway carriage.

An old gentleman who sat opposite had been eyeing me over his evening paper with what I fancied was a look of recognition. Presently he handed me the paper and pointed to an article on a musical subject. 'I thought, sir,' he said politely, 'you might like to see this article.' One glance was sufficient. I recognised an almost verbatim chapter of 'Music and Morals.' Disgusted at the fraud, I handed the paper back, remarking that I was quite familiar with the contents—'in fact,' I rashly added, 'it is a chapter out of "Music and Morals." You may know the book?'

'Indeed, sir, I never heard of it—who is it by?'

'Oh,' I said, 'a man named Haweis—a parson, you know.'

'Oh, really, I never heard of him.'

'Haven't you?' said I.

'No,' said he.

'Oh!' said I, and the conversation dropped. So, of whomsoever it may be said or sung, ''E dun know where 'e are'—in the long run 'most everybody' finds his level. But I feel the reader has a right to resent this egotistical digression—let him resent and pass on.

Winnipeg, Winnipeg! I shall long remember thee for the coldest day I ever froze in, February 27, 1895. Out of my Pullman car into the glacial station, the first thing I noticed was, that everyone, men, women, and children, all wore skins of buffalo,

bear, or wolf, and beneath my thin waterproof I soon became an icicle. Hard snow—clear sky—everyone sleighing. I was presently buried in furs and rugs, and tucked up in my host's sledge, and as we sped along like the wind, I thought an ice razor had amputated my nose, the only exposed portion of me. No one pitied me. I soon found that my kind host considered the weather genial, if not sultry, and I was naturally anxious to take that view. Was it exactly warm? Was it March with the chill off? I have been credited with a fairly active imagination, but it broke down miserably on that February 27.

I was handed out of the sledge into the hall, deaf, blind, speechless, and sat down helplessly on the nearest stove to thaw. Of course, staying in the house of Dr. Pennefather, one of the pioneers in the land, I endeavoured to grasp as soon as possible the importance of Winnipeg, the chief depôt of the Hudson's Bay Company. Only yesterday, as it were, the town was sharp upon the Indian frontier. Indeed, it is a matter of too recent history, that Indian attempt to loot the Company's warehouses, and the bloody war which ensued, and in which my friend and his sons took part.

The curious land boom, which for a short time sent up the price of Canadian earth like a rocket, to come down, alas! like the stick, started the phenomenal growth of Winnipeg, and the opening of the Canadian Pacific (the grandest railway enterprise of modern days) saved its fortunes from collapse, when it was discovered that the Canadian climate, admirable when understood and properly handled, did not quite realise the El

Dorado of emigration that had been boomed. The fact is, Africa and Mexico have both had something to say for themselves since, and for a time emigration has been partially diverted from the Dominion, but, depend upon it, only for a time. The hard-wheat growers of the north will certainly beat the soft-wheat growers of the south. Both may have quantity, but quality will remain with the north. Cold, no doubt, is the Canadian winter, but there is a good six months of glorious weather from May to November, and that should be enough for any hardy Norseman.

The people who are giving Canada emigration away now are chiefly speculators, who were ruined by the late land boom (buying at fabulous prices what they had no appliances to cultivate, and could only part with at a ruinous loss); but Canada is the land of the near future—fertile, abounding in ores from gold and silver downward, and with coal so near the surface you can see it sticking out of the hillsides—with inexhaustible water and inexhaustible wood, and the finest railway in the world (also the most honestly conducted) running from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and joining Montreal to Vancouver—Vancouver! the key of the East, and the starting point for our Australian colonies in a bee line!

Yes. I have no fear for Canada or the Canadian Pacific Railway either. It is quite true that Canadian Pacific Railway stock was not so very long ago up in the 80's, and is now down in the 50's, and this year (1895) pays no dividend, but no knowing people are in the least shaken. The universal depression, the large and wise outlay in extending and improving a line

3,000 miles long, and other more technical reasons which no 'touch and go' paper can discuss quite adequately, explain and account for the judiciously suspended dividend. On the other hand, the C.P.R. will always command Vancouver, and carry the bulk of direct traffic flowing north between the two hemispheres.

Any idea of a new competing line is simply laughed at out here, as an insidious ruse of designing speculators, who know how easily the English people get alarmed. The answer lies in a nutshell. The C.P.R. runs far north enough to make a line impossible on the Canadian side, and far south enough to paralyse any new line between itself and the North Pacific on the American side. Lastly, as contrasted with the notorious Southern Pacific-*cum*-Central, the C.P.R. does not build new lines instead of paying its old debts, nor juggle with the shareholders' money. The C.P.R. directors are honourable, and the C.P.R. management is, and has always been, above board.

XIX

THE ROCKIES.—After being sated in Europe with our centuries of 'civilisation,' it is a sort of wonder and delight to break in upon a new world, for such is Western Canada. The extreme beauty and varied splendour of the scenery through which I am at this moment passing (the Frazer River, near Yale), *en route* for Vancouver, compels me to look up constantly from my writing pad, as I wind from rocky precipice to fir-clad valley, almost on a level with the Frazer River.

Yon band of eager gold-washers are busy with

shovels and baskets by the sandy tossing torrent; now to the heights, borne aloft as it were on the wings of this wondrous railway, I gaze down the sheer cliff from the homes of the moose and the wild brown bear.

A new bend of the river discloses a range of snow mountains, beside which the Alps look almost puny.

Down into the valley again! On a low promontory, a settler's snug hut, a little farm, and the giant charred stumps of the primeval forest still about the homestead. Nature has had notice to quit, but will not be so soon evicted, and winter forests are beginning to put on the green robe of spring.

Sweet mountain air of the high valley, I cannot tarry. How would I love to descend for an hour and wash gold with you cheery adventurers, in this enchanted land, and then return with you to your trim, well-to-do log shanties, vocal with sparse but chubby children, nondescript half-caste girls, with bright green and red silk scarves about their heads, and brawny-armed matrons, too; but men, mostly men—young, vigorous, swarthy fellows, and sometimes of gentle birth too.

The scenic beauties crowd—the river broadens—I am in a very Yosemite Valley—jutting low peninsulas and fairy islands—and blue smoke curling up against black pines, from here and there an ideal home betwixt the wood and the waters.

Another moment, and I am in deep forest—wild and rocky too. Ah! In the opening of the wood—what a ghastly sight!—a space, a scaffolding of sticks, and on the top a corpse, scarce covered with rude swathings. 'Tis a mode of wild tribe burial, and horrible vultures take flight. Then out into the open,

and once more beside the silted sands of the river. A white trim church stands yonder on a lowland, close by the water side. A solitary church. No settlement is visible. Doubtless it is a Roman Catholic church, with a priest—perchance two Fathers, for such are sent forth by the great mother of churches, and are to be found in all waste places of the earth. True fishers of men, and dauntless pioneers of God.

XX

BUFFALOES.—Wild! Yes, wild is the land beyond words, and romantic with treasure untrove, forests unexplored, game unexterminated. Man has indeed almost exterminated the buffalo—that seems to be his one conquest over nature. There are rumours of a herd still in the 'Rockies;' in the Yellowstone Park they are preserved; in Alaska there are still a few wild; but their fur, so prized for great-coats and incomparable for warmth, is hard to get, and a coat which only ten years ago cost twenty would now fetch sixty or eighty dollars.

I drove out to see a splendid herd of buffaloes in Sir D. A. Smith's park near Winnipeg, and more superb creatures, and in more perfect condition, I never set eyes on; but they were quite wild, and although I got as near them as I could, taking advantage of a palisade, I had to be on the alert, as they are apt to turn and charge savagely like the wildest of bulls.

The moose, a magnificent sort of elk deer with very massive but branching horns, still survives in abundance; anyone who wishes to get out at Donald or Otters-tail and scale those impossible-looking

snow-capped hills will find them in the valleys on the other side—some young fellows brought back a cartful the other day—and there are antelopes in droves, and plenty of bear in the mountain caves. Bears at the station are not uncommon, and Bruin seems fairly reconciled to his captivity, looks out for the arrival of the trains, and has quite a winsome way with people who have got buns to spare.

XXI

DOGS.—There are some capital dogs about here, crossed with wolves. The ladies of Winnipeg are fond of hunting the wolves.

The miner's big dog, which appears at all the C.P.R. stations, is quite an institution. They think nothing of pulling down a wolf, or an Indian either for the matter of that; but they are also very friendly, faithful and intelligent, and mighty proud of their masters, who certainly spoil them. In our country, miners' small dogs fight for the amusement of their masters. But I have seen two gold washers fight, or rather pretend to fight, simply for the amusement of their big dogs. The dogs looked on, and watched the contest with the interest of connoisseurs. When their master got the best of it, they jumped about wild with joy, and when he got worsted they would bark furiously at the enemy, appreciating the sport most thoroughly: but never intervening except in the way of vocal sympathy and moral support. They are also very acute and observant. Every day, at certain well-known spots, the railway refreshment car throws out its waste, and these dogs know the time, and

come from afar in crowds to feast on fat things. But on Sunday there is no distribution of waste, and it is strange, but true, that never a dog makes his appearance or miscalculates his days, which certainly proves that dogs are very practical arithmeticians.

How shall I close my snap-shot descent upon this wondrous, lone, wild treasure land, West Canada, where the silver sticks out of the rock in hunks, if you know the spot, the gold glitters in the sand, the coal tumbles out of the hill-slopes, the prairie chicken flops tamely up under your nose, the moose and antelope wait in herds to be shot down when you get there, the waters teem with fish and beaver, and the swamps and lakes positively swarm with ducks and wild geese, and where man alone finds himself a pilgrim and a stranger?

. . . . . .

Ah! lone land, the hum of a multitude is in my ears. Anon! thy moose shall follow thy buffalo—thy forest shall be cut down—thy wild birds shot, thy fish poisoned, thy rivers turned into the sewers of mighty cities. The red man passes, the white man comes. Rover of the Prairie—Swiftfoot of the Mountain—Speckled Beaver, and all Indian braves—Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Mugwump, and the lot of you, ye shall leave your names—soft low wizard names of the old Wild West—Kananaskis, Tacoma, Saskatchewan, and Assiniboine. But the place of your plaisance shall know you no more. Ye shall all be as though ye had not been; the steam plough shall blot out the trail of the buffalo, and the crackling forest shall make way for the teeming city and the suburban residence.

Then from Montreal to Vancouver shall Bass's

pale ale be quaffed, and the Salvation Army's drum be sounded. The squaw will have ceased to exist, and woman's rights shall be proclaimed from ocean to ocean. Then shall Cook's tourists, personally conducted, swarm to the hills and the springs from the populous towns and hamlets built all along the Canadian Pacific line; and then shall the heart of the C.P.R. shareholder, who bought in at fifty, rejoice exceedingly as he gleefully declines to sell out at par; for the civilised man shall reap the harvests, and build, and buy, and fume, and travel, and bounce and worry all around to his heart's content, for the game is up, and the show of the Wild West is over. 'I have spoken,' as saith the last of the Mohicans, but the last word of the white man—inexorable survivor of the fittest—shall be spoken—never!

PARADISES OF THE PACIFIC

XXII

MY FOURTH VOYAGE.—Good-bye, Canadian woods! good-bye, Columbian hills, Vancouver's wild sweet isle, and Puget's Sound! Ye noble trees still towering in thick brushwood—ye charred pine forests, and ten-year-old towns, with the black tree stumps still blocking your thoroughfares—I shall see you no more!

Adieu, mighty saw mills, lifting huge water-seasoned logs out of the harbour, tons and tons of trunks that have been hewed from yonder steep fir-clad mountains—hurled down their rugged slopes and floated bodily to the vast sheds, throbbing with steam engines, where they are hoisted like feathers, and turned as a cook turns pastry, and sliced like melons, and cut up into smooth boards, and neatly piled for the markets.

The Chicago process of making pigs into sausages is not in it with the rapidity with which the Vancouver 'Hastings Mills' bark, and slice, and trim, and cart, and pack, and ship their manufactured timber to all parts of the world. And, ay me! what waste! Night and day a machine is solely occupied in shooting tons of good wood, waste planks and boards, into a mighty pile, that blazes across the waters of the Sound all night, like a baleful watch fire,

I thought of the freezing winter in London, and the scant fuel and bitter want of warmth, whilst here we were burning unnumbered stacks of wood simply to get rid of it. I thought of the carcases of Australian sheep rotting on the wool ranches, of the Manitoba corn grown for straw, and too abundant to export, of the salmon that lie rotting in heaps in the freshets of the beautiful Frazer River, of the—but stay, this discursive style is quite out of place in this snap-shot journal.

XXIII

THE 'MIOWERA.'—The captain's orders are to be on board by eleven at night. (Of course we didn't start till one.) I hurry away from my Vancouver friends, who are giving me a farewell reception. Next day we touch at Victoria. More friends come down to greet me, and I go ashore. (Captain orders us on board by six: of course we didn't start till about ten.) More hurried and heartrending farewells. What farewells! 'What households, though not alien, yet not mine!' Ah, kind hearts! gentle faces, friends found and lost, 'ships that——' Bah! this won't do! Well, just a last look, waving of hands on the quay, fluttering of white pocket handkerchiefs. I take out mine.

The gangway is up at last, the hoarse whistle yells its discordant adieu, the 'Miowera,' 3,000 tons, moves slowly out into the open Pacific. The lights from Vancouver Island twinkle more faintly and more far. We have 'stepped off' for Sydney, 7,000 miles away.

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No! you can't get into sea training for life. You've got to begin all over again and to train for three or

four days. We most of us began training on the second day out. We lay in our bunks, we attended no meals, and few meals attended us: when they came they were not detained very long, owing to circumstances over which, &c.

There was plenty of time for reflection. My own field of observation was no doubt somewhat restricted; it was confined to the four white walls of my state room. I believe the steward had 'got at' my electric bell; anyhow, it didn't work, and that saved him much trouble. Time hung a little heavy. Baron Trenck in his prison cell derived much comfort from watching a spider. The friendly cockroach was good enough for me as I lay in my bunk. He kept alive my interest in life; at times he seemed to be a sort of missing link between me and the active world. He was himself a creature of very active habits. He has been unaccountably neglected by writers of the period, and I feel he deserves a few paragraphs to himself. Here followeth:

XXIV

THE PACIFIC COCKROACH.—One can't help respecting the Pacific cockroach. Though one may not like him—his great intelligence and open-mindedness places you at a distinct disadvantage with him—he is always 'on the make.' The blackbeetle will sleep and dream anon, and you can take him unawares—the cockroach never. He has the *sang-froid* of the North and the pleasing vivacity of the South, and his swiftness and resource are beyond words. I have watched him walking leisurely up the white walls of my cabin, and or ever I was on him he was

gone; yet he hastened not his pace till the stroke fell! Into what nook or cranny had he darted? There was none! Nor could he have fallen down—I was ready for that. In vain to hunt: once lost, you will never see him again—till next time.

There is much to admire in the cockroach of the Pacific; he is full of blitheness, and content and happy with a little. He can do with plenty, but he can wait and hunger honestly, and when you disturb him over a crumb he will merely start and vanish with a silent reproach. He thinks, no doubt, that everyone must live, and although you don't see the necessity, to him it is a law, and therein he is wiser than you are.

The cockroach, though prompt, is never thoughtless. He will sit and look at you from a distance, and speculate long on the chances of your turning out the light. Do it, and in a moment he will be close beside you. Companion of your solitude though he be, he does not love you for your own sake; but then neither do you—you do not love him at all! But he has no strong personal feeling about you, you are merely his food indicator. His instinct about food is infallible; he knows where and how and when to get it; he works hard at the waste, a tireless scavenger, and he is strictly self-supporting. What an example to so many thousands of idle loafers, who doubtless consider themselves his equals or his betters!

For my part I cannot help thinking the cockroach is the victim of much unreasoning prejudice, and when he is content to work up every conceivable morsel of refuse that we have done with into his own healthy and active organism, it seems hard that we should grudge him an occasional sip of fruit or bite of

cake. Depend upon it, the cockroach has his legitimate grievance. He marks, though, with cheerful resignation, that 'our ways are not equal.' We protect the crows and the gulls on shore in return for their valuable services as natural scavengers. Well, he scavenges all he can on board, and we slay him! No doubt he gets into the stores, but that is our fault. His one idea is work, and he might reasonably claim to have his energies directed; and then if we lock up the victuals he is never indisposed to eat dirt, and any amount of it!

Admirable toiler; so full of interest in man—so regular at his meals—so vigilant at his slumbers; truly, like the philosopher of old, thou canst say, *Nihil humani alienum a me puto.* Innocent creature! how could I have ever stooped to harm thee! Ah! let me rather—ho! steward! steward! quick! there are two! Don't let them escape. Only got one? Idiot, this is too disgusting! Do kill them both, and lots more of Keating's insect powder to-night, mind! Alas for human philosophy and sentiment! I think I'll keep the light burning all night; they're fond of gingerbread.

XXV

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I know it is wrong to be elated or even gratified at the sufferings of others, but, having been myself deprived for some days of the pleasures of the table and human society, I confess to being rather cheered when I at last emerged at breakfast to find that most of our crew had been in the same plight. You can call the ocean 'Pacific' or 'Atlantic,' one ends in

'antic' and the other rhymes with 'sick,' and there is precious little on the score of comfort to choose between them, with the exception of air, and the Pacific air is incomparably soft and mild, but as for the tropics and a sea of glass, 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' and that sort of thing, it exists chiefly in the pages of the 'Ancient Mariner.'

The origin of 'becalmed in the tropics' is that between the north-east and south-east trade winds, always blowing, there is often a space of still water, five, or fifty, or one hundred miles in extent. In the old times sailing ships got into it, and could not get out for days, even months. We now steam through it in an hour or two, often at night, and no one takes any notice of anything except of the tossing about in those eternal trade winds.

The flying fish, too, are miserable little frauds—here at least at the equator. They rise like feathers or bits of sea foam, skim the water, and splash in again. They never come on deck to be caught, as I was encouraged to believe. I am told they are good eating, and the wings make elegant book marks, but they have not given us a chance. Now a fine shark, or cod, on wings, or even a fair-sized mackerel; but only a winged smelt—it really is not good enough.

'Leper Island! Leper Island!' I hurry up and see a faint, cloudlike outline on the horizon. Generations of lepers are there. There Father Damien lived and died; there Sister Rose—but I heard something about her marrying a doctor instead. Some of us wanted to stop at Leper Island and have a look round, but we were not so keen about it when the

captain said he might land us there, but it was against the law for us ever to leave, so we passed by on the other side.

Next day there was a cry of 'Land! land!' In the clear morning light, right ahead of us some forty miles, appeared a large island and several others. These were the Sandwich Islands—the Paradise of the Pacific, and as barren-looking rocks as I ever set eyes on; but on nearer approach the green sugar plantations, with their neat white houses, showed us that Ohau at least rimmed the ocean with verdure. How utterly unprepared was I, in my first disappointment, for what was presently to fascinate and bewilder my eyes!

XXVI

HONOLULU.—It was Sunday. The mixed population had gathered in a crowd of many hundreds on the quay at Honolulu, the capital of Ohau (Sandwich Isles), as our ship glided slowly alongside. The inhabitants were not flourishing javelins, or bent on discharging arrows; a lot of naked Hawaiian boys indeed swam out to the ship and sported in bright blue water round us. Their bodies shone against the blue like bright yellow-red terra-cotta. They dived for coin, catching it before it had time to sink two feet.

But the people! in holiday attire. We were the event of the week, perhaps the month. Groups of young girls in rainbow colours, muslin, cotton, smart hats, ribbons, sashes; American, English half-caste, pure-blooded Hawaiian beauties too; sailors, officials, a few police, merchants, mixed citizens galore; children

of all ages and all parentage. Europe in white calico and straw hat, Japs, Chinese—such an *olla podrida* of humanity I never saw.

The gangway is lowered. 'Lock your state-room, sir,' said my steward. Truly, up the gangway swarm all sorts and conditions of men and women too. The ship is suddenly a no man's or an everybody's land. There seems no restriction, 'tis all holiday and sight-seeing; the young girls roam freely about as if at a public show, and everyone stares around with quite primitive curiosity, and the number and style of the passengers is soon taken.

Certainly this Honolulu seems a gay place. Yonder lies the American gunboat, and not far off the English gunboats to watch her, and merchant vessels fill the bay.

The Honolulu papers seem to have announced my arrival speculatively. (There is no cable to the Sandwich Islands; they are six days, and have been a month or more, isolated from the rest of the world.) The cathedral organist, Mr. Wray Taylor, good man, has seen the papers, and comes aboard and captures me. It is four o'clock—the captain gives us till seven (he might have said nine). I step into my hitherto unknown friend's light carriage. What neat, trim houses, with verandahs! What lovely and exuberant trees, great flowering trees, great bulbous flowers, crimson, yellow, saffron, violet hued, palms, cocoanuts, bananas, and what picturesque people—not less picturesque because mixed. The Hawaiians are a handsome race, Brazilian in type—not negro; and clear brown, not black. They seem to cross freely enough with Europeans.

XXVII

QUEEN LILIUKALANI.—'The Queen Liliukalani, said my friend, 'is in prison, in yonder stately building which used to be her palace. She is detained in a few rooms. After the Provisional Government that dethroned her in 1893 was proclaimed a Republic in 1894, her ex-Majesty was discovered to be not unnaturally conspiring against the Republic, and "hence these tears." Her trial was a most painful affair. The court was thronged chiefly with ladies curious to see her. She behaved in a most dignified manner, and there is no doubt a vast deal of sympathy felt for her in the island. She made two mistakes, or she might have been still Queen of the Sandwich Islands—a really fine position, with 80,000*l.* a year.'

'How so?'

'Well, you see, the white interests, which are of course now paramount in Hawaii, naturally call for laws, privileges, supremacy, everything for the whites, and their sugar business; they must either govern themselves, or put a mere puppet on the throne like the late King Kalakua. They could do what they chose with him. That is why Queen Emma, whose sympathies were native, was set aside.'

(I remember meeting her at the Bishop of London's some years ago—the poor lady thought that the English would help her. Fancy the G.O.M. doing anything for the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, when his foreign policy never got as far as Tangier!)

'Well, his Majesty Kalakua died, and his sister Liliukalani comes to the throne, with strong will and hot native sympathies. She proposes to alter the

constitution arbitrarily in favour of native interests—*first blunder.* The American Consul heads the opposition, even lands troops, the Queen is deposed, President Cleveland makes inquiry, orders her to be reinstated, but requires free pardon for her deposers. She is understood to decline the pardon clause—*second blunder.* This cost her the throne, the Government at Washington refusing any longer to support her. A Provisional Government, under Judge Dole, her own Chief Justice, is set up, which afterwards, in 1894, turns itself into a Republic, with Dole as President, and is acknowledged by the Powers—the Queen assents, then conspires, and is tried, found guilty, and imprisoned.'

XXVIII

THE BISHOP.—I had but an hour or two, and I made every effort to interview the Queen. The American admiral referred me to the English Minister. I applied to the Bishop of Honolulu for advice, and learned that not even her own doctor was admitted on Sunday. I found the palace yard guarded with soldiers—there was positively no access—not at least within the time at my disposal. I drove back to the cathedral—deliciously embowered in a garden full of flowering trees. It is a handsome Gothic stone edifice, the west doors were wide open, and I could see the Bishop in full canonicals addressing a dusky congregation in the Hawaiian language; numbers of the natives, however, speak English. The Bishop himself has a large school, where English is taught. Hard by, in its own inclosure stands a conventual school and home for girls on the model of Miss Sellon's

homes, and indeed a direct offshoot. The charming nun-like Sisters, with their large white flapping caps and their quiet restrained sweetness, showed me all over the gardens, dormitories, chapel, and refectory. They care for about eighty girls, of all ages from four to eighteen. The girls were all neatly, some even showily, dressed; they pay fees when they can, and the poorer ones pay little or nothing. They looked very happy—trooping about the garden, or lying lazily in the tropical heat under the trees.

As I turned to leave, a group of about a dozen were sitting or lounging in the most unconsciously picturesque attitudes upon the steps of the refectory —a quite dark girl of about fourteen, with great lustrous eyes, a pure native—by her side a placid half-caste with regular features—then a white American, sitting a little apart like a Madonna—a perfect picture was that lazy group of graceful children from ten to seventeen—they all looked round curiously at the stranger who was being personally conducted, and their faces were wreathed with smiles.

I spoke a few words to them. The Sister gathered me a big crimson flower, then a great yellow one, and seeing how much I admired the gorgeous colours, suddenly the girls rose all together and fluttered away like a bevy of butterflies, and in a moment returned with their hands full of flowers, with which they overwhelmed me—it was so simply and gracefully done, without shyness or boldness—and the Sister stood by laughing. 'If you stopped and allowed them, she said, 'these girls would smother you with flowers. They love picking them and giving them to our visitors. You see we have an abundance of them to spare.'

As I came out I found the Bishop waiting for me. He helped me to carry the flowers, and looked quaint and mediæval enough in his long cassock, his hands laden with rich blossoms, as he passed along by the cathedral and saluted the little groups of men and girls that had formed the staple of his congregation, and who were now lingering around in the beautiful park-like gardens outside.

I drove up an hour before sunset to the Bishop's home, and had tea with him and his amiable wife. No, I cannot describe the charm of that island—the lovely tints upon its hills, the rich green of its fields, the bright air and the beauty of its tropical foliage. It is a lotus-eating island—the pale green sea melting into lapis lazuli blue that kisses its sandy, rocky, mossy shores seemed good to look at and dream on, but never more to sail away on.

'Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam,
Then some one said, "We will return no more!"'

The good Bishop, with flowing beard, genial, kindly—loyal to the Hawaiian captive Queen, and zealous of good works: his cheerful and charming wife, Mrs, Willis, many years his junior, whose presence seems to fill the episcopal residence with refinement and the indefinable grace of European culture; the peaceful but quite human, yet nun-like ladies; the dreamy, dusky-faced girls, who reminded me of so many Andrea del Sarto virgins or children, all these rose before me—visions of the waning day.

. . . . . .

I was leaning over the verandah in a sort of

dream, the light was fading on the hills—the valley between, intense dark green—a crystal stream ran down; the cattle lifted their heads and mooed melodiously; a bright bird flashed homeward: with tropical suddenness it seemed to grow dark. 'The horse is in,' said the Bishop's voice, ''tis nearly seven!'

In another moment my kind host and hostess drove me to the quays. We had known one another but three hours. It seemed years, and so hard to part.

'Good-bye, Bishop! Good-bye, Honolulu!' I was on board the 'Miowera' again. My glimpse of the tropical paradise was over—my dear lotus-eating island, thousands of miles out in the Pacific, was left for ever. It soon died away, a twinkling speck in the immeasurable dark.

XXIX

FIJI.—I had thought to end my island glimpses here, but the vision of Fiji has been too much for me. After another six days of rolling blue water, a low coral reef island, green as an emerald, hove in sight, with stately palms and cocoa-nuts, and then in an hour or so Viti Luvu, the largest of the Fijis, and indeed about half the size of England. There it lay a dream of beauty, and as we came into Suva Harbour, the sunny town, the wooded hills, the fertile valleys, teeming with tropical foliage, the pale Indian-ink (not terra-cotta red) coloured natives, who rowed out with the mails, made my heart leap, even in that broiling though clear heat, to get on shore.

The papers having here also prepared Fiji for my arrival, I was met by the Rev. Mr. Jones, the resident clergyman, who with the charming lady, his wife, did for me all that could be done in a few short hours.

We met a nice cannibal outside the garden. 'That smart young fellow,' said Jones, 'was a priest who sacrificed a man and ate him not long ago (of course on religious principles). He was arrested, and is now a carrier.' He was, in fact, walking at large, and apparently quite harmless and quite happy. Our rowers were all convicts—thieves and murderers—and I believe slept in prison quarters, but by day they seemed abroad quite free, rowing or tilling the fields, or lolling about like other people. They all looked equally contented and happy under a paternal government. Their little ways are not severely visited; indeed, they have only had since 1874 to learn under British rule that they must not eat each other: and now they are all Christians nominally, so they have done well in the time.

The Lord Chief Justice and Administrator, in the absence of the Governor, received me at his charming bungalow on the hills, and the police placed their boat at my disposal.

Judge Berkeley is a fine type of British civilising influence, just as Mr. Jones is a model of the sort of wise, kind, and altogether sensible Christian man wanted in these parts. The natives, when they met him, kissed the back of his hand with quite simple devotion. I had not time to go up any of the magnificent rivers—one navigable for seventy miles.

The cinnamon, the lemon, the palm, the cocoa-nut, passion-flower fruit, guava, yellow allamanda,

red hibiscus, and all the flowering trees I had noticed at Honolulu, grew wild here.

Mr. Berkeley showed me some huge spiders, with bright yellow bodies, in the middle of webs in his garden, so strong that it took a tough pull to snap them.

I was offered the skull of a man lately eaten by the unregenerate ones for 10*s.*, and another, with a good part of the flesh dried on it, for 12*s.*, but declined for want of room, though I believe both were cheap.

The Fijian girls have fine features, splendid physiques, and many of them are quite beautiful. The men are splendid fellows, and toss huge packing boxes on edge over their naked shoulders in a way that makes even our British Tar shiver; but their muscle is like india-rubber, and they seem to feel nothing.

Suva is full of churches and chapels—Catholic, Methodist, Protestant: it is also full of coolie labour. The coolies chiefly provide the criminal population, and are fast corrupting the natives. There are many more men than women, and the natives steal the coolie women, and the coolies return the compliment.

No liquor is sold to the natives under a penalty of 50*l.* On the whole, the peace and quiet of Fiji contrasts favourably enough with the revolutions and political intrigues of Hawaii. For all that, I would sooner live some time at Honolulu than at Suva.

AUSTRALIA

XXX

SYDNEY.—Land ! land ! This time it is Sydney, Australia.

I have travelled since December twenty thousand miles.

The instant you land at Sydney be prepared for the inquiry, 'What do you think of our "beautiful harbour?"' Say 'I have seen Rio Janeiro, Genoa, and the Golden Gate &c., but in all the world &c. I never, never &c. &c.!' But the shortest, if not the most polite, way of meeting the repeated question is to do as the captain of the 'Miowera' advised me to do, stick a card on your hat inscribed with '*I have seen your beautiful harbour.*' This entirely damps further conversation, but saves bother.

When you get to Melbourne, be prepared for 'What do you think of our "marvellous Melbourne?"' You have merely to say 'I am struck dumb with admiration.' After that no one can expect you to open your mouth.

When you reach Adelaide, 'This is our city of churches; does it not overawe you?' If you want to be just a little nasty you can say, 'Sublime! When will the cathedral be finished?'

XXXI

'SO ENGLISH.'—In Australia, as in America, the desire to have the good opinion of the Old Country is touching. In Australia, as in Canada, but not as in America, 'everything looks so English, you know.' The railway stations with the encomiums on the soups, pickles, and sauces we have left so many thousand miles behind; the hotels, shops, houses, churches, meeting-houses, Salvation Army depôts; even some of the old lumbering omnibuses survive, not yet wholly extinguished by the cable and electric trams. The names are ludicrously familiar. Croydon, carefully planted down in a Sydney suburb; Sydenham, in another; Regent Street, Paddington, Bond Street, Guildford, Sunbury, Sandringham, Tottenham, are all fairly accessible, whilst some one with a thorough-going and quite scriptural taste for antiquity has actually secured the resting place of Noah's Ark for Australia, and we have the disputed site of Mount Ararat at last settled once and for ever.

XXXII

HOME APATHY.—You may see more pictures of her Majesty the Queen in a short walk through any of the large towns out here than you could by travelling for a month in England, throwing in London.

At every niche there stands her Majesty, still in the prime of life—*incedit Regina*—holding her august sceptre and generally wearing her Imperial crown.

Alas! how little does this loyalty count for in England! But the day is not far distant when a truth will emerge which will shake our insular apathy and self-conceit to its foundation, viz. that the distant colonies, could they be kept loyal, are of more importance to our greatness than we are to theirs.

It is already beginning to be asked by the new generation that knows not England, but has to pay heavily for exported Governors from home, not 'of what use are we to England?' but 'of what use is England to us?' That question can alone be satisfactorily answered (and it will have to be answered soon, or it will be too late) by a wise and liberal Colonial and Imperial Federation policy, with definite fiscal advantages secured to the colonies, combined with substantial military and naval protection and co-operation. It would be a shameful thing if the twentieth century beheld the Canadian and Australasian colonies slip away through our apathy and indifference, as the eighteenth beheld the American colonies secede through our oppression and swagger.

It would require no prophet then to anticipate the absorption of India by Russia, the secession of Canada and the abandonment of the Mediterranean, the final submergence of the Cape Colony by those who care to take and know how to keep, and then at last the tiny island in the North Sea, so long the master of the world, would indeed be a neglectable quantity! I should be glad to lay these political phantoms which do rise as I listen to the wail of old colonists romantically attached to Old England, and the flippant sarcasm of Young Australia, who seems to know little and care less about the mother country. The

old want to 'go home,' the young know no home but the colony, and gibe at a sentiment they can't understand.

Mr. Froude's book on Australasia ('Oceana') may have been full of mistakes, but no book in modern days was more wanted, nor has done so much to interest England in her southern colonies as that picturesque note-book of a rather hasty traveller; and for England to get interested and excited about Australia is the only way to keep up Australian sympathy, and excite a reciprocal passion.

XXXIII

KING MOB.—I have deliberately come to the conclusion that I had better leave Australian politics, legislature, and executive alone. If I stood aghast at American politics, I am fairly nonplussed by Australian.

In America there is a faint coherence of States. In Australia there is—each colony hates the one next door—no pretence of colonial coherence; duties and counter duties make import and export profitless; the labour party seems uppermost, and it amounts to a sort of mob rule in the supposed interests of those who have got nothing, and to the detriment of those who have got something.

The virtuous citizen holds aloof from the sick body politic of the State, that lies wounded and stripped by the needy robbers who are always making their escape, and the thinker passes by on the other side. It is a common complaint that justice in the law courts is expensive and uncertain. One judge

prejudices a case on the bench, and another openly states that the judges are tampered with in their decisions, by party politics and quiet pressure from the legislature. In spite of all this there are excellent men on the bench, and things *march*, as the French say.

XXXIV

OLD PIONEERS.—'I believe,' said an old pioneer to me, 'numbers of you Englanders still think most people out here are black, and live in the bush with the kangaroos, whilst the rest are squatters—a term you don't understand—and cowboys.'

'Well,' I said, 'I confess that I was surprised at the magnificent buildings—town halls, churches, and cathedrals—scattered about your big towns; they exceed in splendour anything to be found in average English towns. Your huge Sydney Town Hall seating 6,000, with its colossal organ.'

'The largest in the world,' interposed my squatter friend, who was a millionaire, and began with a pickaxe forty years ago.

'Your parks stocked with all sorts of wild fowl. Your splendid botanical gardens, at Sydney, running down to the sea coast, with exquisite tropical foliage and tree flowers.'

'Ah,' said he, 'we owe a good deal to the big boom. Some ten years ago money was rolled over. Everyone came out stuffed with cash, and bought land at fabulous prices; sold it; bought more. The banks were glutted with money. People thought the millennium had arrived. Town councils and corporations went mad. The banks advanced huge

sums for huge public buildings. Speculators ran up whole suburbs of houses; land dropped; prices fell. The banks broke—the people were ruined. Twelve thousand houses in Melbourne stood empty. We have not got through that terrible crisis yet, but things are recovering.'

It is curious to talk with these old pioneers, who have made colonial history. They are usually sterling men—the survival of the fittest.

'Do you see yonder town?' said a keen old grey-headed but sinewy man of seventy, as we looked out of the railway carriage window. 'I made that town. Do you see it is all built on one side of the river, and do you know why?'

'Explain,' I said.

'Fifty years ago I arrived with a pal and a stick and a bundle at that stream. We were prospecting for gold. Water is precious, and we elected to make our head quarters there; but on which side of the stream? I chose the opposite bank. I had my reasons. We had a dispute about it. We argued, we quarrelled, he left me; I crossed, I camped there alone. For days I was alone; another came, and camped beside me. We found gold. More came and camped, and found gold—surface gold—and soon a town, a city, arose; but I am the founder, and it bears my name. Ah!' he continued, his eye kindling; 'those were grand days! we were all young, reckless, joyous, and bounding with spirits and enterprise. They were rough times; we were a law unto ourselves; and it was often lynch law—a word and a blow. But on the whole good order and a good understanding were kept. Yes, there was surface

gold then ; pockets, as they called the places, where nuggets were found. It was intoxicating ; you might prowl for a month and grow rich in half an hour. How did we keep our gold ? Look you, sir, I have been alone with unknown men, and had sudden luck. They knew what I had in my bundle. I have seen their eyes gleam at nightfall. We were all friendly enough sitting round the camp fire, but I knew their thoughts. I would open my breast-waistcoat, carelessly, and allow the muzzle of a small six-shooter to appear, that was all. Oh, those six-shooters were the great peace-makers in those days. Was it not the Duke (for the pioneer there was only one duke) who said, best way to keep peace is to be prepared for war ?'

'What influence had the Government on those wild regions ?'

'Well, we were mostly self-governing ; the distance being so great and population so scattered. We were a rough lot, no doubt ; but we got rubbed down a bit from time to time in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, and as we and our families got up in the world it was thought proper to attend the Governor's Levee at Government House, and look at any live lord or bigwig sent out to play figure-head. There were lots of queer stories told about those levees. The Adelaide nob of the period—a very early one—regulated that all those who presented themselves at his "Court" should wear a dress coat. The number who aspired to the honour of presentation was small in those days, and only one possessed a tail coat. So after he went in, made his bow and came out, it was arranged that he should hang the coat on a tree for the next one, and so on. But this took time. The

Governor got impatient, and on inquiring the cause of delay it is said he burst out laughing, and suspended the oppressive regulation until such time as the colony should be sufficiently advanced to live more generally up to tail coats. One colonist's lady was very stuck up about a real Irish car she had got out from Dublin—the only one in the colony. She drove in grand style in it to Government House—the cynosure of all eyes. After the presentation she happened to look out of the window, and saw another Irish car drive up and unload. Her mortification was deep; but what was her rage and astonishment at a third, and a fourth, and a fifth arriving at due intervals. She made her way down in a terrible fume—just in time to see her own car, with her own driver, arrive with a sixth bevy! The car was, in fact, too popular, and her man had not been able to resist the inevitable bribe.'

Another Governor representing Royalty was flabbergasted at a sturdy pioneer who, on passing before him, stopped, looked him in the face cheerily, slapped his small lordship on the back, and said, 'Welcome, pal! and how's the old woman?' meaning her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen! Of these stories I heard a rich crop.

XXXV

SIR CHARLES NICHOLSON, BART.—There is far less bounce about Melbourne than Francisco or Chicago. Since the smash up of the banks and the collapse of the boom, people have slowed down. Trade, entertainments are slack, and enterprise of

all kinds suffers. But nothing can alter the splendid achievements of the earlier part of this century—such monuments, for instance, as those which Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart. (still in his green old age, retired, and honoured far and wide) has left in the Sydney University, of which he may be said to be almost the father. This splendid edifice, stamped for ever with Sir Charles's grand personality and genius, with its acres of grounds and colleges, its noble hall, its museum of Etruscan, classic, and Egyptian antiquities, its pictures, its tapestries, almost all of them the munificent gifts of Sir Charles, who was successively medical practitioner, Premier of the Colony, Chancellor of the University, foremost in every good work, the friend of everybody, and everybody's friend. Truly may this great pioneer of civilisation say, '*Exegi monumentum.*' Sir Charles retired some twenty-seven years ago (1895), was the centre for some years of a brilliant literary and scientific circle in London, and is now living with the charming and accomplished Lady Nicholson at The Grange, Totteridge, still retaining an encyclopædic memory, and gifted as much as ever with a genial and inexhaustible flow of conversation.

XXXVI

BISHOP MOORHOUSE.—There is not unnaturally a sameness in these colonial towns, with their spacious streets, their one-storeyed suburban residences, in trim rows, and gardens, their trams, cable, electric, or steam, ponderous stage omnibuses, frequent squares, fountains not always playing, and handsome parks,

ferneries, and reserves. The Roman Catholic cathedrals occupy, as usual, the best places, and are generally finished. The Anglican cathedrals occupy the second best places, and are as commonly unfinished. The Nonconforming temples are commonly quite as splendid and spacious as Anglican or Catholic, and what Bishop Kennion (Bath and Wells, late Colonial) says about the competition of the churches being as brisk as that of the hotels is not far wide of the mark. The short wire containing the statement, however, gave considerable offence. There has been only one man able to say disagreeable truths without offence, and often in the bluntest language—that was the late Bishop of Melbourne, Bishop Moorhouse, now Lord Bishop of Manchester. It would be difficult to say how much that man's memory is reverenced in the colonies. His is still a name to conjure with. How often have I been accosted with, "Tell us about Moorhouse," "Have you seen the Bishop of Manchester—is he well?" "How does he like Manchester?" Never, "How does Manchester like him?'

I was first drawn to Dr. Moorhouse years ago, when he was Rector of Paddington. At the Earl of Meath's request (then Lord Brabazon) I joined a small committee, including the Earl of Aberdeen and the Rector of Paddington, to see what could be done towards improving the sanitation, and adapting some model lodging houses in Blue Anchor Alley, Bunhill Fields. I was much impressed with the breadth and wisdom of Dr. Moorhouse's views, and the cautious administrative ability he displayed. I had my own misgivings of the proposed scheme, which did not prove financially satisfactory, and I remember the kindness and courtesy

with which Lord Aberdeen intervened to prevent me from suffering in any way on account of having originally at his request lent my name to the undertaking. Just as I was hoping to know the Rector of Paddington better, he was removed to the See of Melbourne, and there he did grand work in raising the prestige of the Church of England as much in Australia as did Bishop Selwyn in New Zealand. He has often said to me with characteristic modesty, that the one good thing he had done for the colony was to persuade the people to build tanks and store the water which God sent in due season, instead of importuning their Bishop to issue prayers for more water because they were too stupid, idle, or parsimonious to keep what fell in the rainy season.

The Bishop was distinguished also at Melbourne for the large and tolerant spirit in which he met men of different theological schools. He was prepared to utilise the High Church missioners 'because,' said he, 'they have a way of getting hold of the flinty-hearted rich and the rapacious millionaires whom I, in common with so many of my clergy, do not seem able to tackle successfully.' He was also an advocate for Episcopal clergy preaching in Nonconformist pulpits —he thought it would promote charity and widen the bounds of the Episcopal Church. He was foiled in both designs, but that he should have attempted such movements in his diocese without rousing the most envenomed opposition, is a tribute to his tact and strength of mind and soundness of heart, and to that singular gift of being able to tell people all kinds of unpleasant truths without leaving a sting behind. He was recalled to England most unexpectedly by Lord Salisbury, to fill the See of Manchester in succession

to the popular and able Bishop Fraser. It was a difficult position to fill, but he brought to his new task the old qualities of strength, straightforwardness, firmness, prudence, and that inexhaustible patience and good humour which had helped him through many a crisis at home and abroad. In the pulpit, as on the platform, he is more than an able speaker—*he* is a powerful orator. Nor is it mere 'words! words! words!' The Bishop reads and thinks. He is up to date, and will never allow anything to interfere with his studious Saturdays. The Roman Bishop found him a foeman worthy of his steel, and the Bishop of Manchester's occasional courses in the Cathedral pulpit have done more to rehabilitate Church influence in the North than all the tracts so profusely issued in a neighbouring diocese. We have in the Church preachers that can't think and thinkers that can't preach, and we have a few men who can do both, but can't administer. In Dr. Moorhouse we have a preacher, thinker, and administrator of first calibre, and it would be hard to fix upon any other bishop who possesses all those three Episcopal qualifications in the same degree. As a pastor he has shown himself equally indefatigable, and within a few years of his appointment to Manchester he visited every parish and catechised personally every school in his crowded diocese. When I say that the Bishop has secured in Mrs. Moorhouse a helpmeet for him, I have said as much as I need and not less than I ought.

If the Government only knew how well it would pay to send strong Bishops out to these Colonies, as well as popular Governors! People have great hopes of the new Bishop Harmer. Here and there we find a true man like the Bishop of Ballarat (Dr. Thornton)

or Bishop Julius (New Zealand). High ecclesiastical pretensions do not suit the colonies. People either sniff or smile and pass by. Character and ability, and sympathy with a new country and new ways, are the only things which go down out here. If you have these, as Selwyn had, you can air your 'High' or any other pretensions with success—not otherwise.

XXXVII

THE ROMAN CLERGY.—The Roman Catholics, who pretend to everything, know their business, and they send their best and ablest men, always active and always vigilant and up to date. Consequence? Ascendency of Rome in the colonies. Anglicans not even second. I stood in St. Patrick's (R.C.) Cathedral, densely packed an hour before service, and all to hear the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne—keen as a rapier and authoritative as the Pope—affect at least to demolish an Anglican bishop, not the first who had ventured to dispute the Roman claims. I don't say he was unanswerable, but he was unanswered; and his oration was so effective that it elicited alternate laughter and applause from his otherwise reverent and absorbed congregation. This is the sort of thing the Anglican clergy have to reckon with. A strong Canon of learning like Dr. Potter, an occasional plucky dean like Dr. Stretch (since Bishop), a fine manly bishop like Bishop Julius, is not enough. We want more strong prelates, and the rank and file to match.

XXXVIII

KANGAROOS AND PARROTS.—But let's out into the country. The kangaroo is becoming as scarce here as the buffalo in the States. The emu stands a better chance, as he eats snakes and suchlike foes of the farmer and agriculturist. The lyre bird is also protected; so is the magpie; and the parrots still continue to protect themselves. They have indeed retired into more distant woods and hills, but a flight of white cockatoos covering a hillock is no rare sight twenty or forty miles away from the big towns, and the beautiful Rosella parrot is so common that most boys have one in a cage. The villanous Kia parrot, that digs into the back of the live sheep, and feeds on the kidney fat, is a large sombre green bird, dull red inside the wings, with a small scoop-like beak and a cruel wicked eye. The kangaroo remains, of course, the most interesting and singular of all the Australian creatures, and with the emu rightly supports the country's shield.

The 'old man kangaroo' is, indeed, a formidable beast. Taller than a man, he will come flying with prodigious leaps, and take a fence or a ditch ten feet away, alighting ten beyond. With a stroke of his hind leg he will quickly rip open man or dog, and has been known to carry his victim to the nearest water hole and hold him under till dead. A Governor's secretary went out the other day bent on shooting an 'old man kangaroo,' but when he saw him come leaping along he turned tail and fled in sudden panic, and yet this man had faced a tiger. Still the kangaroo

must go. He eats grass, and there is not enough grass for the sheep. His tail makes good soup, and his hams are not bad when cured, but there is too much meat over here, and people prefer mutton.

The droughts are appalling.

'You can form no conception of the misery,' said an old colonist to me. 'We put tens of thousands of sheep upon these vast plains. A drought comes, and tens of thousands simply die. The problem is to get water. There are strange problems connected with it. A first digging or boring usually brings us to salt water—deeper we may get fresh. Artesian wells have in places flooded the land with lakes, but the expense is enormous and labour dear. Some believe in vast subterranean lakes communicating at enormous depths even with Japan. Where does all the rainfall go to? The lakes and wells, too, have odd tides; they rise and sink periodically, no one knows why. Suddenly, only a few years ago, a vast swamp in Ballarat became a beautiful lake, and steamers and yachts ply now up and down it. Some day, if a water supply is secured, the continent of Australia will be changed.'

XXXIX

WILD WHITE MEN.—I encouraged the old man to talk on. 'I have lived a strange, lone life in the old days, on the confines of many tribes that have now disappeared. The native is not civilisable; his instinct to murder is unconquerable. Never let a native walk behind you. I had a friend whose native servant was devoted to him. He had been with him

for years. They never quarrelled. One day the youth was walking behind his master, when the uncontrollable impulse to kill the white man came upon him ; the boy stabbed him thrice in the back ; he fell forward and died. The assassin was taken ; he could give no account of himself, only he felt he must do it. The impulse was too strong. Dominate! dominate! that is your only safety. They will succumb to superior force and sagacity—to power, in fact. They know the white man has it; they fear him and they hate him.'

He paused. His mind seemed going back to old pioneer days, then he resumed : ' I have seen a strange thing, not once or twice, looking out over the vast remote plains where I have been alone with the cattle for months—a great craving to see a fellow man, to hear a fellow creature's voice, a longing for civilised man has come over me ; but on the horizon I have discerned a figure, through my spyglass, trudging on alone, his face set to the wilderness to the wild tribes. I call ; he answers not ; he hastens his march. I run, I shout ; I gain on him. He turns but pauses not. I come up with him. I hail him. He is a misanthrope ; he flees his kind ; he hates all civilised men and women ; he seeks the savage life. He asks me of the wild tribes. I point him to the west. He is taciturn, thanks me not, waves me aside; he will have none of me. I fall back, I watch him ; he grows a speck on the horizon ; he passes to the wild man. Sir,' said my friend, ' it is very strange, but you would be surprised if you knew, as I know, how many men resort to this singular life ; often men of good family, of education. They disappear; they are absorbed into the wild tribes. They are received as apparitions,

avatars, mysteries, by tribes who have never seen a white man. They work on the natives' superstition: they live with them, take their wives and girls; they rule, they organise. The presence of the white man is a power: *en masse* he may be their foe; singly he becomes their god. It is wonderful, but I have seen it.'

According to my information, there are still mighty tracts of this mysterious continent unexplored, vast remote tribes that have never seen a white man's face, just the same as in darkest Africa. The kangaroo and emu live there still, and who knows what beside. I have been told that in New Zealand the supposed extinct colossal moa has been seen within forty years. But more of that anon.

Africa is just now the new world for discovery. Presently Australia and New Zealand may tempt explorers to fill up their meagre maps. We run a bee line here and there through a country, on either side of which are tens of thousands of square miles, of which we can see but ten or twenty, and explore but one or two; and then we fancy we know all about it.

'Ah! sir,' said the old man, 'there are things to be found out yet about this land which will make the Geographical Society sit up. But it is a terrible land, sir; it eats up explorers—the martyrs' statues are in every town. It wants a Livingstone, a Stanley, and a General Gordon all in one, backed with the purse of a Vanderbilt, to do this thing. At present everyone is along the railway lines, with their noses in the earth, grubbing for gold, like pigs for truffles; and the rest are in the bush, or on the plains raising more meat than they want and more wool than they can sell.'

XL

GOLD MINES.—Snap-shotty as this dip into Australia must necessarily be, it would be worse than deficient without a glance at the gold mines.

Shortly before leaving Melbourne I was accosted by a gentleman at the Grand Hotel, who asked if I intended coming to Bendigo to lecture. I replied there had been some talk about it, but that I had given up the idea in favour of larger towns. He seemed annoyed at this, and said the people of Bendigo would be much aggrieved if I passed them by, and it ended in his guaranteeing, in the name of the town, and even in paying down beforehand, the required fee, and my promising to go. My friend turned out to be the Hon. J. H. Abbott, M.L.C., ex-Mayor and Councillor of Bendigo, one of the early gold pioneers, and a man of wealth and influence in the town.

I was met on my arrival at Bendigo—accounted the leading gold-mining city of Australia—by members of the Town Council, who conducted me to the Town Hall, where I was entertained by the Mayor and Corporation. As time pressed, and I had to lecture that night, I drove straight to the celebrated Pearl mine, in company with Mr. Abbott.

All mines are much alike to look at—opening in the ground—the pyramidal scaffold, with wheel atop—the grimy cage or lift, into which two or three step and are lowered into the bowels of the earth. As I had been down the 'Star of the East' at Ballarat

the day before, I did not descend again at Bendigo. But this is what happens: you strip to the skin, put on flannels, then oilskins and miner's slouch hat, step into your cage and take a last look of earth, and down you go in the darkness. I confess that the action of my heart was immediately affected, but it was idiotic to draw back, and in the close pitch gloom standing upright, and not an inch to stir in, down—down we sank. The air was not bad—the ventilation was indeed good; but I felt unutterably depressed and stifled—it was like being lowered for good in an upright coffin. (Horrible! Then and there I resolved to be cremated.)

In what seemed to me an age, but which was really only four minutes, we dropped 1,800 feet.

'Did I want to go any lower?' 'Oh, dear no! that was quite enough for me.'

A grimy den, with catacomb-like galleries opening out in two directions—grimy creatures, miners with slouch hats came around us and gave us each a lighted dip.

I got into a box car and was pushed along a narrow dark gallery, dodging the jutting rocks with my head. Rough beams overhead prevented the tremendous superincumbent earth from crushing us in, but they were burst and giving way right and left—it seemed to me there might be a block at any moment. On we slid: the temperature at that depth was near 80°; the air was hot and damp. I was already streaming with perspiration: the water dripped from above—it cooled my hot head. I was thankful for it. On and on! We met trucks, but they were waved back. A director of mines was behind me with full authority. At last we came to the place where the gold-bearing

quartz was being ground out of the rock in flakes and chips and carried off along our line. One hundred tons of that auriferous quartz are brought to the surface each day and night, for there is no pause in work.

There was no more to see. Back we pushed, into the cage, and up to daylight, and thankful to be again on the surface of the kindly earth.

It was a little disappointing I had seen no gold. You can look at heaps of gold-bearing rock and see none. I hunted myself, so did the director, over a great pile just ready to be crushed, but we found none. A Cornish miner drew a specimen from his pocket. In it tiny pieces, like crumbs and shreds of leaf, glittered—very much quartz to very little gold—about 5*s*. worth to the ton when the quartz is rich.

Then we entered the crushing sheds—forty hammers—a deafening din—men shovelling in the rock—the hammers pulverising it to fine dust—the dust washed and shaken with a backward vibration, and thus sifted out of one trough into another—the precious slush treated with mercury to collect every particle of the gold—the gold separated from the mercury—and there you have in brief the quartz gold mining business.

Of course, the gold dust in the river sands is a simpler affair, and is much more easily sifted and washed out, but the romance of the early days lay in the nuggets. These were usually found near the surface. A case of plaster gilt imitations of the big historical nuggets can be seen in most mining

museums, Sydney, Melbourne, Ballarat, and nearer home. 1,500*l.* all at once! Only just pick it out of Mother Earth's pocket! Most of this sort of gold has been picked up, but only the week I left (1895) a mason found a 50-oz. nugget not five miles from Dunolly, Victoria.

But serious people now chiefly look to quartz mining, even at such depths as 4,000 feet.

The richness of the Bendigo mine seems inexhaustible, and great efforts are being made to attract to it European capital. The gold field is 1,100 square miles or 704,000 acres. Only a small portion—about 6,000 acres—of it has yet been worked, but since its discovery in 1851 Bendigo has contributed to the wealth of the world no less than 450 tons of gold! You lease an acre for 5*s.* a year, and you go in and win—if you have the capital and the luck.

I hurried away from these intoxicating contemplations, without having planked down one 5*s.*; but, fearing lest my own morals might be corrupted by such a speculative industry, I retired to my room with a strong cup of tea, and looked over my notes on 'Music and Morals,' the subject of the evening's lecture.

Bendigo did not fail me. The large theatre was crowded with Bendigonians eager for the feast of reason and the flow of soul. The guarantee was more than redeemed, and the surplus went to a local charity. The Bendigonians and I parted with mutual satisfaction.

The next day, May 18, I rose at half-past four, reached Melbourne the same morning, and sailed for New Zealand in the afternoon.

NEW ZEALAND

XLI

A STRANGE LAND.—Macaulay's New Zealander, no! The oldest chestnut about London Bridge shall not mar the beauty and originality of these antipodean side-lights.

Here I am, on these lonely, rocky, sulphurous, yet not all uninhabited nor wholly infertile islands. Mysterious islands of the Southern Hemisphere! Where you go north to get warm, and south to get cold. Without snakes; without native beasts, except the rat and a doubtful beaver; without many aboriginal birds, except the strange wingless feathered bipeds from the extinct moa, sixteen feet high, to the wingless parrot and the ki-wi, fat, plump, waddling, and partridge-like, now almost extinct too, easy prey to the alien domestic cat run wild; without man apparently till some 500 years ago, unless we hold that the Maoris, who landed from Hawaiki (Hawaii?) about then, exterminated some tribes of which there are none but doubtful vestiges discoverable.

XLII

THE MOA.—What has happened to New Zealand in the past? Was it cut off from vast mainlands in some immemorial time—it seems way back in the

fern age still, and little indebted to the neighbouring isle of Tasmania or Australia—or has it been heaved up volcanically out of the ocean in more recent times, with incarcerated seedlings of a prior world, and got itself peopled fortuitously with drifting canoe loads of shipwrecked blacks from the Pacific Isles? But, then, where did the moa come from?

In the Christchurch Museum there are several perfect skeletons of this gigantic bird, one at least 15 feet high, and bones have been found pointing to an elevation of from 19 to 20 feet. Some of the skin of his neck, with a few hair-like coarse feathers, are also to be seen. Each of his gigantic footprints in wet clay are common in the local museums. He was like an ostrich—only more so; his strides were gigantic; he fought when at bay by kicking; his head was small in comparison to his huge body; his feet black-japanned and shiny like new boots; and his giraffe-like neck towered in such a way that he could easily see over the long grass and stunted bush of the low marshy lands and inter-mountain valleys that he lóved to frequent.

He fed on the tall tender shoot of the cabbage trees. His cry was a hoarse kind of roar, and resembled that of an animal rather than a bird. The roar of the moas answering each other in the night is said to have been awe-inspiring, and the natives were much afraid of them.

'When did he live?' A rabid school of naturalists declare that he has been extinct for 400 years—killed off for food by the Maoris soon after their landing from 400 to 500 years ago. But the Maori traditions seem to me far too fresh for that, and, after

listening to the wisdom of both North and South New Zealand, I believe the moa may still exist. Only fifty years ago the middle plains of the Southern Island were strewn with moa bones, and many sand dunes are so still. The bones are in excellent condition, and, as it is known how soon the sheep skeletons which strew the mountains go to pieces, one may well ask why moa bones similarly exposed should last so much longer ; old middens or ovens are still full of the moa egg shells. And no one will persuade me that the delicate moa feathers, some of them almost like swan's down, at Napier, as well as others preserved in the Auckland and Christchurch Museums, are 400 years old. No prophylactic natural agency short of ice could have preserved such relics so long in such condition. One moa egg with the young moa almost ready to be hatched in it, which I have also seen, is anyhow a strangely suggestive fragment. The little fledgeling moa's bones complete are laid out beside the broken egg shell, which is in several large pieces.

One might indeed have expected to find more of the huge eggs, but they were doubtless much coveted for food, and egg shell is not a very durable material.

The war of moa extermination seems to have been carried on by the Maoris, in New Zealand, with the ruthless ferocity of the buffalo hunters in America. The ungainly birds were stalked, surrounded, and driven in numbers into vast swamps, where they stuck, and were easily captured ; many of the bones were found upright—the birds having died standing, and not been deemed worth removing.

Tales of moa hunts and moa feasts are not un-

common among the Maoris, and half a century ago were still more common. The wind never blows on Riverton beach, South New Zealand, but moa bones and egg shells may still be found. I have some of them myself. The characteristics of the moa are well known—the two bright red patches on either side of his head; his fat, lazy habits, his slow intelligence, his rapid stalking stride and prodigious speed when at last he grasped the situation; his terrible attack when at bay—the swift sweep of the pole that broke his neck, for which he never seems to have been prepared; whilst the Maori proverb, as stupid as a moa, would hardly have lasted so long amongst a people whose fathers and grandfathers had never seen a moa—for such people it would have no force.

That this colossal fowl still walks is my fond belief. I know very well that tales of the moa, which crop up habitually in the New Zealand silly season along with the sea serpent, are dismissed with the usual scientific and unhesitating contempt, but in one of the last conversations which I had with Sir Richard Owen he said he saw nothing impossible or ridiculous in accounts of even the sea serpent itself, and that such enormous creatures might certainly exist, living at great depths and coming rarely to the surface. 'After all,' he added, 'what do we know about the immensity of the ocean? We can only partially explore it. Its contents cannot be readily examined like products on the surface of the earth, and we are only now beginning to find that vast portions of even Africa (once supposed to be desert) have been practically unknown, and are, instead of being sterile, teeming with life.'

I am sorry it did not occur to me to ask Owen

about the moa, whose bones he was the first to arrange, whilst he astonished the world by drawing a picture of the monster feathered biped which, when the skeleton was set up, proved to be an accurate representation of what it must have looked like.

But enough of moa speculation. Why should I hide any longer what I have got up my sleeve—the soothing and at the same time startling facts which convinced me of the existence of my beloved moa still!

Have I not seen him outlined on the ridge of a distant hill in the early morning? Have I not heard him roar in the night not one hundred miles from Mount Egmont? This may be put down to my *gobe-mouche* credulity—'tis a sceptical age, and the clergy are proverbially prone to be gulled, so we are told. Be it so! Who is it that hath said, 'Illusions are greater than realities'? I am happy with my illusive moa, but he may not be good enough for my intelligent public. Yes! I am coming to the point. Here followeth the narrative and report of the real contemporary live moa of the nineteenth century—the moa as she has been recently espied.

In the year 1892, after one of those destructive floods for which that year was memorable, the river 'Manawatu overflowed its banks, and much of the adjacent bush was flooded on the estate of Mr. Larkworthy, near Palmerston, in the North Island. It was early in the morning, and Mr. Larkworthy's overseer went down to the river through the bush. He startled a huge bird standing on the brink of the stream, who seemed as much alarmed at him as he was at it, being

unarmed. Without attempting to capture the creature, he hurried off to inform his master that a moa was down by the river. On hurrying back to the scene, the bird was gone, but they traced its footprints on the muddy ground into the bush, where, of course, all trace of the feathered anachronism disappeared.

Very fetching appearances of the moa in 1870, 1840, 1830 (I wish I had room for them) are also recorded. I cannot see why the scientific experts—none of whom were there—should reject all travellers' tales, simply because they have coined a theory about the moa (in spite of his extant feathers, skin, bones, and egg shells) having been extinct for 400 years.

XLIII

THE NOTORNIS.—Now, to make peace with the rabid scientists, who will, no doubt, dispute all my moa facts, in spite of the circumstantial narratives to which I have alluded, I will give them their points. Granted the moa is extinct. But there is another huge wingless bird, more than twice the size of a turkey, positively like the dodo, made for the cook and kitchen, so fleshy and succulent is he said to be.

This desirable and most edible fowl, though only three specimens have been seen, is surely not extinct. I allude to the notornis. One skeleton is, I am told, in the British Museum; another was lately bought for 200*l.*—by the Americans, of course; the third specimen was captured not long ago by some sailors, who kept it alive on board ship for some weeks, then killed it and ate it. Its flesh was equal to the best and plumpest pigeon or parrot—so said the heartless, brainless gluttons.

Now the Lake Teano district in South New Zealand, and the country for 100 miles round in several directions, is practically still unexplored, even more so than the—to white men—unknown 'King Country,' or Maori Reserve land in the north. Only the other day three new vast lakes were discovered in the mountains, shrouded by almost impenetrable forests. In this wild district—too densely wooded even for hill tribes—the notornis is still walking free. There he has been recently found, and there he may be found again. Can any pressure be brought to bear on the Government to secure him from molestation, or arrange for his live capture and speedy release, so he may mate a little longer, and two live specimens at last be secured?

The great wingless green parrot is rapidly becoming extinct.

XLIV

THE KI-WI AND THE KIA AND THE HAWK.—The ki-wi—a semi-hairy, feathered, wingless creature about the size of a large hen with a long beak, a feeder on worms by night, a denizen of the dense upland bush—is still to be found. I saw several specimens, and a huge ki-wi fresh egg, larger than a goose's, was brought to my hotel at Tarawera, on the North New Zealand plains. Unfortunately, the stoats and weasels, which have been introduced to kill the rabbits, are rapidly destroying all ground game, and these unique wingless products of New Zealand along with them.

A word, by the way, for the kia parrot, the handsome, but fierce bird, with dark green back and dull

red under-wing feathers, who attacks sheep, and feeds on the kidney fat. I wish to apologise for him. It is now believed that he has taken to the living sheep, mistaking it for the carcase or raw hide of skinned sheep, to the inside of which mutton fat might have adhered, and so drawn him to feed; but the oddest thing is that he is now said to be abandoning his bad habits, and returning to more legitimate means of self-support.

Driving across the lone scrub prairies of the North Island, I was attracted by the huge brown hawks, that are not much meddled with, as they are supposed to keep down the rabbits. I saw a strange sight as I came sharp on a scene of terrific slaughter and rapacity. At a hundred paces in the short grass, what had once been a sheep was prostrate; a hawk was inside him; around flew whirlwinds of fleecy wool, entrails, even bones. Beak, claws, wings were going like animated machinery, worked by a devil. So absorbed was the hawk in putting himself outside the sheep that my presence did not disturb him. Suddenly he paused. Another hawk was wheeling hungrily above. The lucky feeder then spread his wings over the carcase and looked up steadily, and became quite motionless. The challenge was not accepted. His neighbour wheeled off dinnerless, and the bird resumed his frantic gorging.

There are wild peacocks in the woods, and pheasants would do well were it not for the stoats.

The sparrow has not proved a blessing. It seems that the town sparrow that loves grain, not the country sparrow who loves grubs as well, has been imported by mistake. So the town sparrow, who ate

grain at home, eats grain here. He also, along with the blackbird, eats fruit, and both together conspire to oust the few pretty native coloured birds.

I am glad to say that the Government have set aside Resolution Island, ten miles long by two miles wide, and stocked it with the rarer native birds. A hermit naturalist, who loves birds and hates mankind, is installed alone on this island to observe results and report to the Government. Will no one contribute a couple of moas and notornises to the Resolution Island's stock of live curios? The hermit might find it difficult to insure his life, but perhaps he might conciliate the moas, and get them at least to be as tame and amenable as the fighting kangaroo at the Aquarium.

There is still an abundance of birds in New Zealand. I have seen thousands of ducks and wild geese on the northern shallows and estuaries, and on a big lake between Dunedin and Invercargill troops of black swans as thick as the gulls on our sands at low tide. They are beautiful creatures, but almost as uneatable as the gulls, except when cooked in a manner and with a skill too elaborate to describe. The same is true of the oleaginous wingless ki-wi, occasionally to be found still in the market. No, the parrot, in my opinion, bears the culinary palm; he is a big success in pies—I say it to my shame. I devoured a lovely plump Caw-Caw parrot—he was in a pie; had I but seen his plumage first I could never have touched him, but he was good. After dinner (it was on the lone plains *en route* for Tarawera) I went out, and by the rushing river Rangitaki I found his castaway feathers—delicate reds and prismatic greens

and soft browns. Poor Caw-Caw! I gathered up these bright relics; I have them now in an envelope labelled: 'In mem. Caw-Caw, Rangitaki; July 12, 1895.'

I am no naturalist, but I confess to an almost White-Selborne curiosity and excitement in seeing new and strange animals in their habitats. I take little interest in them caged. Five Rosella parrots, glittering like rubies and emeralds in the Tasmanian sunshine on the top of a gum tree, pointed out to me by the Bishop of Tasmania, flashed like a revelation upon me. I experienced a similar emotion on seeing a flight of several hundred white cockatoos settle down on a hillside in Australia.

The sight of an almost extinct lizard as large as a small cat, only now to be found on two small islands, fascinated me as strongly, but less pleasurably, for it was a hideous and degraded looking reptile, between a toad and an alligator.

XLV

THE FROST FISH.—When at Napier, N.Z., my good friend Dr. Moore burst in upon me one morning with, 'Come over; I've got a frost fish, and we are going to eat him for lunch.'

I pricked up my ears.

'What's a frost fish?'

'A fish that's never caught.'

'Explain.'

'No instance on record of a frost fish ever being taken by net or line, and they are very seldom seen,

You may live all your life in New Zealand and not see one. Every now and then they are found—always on frosty moonlight nights—thrown up on the beach dead. The gulls are so eager for them that unless you happen to be on the watch you have not a chance. You must be a very early worm indeed the next morn if you want to pick up a frost fish.'

'How did you get it?'

'A Maori brought it in this morn. A man had offered him 5*s.* for it. I gave him 10*s.* and got it.'

A few minutes more I was in the doctor's kitchen. The frost fish lay on a table. He was fresh, for his eye was still bright, about the size and shape of a small conger, but flatter, the whole body not scaly, but a perfectly beautiful surface, smooth and shining exactly like silver—he might have been electro-plated. I opened his mouth. His tongue was long, hard, lilac-blue, his tiny saw-like spiky teeth set close at a back angle, and his lower jaw underhung, so that anything that got in was bound to go down. We ate him at one o'clock, and a more delicious fish I never tasted. More delicate than the turbot, and as toothsome as the herring, his flesh was white, his bones were few—in fact, an ideal table fish.

'How do you account for his getting on the beach, and for his never being seen or taken anywhere else?'

'Well,' said the doctor, 'there are two theories. One is that, living at great depths, he gets into shallow water by mistake, and on frosty nights the severe cold of the shallows kills him; and another is that he is hunted by some other fish into shallow water, where, from the removal of pressure and sudden expansion of air, his bladder bursts, and he dies and is

washed up. Anyhow, his bladder is always burst, and no other reason can be assigned.' From all of which I concluded that nothing very certain is known about the frost fish, except that he is washed up on frosty nights, and found dead on the beach the next morning.

The ribbon fish, also never caught, whose bladder is also always burst, is very similar to, if not identical with, the frost fish. There is one twelve feet long, I think, in the Dunedin Museum, and another at Hobart. The Newcastle Museum also has a specimen and small moa skeleton. If anyone can tell me the difference between the frost fish and the ribbon fish I shall be grateful. I have heard their identity stoutly denied.

XLVI

WILD HORSES.—A three days' rough coach drive from Napier to Rotorua hot springs (or, better still, rough private posting with three or four horses) takes you through the finest mountain gorge in the North Island. The Rocky Mountains, through which I had passed in spring, are vaster, but nothing could be lovelier than hill, valley, scrub, torrent, forest, glen, and undulating plain to be traversed from Napier to Tarawera, to Lake Taupo, to Waikari, to Rotorua and the volcanic land or inferno of sulphur-boiling lakes, geysers mixed up with a paradise of foliage, gum trees, and blossoming bushes.

After the precipitous road and the incessant rattling through alpine-like passes, and swinging round rocky corners, on which occasions our leader, a wily old horse, seemed to delight in shaving the

edge of sheer cliffs in order to give us a good view of the roaring torrent below—to descend into the pumice plains of the Taupo district, with its monotonous scrub and coarse pasture, seemed a little dull, when suddenly our driver points to the distance:

'Look, yonder are the wild horses!'

In fact, we have entered a vast plain, where for forty miles on either side a tract of land, useless to man, is tenanted by wild pigs, descendants of those tamer swine let loose by Captain Cook in 1769, and by wild horses chiefly descended from those that escaped from the Government cavalry in the Maori wars. These happy beasts are occasionally joined by fortunate runaways and absconders, and quite lately a fine-bred stallion has got amongst them, and it is said has much improved the stock, which was deteriorating from in-and-in breeding.

On either side of the road the scrub bush and rough boulders gave place here and there to scanty pasturages, and at a turn in the road we came upon six wild horses feeding quietly. With the exception of a coach twice a week, or a stray poster like mine, the land is practically desert, unvext by man.

We came so close to the creatures that a lasso might easily have been thrown. Anyone may catch them who can. They are as wild and unclaimed as the tusked pigs that gorge up the soil by their side.

The driver declared he recognised two of them—one a fine fellow, who tossed his head high, snorted, and with tail held high, and lashing his sides angrily, trotted leisurely away—untamed creature, whose neck never had bowed and probably never will bow to the yoke! I was glad to have seen them no tamer than zebras or giraffes on African plains. Strange to say,

they are very little hunted. Generally it is difficult to get near them. The plains are full of rocky boulders and overgrown pits, and man and all but wild horses break their legs in the pursuit. Every now and then an enterprising hunter secures one, 'but,' said the driver, 'they are hard to tame—fret 'emselves to death in harness, and there ain't much heart in 'em either. You may get a dozen, and only one or two will turn out worth the breaking. Yonder one is a fine fellow, however, and we know him, but he's not been caught yet. They shoot 'em mostly for their hides.'

XLVII

THE MAORI GIRL 'HEPARA.'—But a different adventure was at hand. Presently the land became fertile and more wooded. There was a rustle in the wayside bushes, and a beautiful Maori girl of about eighteen, clad in ill-fitting European bodice, oddly mixed with her native adornment, which left to itself would have amounted almost to beauty unadorned, stepped into the road. The coach stopped, the girl smiled at the young driver, who was evidently no stranger, and they exchanged a few words in Maori. He handed her a draper's box from Napier—something ordered, no doubt. She then took a shy glance round at us. One of our party took out a sixpence and offered it her. A sudden angry frown and emphatic shake of her head was her quick reply. 'No, tonk you!' she said twice in broken English. Her pride had been wounded. The driver told us she was a well-to-do girl—lived with her Maori parents, who owned a farm in those lone parts.

I said to the driver, whilst the haughty damsel turned her back to us, 'Explain to her that we do not offer the sixpence because we think she wants money, but because we are so pleased to see her and desire to shake hands and wish her well.'

The driver explained, and as she turned round with a sudden gleam of pleasure on her pretty face, I saw we were forgiven, and I put out my hand, which she took in the most simple and friendly manner, and then we all shook hands, and in the midst of many smiles and bowings the driver cracked his whip, and off we went, whilst she stood waving us adieu.

Her name, she said, was 'Hepara' (there is a town in North New Zealand called Hipara or Hepara). She was a pure high-class Maori, quite a type. I have seen many like her—not many so pretty and dignified—though all the Maoris have fine manners.

As a specimen of the Maori belle, I am bound to say that Miss Hepara compared favourably with the rapacious harpies at the hot springs who have been degraded by the doles and worse blandishments of European visitors.

XLVIII

THE MAORIS.—The Maoris are a grand race, with grand capacities; they take on education; they have a marvellous gift of eloquent speech, and their representatives in the New Zealand House are quite people of calibre. A portion of the North Island is called the King's Country, and is still very little known; it is set apart for them. But nothing can save them; they are dying out. They have put

on clothes and got diseases; they have learned to read and write, and forgotten their hunting, fighting, fishing, and carving; they have accepted alms and lost independence; they have traded with the white man and been cheated out of their woods and mountains; they have become civilised and learned how to lie and swindle quite like civilised people; they have become Christian and got drunk and moribund. Still, the mortality from consumption and fever is not due chiefly to drink, but to two very intelligible causes. First in adopting our clothing in lieu of a couple of loose mats, one before and t'other behind, which when wet could be cast off whilst the body soon dried; they now sit in their damp clothes, which they have learned to wear but not to change—so they catch cold.

The second cause is that the Maoris have ceased to fight and are out of training, agriculture and trade not at all supplying the active stimulus of incessant war. Add to this (a most important point) that in the old days the Maoris seized the salubrious hill-tops and lived on breezy well-drained heights and slopes, for safety and fortification—much as our ancient barons built their castles on the hill-tops. Now they are safe and not allowed to fight, they come down and squat on the marshy malarious river banks to be near the white man with whom they trade—upon whom they prey variously—and who in return imparts to them a little of his religion and most of his vices, and expects them to be regular at church.

Let there be no mistake—the mental and physical deterioration of the Maori through contact with the white man is inevitable; but it is not due to, but in

spite of, the labours of those devoted men, whether bishops, clergy, or lay readers, who have unweariedly tried to instil into a fraction of the race the gentle humanities and social purity of Christianity, along with the arts of peace, but it is due to those changed physical conditions for which the people were not prepared, which we can never afford to give wild tribes time to adapt themselves to, and last, but not least, the Maori demoralisation is due to the unprincipled lives and accursed dealings of traders and speculators, whose titular Christianity is no better than a jewel in a swine's snout.

XLIX

THE NEW ZEALAND CANNIBAL.—The New Zealand cannibal may still be seen and interviewed, though he is now likely to be well stricken in years—somewhat reticent too, but not always so. The real patriot of the old type will even boast of his anthropophagous exploits, and mix them up with dim allusions to Moa feasts and the grand old days before the white man killed his people, bought half and stole the rest of his country. I was lunching with a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Christchurch in the Middle Island who purchased his run about thirty years ago from an old Maori chief. He asked him if he had ever eaten 'long pig,' *alias* white man. 'Yes,' replied the old savage, 'and I hope to do so again.' Another ancient Maori epicure described with gusto to a friend of mine how his tribe had raided a village and killed every man and child, sparing only thirty stout girls whom they tied to poles and carried off for the larder.

The girls were soon killed and cooked. 'Ah!' said the old fellow, grinning over his succulent recollections, 'those women were good, but,' he added, as a piece of general information, 'long pork too salt. Only take hands and hold fingers in hot fire—roast, eat!' and this epicurean cannibal drew the backs of his own fingers across his lips as if tasting them, and made a luscious munching noise, exclaiming, 'Delicious! delicious!' Giblets it seems weren't in it with fried fingers.

L

AUCKLAND.—As I stood at Auckland, the northern capital, looking across the harbour, from the verandah of my good friend, Mr. Campbell, one of the oldest and most respected pioneers of the land, who came out between forty and fifty years ago, he pointed to the mountains in the distance across the bay.

'I was living yonder with a friend between forty and fifty years ago, and it was a question where this town of Auckland should be built. The Government consulted us, as we were supposed to know something about the country, and I indicated the spot upon which the city of Auckland now stands.'

This pioneer tale reminded me of my Australian friend, with a stick and a bundle, who pitched his tent on one side of the river instead of the other, and so determined the site of another populous town. This and the cannibal tales bring home to me the startling fact that New Zealand and much of Australian history is 'within the memory of man.' In 1832 the whole white population was only 100; in 1895 it is hard on 700,000. But the pioneers—

barring Captain Cook and Co.—are not yet dead, no more are the 'oldest (cannibal) inhabitants.' The first age of colonisation has hardly closed, yet here are cities, Invercargill, Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, Napier, Nelson, Wanganui, New Plymouth, Palmerston, Auckland, and many more with great stone civic buildings, town halls, P.O.'s, opera houses, Government Houses, churches, and cathedrals galore! True, the whole population of both islands now only amounts to about the population of Manchester, but the framework is complete. The country is mapped, taxed, stocked with sheep, and sold, stolen, organised, and labelled British; but anyone who wants to see the transition period—to me always so exciting—had better make haste. The dissolving view of the Maori out and the white man in can only be once shown. It is now going on, and, like other dissolving views, it is no sooner begun than it is ended.

LI

THE HOT SPRINGS.—The thermæ, or hot baths, of the near future are without doubt the marvellous volcanic springs of Rotorua and the Lake Taupo district, in the North Island. They can now be reached from London, *via* Francisco, in thirty-three days. They concentrate in a small area all the varied qualities of the European springs, and other curative properties of an extraordinary character, which are not possessed in the same degree by any other known waters. Before Mr. Froude's 'Oceana,' and the subsequent destruction of the famous pink terraces, little attention had been called to one of the most romantic

and amazing spectacles in the world. The old terraces are indeed gone. The idyllic villages, the blossoming slopes are a waste of volcanic ashes and scoriæ through which the dauntless vegetation is only now beginning to struggle. The blue waters are displaced and muddy, but the disaster of one shock could not rob the land of its extraordinary mystery and beauty. For a distance of 300 miles, south of Lake Taupo and running north, a volcanic crust, sometimes thin enough to be trodden through, separates the foot from a seething mass of sulphur, gas, and boiling water, which around Rotorua and Waikari finds strange and ample vents, in hot streams, clouds of vapour, warm lakes, geysers, occasionally developing into appalling volcanic outbursts, which certainly invest this region with a weird terror, but also with an inconceivable charm, as white vapour breaks amidst flowering bushes, in the midst of true valleys of paradise; the streams ripple hot and crystalline over particoloured rocks or through emerald-hued mossy dells; the warm lakes sleep embedded in soft, weedy banks, reflecting huge boulders, half clothed in tropical foliage; coral-like deposits here and there of various tints reproduce the famous terraces in miniature; and geysers, in odd moments, spout huge volumes of boiling water with an unearthly roar eighty feet into the air. At Waikari, near Lake Taupo, specimens of all these wonders are concentrated in a few square miles—the bubbling white mud pools, like foaming plaster of Paris, the petrifying springs, into which a boy fell some time ago, and getting a good silicate coat over him was taken out months afterwards 'as good as ever,' so my guide explained.

'What,' I said, 'did not he feel even a little poorly?'

'What's that?' said the guide, and the joke dawning on him he burst into a tardy roar.

And time would fail me to tell of the dragon's mouth, an open rock vomiting sulphur and steam; the lightning pool, in whose depths for ever flash queer opaline subaqueous flashes; the champagne pool, the Prince of Wales' Feathers, a geyser which can be made to play half an hour after a few clods of mud have blocked up a little hot stream; the steam hammer, the fairy bath, the donkey engine, &c.

At Rotorua we bought blocks of soap and threw them in to make a certain big geyser spout. The Maoris have still the monopoly there; you pay toll, cross a rickety bridge with a Maori girl as guide, and then visit the pools, terraces, and boiling fountains. They are not nearly so picturesque as at Waikari, which is a wilderness of blossoming glens, streams, and wooded vales. But you see the Maori in his native village.

The volcanic crust is warm to the feet; the Maori huts of 'toitoi' reeds and boards are all about; outside are warm pools; naked girls and boys are swimming in them; as we approach they emerge half out of the water; we throw them threepenny bits. The girls seem most eager and dive best—one cunning little girl about twelve or thirteen, I believe, caught her coin each time under water long before it sank, but throwing up her legs half out of water dived deep, pretending to fetch it up from the bottom. Sometimes there was a scramble under water for the coin; the girls generally got it; the boys seemed half lazy. We passed on.

'Here is the brain pot,' said our Maori belle; a

hollowed stone. It was heated naturally—the brains cooked very well there in the old days—not very old days either.

LII

ORIGINAL COOKING.—'Here is the bread oven.' She drew off the cloth, and sure enough in a hole in the hot ground there were three new loaves getting nicely browned. 'Here are potatoes,' and she pointed to a little boiling pool, and the potatoes were nearly done; and 'here is meat'—a tin let into the earth, that was all, contained a joint baking; and farther on was a very good stew—at least, it being one o'clock, it smelt well enough. And so there is no fuel and no fire wanted in this and dozens of other Maori pahs or hamlets. In the cold nights the Maoris come out of their tents naked, and sit or even sleep in the hot shallow lakelets and pools hard by. Anything more uncanny than this walk through the Rotorua Geyser village can hardly be conceived. The best springs are rented from the Maoris by the Government, or local hotel-keepers. These are now increasingly fashionable bathing resorts. The finest bath specific for rheumatism is the Rachel bath, investing the body with a soft, satiny texture, and a pearly complexion; the iron, sulphur, and especially the oil bath, from which when you emerge you have but to shake yourself dry. But the Priest's bath, so called from the discoverer, Father Mahoney—who cured himself of obstinate rheumatism—is perhaps of all the most miraculous in its effects, and there are no two opinions about it. Here take place the most incredible cures of sciatica, gout, lumbago, and all sorts of rheumatic affections. It is simply a question of fact.

The Countess of Glasgow herself told me about the cure of a certain colonel relative or aide-de-camp of the Governor, the Earl of Glasgow. The Colonel had for years been a perfect martyr to rheumatism and gout. He went to Rotorua with his swollen legs and feet, and came away wearing tight boots, and 'as good as ever,' as my guide would have said. But indeed I heard of scores of similar cases. Let all victims who can afford it lay it well to heart. A pleasure trip of only thirty-two days, changing saloon rail carriage but three times, and steamer cabins but twice, will insure them an almost infallible cure, even when chronically diseased and no longer young. This is no 'jeujah' affair. I have seen and spoken to the fortunate *bénéficiaires*—you meet them all over New Zealand. Of course, the fame of the baths is spreading: the region is only just made accessible by the opening of the railway from Auckland to Rotorua—a ten hours' run. The Waikari and Taupo baths are very similar, and the situation is infinitely more romantic, but the Government, on account of the railway, are pushing the Rotorua baths.

LIII

A STARLIGHT SWIM.—I stole out about half-past ten at night; it was clear and frosty. I made my way to a warm lake at the bottom of the hotel grounds, a little shed and a tallow candle being the only accommodation provided. Anything more weird than that starlight bath I never experienced. I stepped in the deep night from the frosty bank into a temperature of about 80°.

It was a large shallow lake. I peered into the dark, but I could not see its extent by the dim starlight; no, not even the opposite banks. I swam about till I came to the margin—a mossy, soft margin. Dark branches of trees dipped in the water, and I could feel the fallen leaves floating about. I followed the margin round till the light in my wood cabin dwindled to a mere spark in the distance, then I swam out into the middle of the lake. When I was upright the warm water reached my chin; beneath my feet seemed to be fine sand and gravel. Then leaning my head back I looked up at the Milky Way, and all the expanse of the starlit heavens. There was not a sound; the great suns and planets hung like golden balls above me in the clear air. The star dust of planetary systems—whole universes—stretched away bewilderingly into the unutterable void of boundless immensity, mapping out here and there the trackless thoroughfares of God in the midnight skies. 'Dont la poussière,' as Lamartine finely writes in oft-plagiarised words, 'sont les Etoiles qui remontent et tombent devant Lui.'

How long I remained there absorbed in this supermundane contemplation I cannot say. I felt myself embraced simultaneously by three elements—the warm water, the darkness, and the starlit air. They wove a threefold spell about my senses, whilst my intellect seem detached, free. Emancipated from earthly trammels, I seemed mounting up and up towards the stars. Suddenly I found myself growing faint, luxuriously faint. My head sank back, my eyes closed, there was a humming as of some distant waterfall in my ears. I seemed falling asleep, pillowed on the warm water, but common sense rescued me just

in time. I was alone in an unknown hot lake in New Zealand at night, out of reach of human call. I roused myself with a great effort of will. I had only just time to make for the bank when I grew quite dizzy. The keen frosty air brought me unpleasantly to my senses. My tallow dip was guttering in its socket, and hastily resuming my garments, in a somewhat shivering condition, I retraced the rocky path, then groped my way over the little bridge under which rushed the hot stream that fed the lakelet, and guided only by the dim starlight I regained my hotel.

I had often looked up at the midnight skies before—at Charles's Wain and the Pleiades on the Atlantic, at the Southern Cross on the Pacific, and the resplendent Milky Way in the Tropics, at Mars and his so-called canals, at 'the opal widths of the moon' from the snowy top of Mount Cenis, but never, no, never had I studied astronomy under such extraordinary circumstances and with such peculiar and enchanted environments as on this night at the Waikari hot springs.

LIV

VIEWS AND OPINIONS.—What do I think of the white New Zealanders? Sooner or later, I have felt that I should have to face that question. It is impossible to deny that, having stayed in many charming and hospitable households in some of the chief towns of both the great islands, I have necessarily come to some conclusions, erroneous or otherwise; nor have I so mean an opinion of my good antipodean friends and entertainers as to assume that they rejoice only in cooked statements and ornamental views.

The constant inquiry, 'How do you like our little islands?' as it comes from a most modest, sensible, and self-respecting people, deserves at least a courteous but candid answer. Of course I remember how Mr. Froude put his foot into it in 'Oceana,' and has been followed by Max O'Rell; and how Mark Twain, who lectured there, of course, put both his feet into it. But I shall not depart from my usual method—one which I have always found in the long run to be the safest and wisest. I shall speak as I feel, and write as I think; I shall not say all I feel, or write all I think—no one who is not a complete ass does that. Broadly speaking, then, cultivated people are very much the same everywhere, and, of course, there are cultivated people in New Zealand, and Australia, and America, and all the colonies. My attention has been called to the Australian and the New Zealand accents. I do not think them nearly so marked as the English accent in different parts of the old country; not even so marked as the Scotch, Irish, or American accent. In a room of mixed company I should hardly notice it.

LV

DOMESTIC SERVICE.—And how about servants? Servants are expensive, and almost always Irish. Even in the best families the ladies do a great deal of household work; but it is done unobtrusively, gracefully, and as a matter of course, and does not prevent the girls dressing nicely and playing the piano and lawn tennis. The young ladies at all meals will habitually fetch and carry and wait on the guests,

the mother—seldom father—often carving at the sideboard ; and at one quite rich house the lady herself cut the meat and handed the servant her portion through a shutter door in the wall looking into the kitchen. The graceful service of the helpful and handy daughters—who will make the beds, wait at table, do up the gardens, and saddle a horse, or lead him to the farrier, even pump and saw wood in the back yard or adjacent bush—affords many opportunities for a great deal of harmless coquetry ; and what is such a blessing, no one thinks anything that is useful *infra dig.* As for the young men, even on large estates the son and heir will be indistinguishable in the morning, whilst cattle driving, ploughing, or clearing, from the ordinary mud-bespattered, ''orny-'anded' ploughboy.

Of course, in the many delightful households in which I sojourned, I fell into line, and rendered any service I could, and at Patea I chopped and sawed wood for the country vicar's household with the rest. The other end of the saw was held by a young girl, niece of a Colonial Bishop, who threw a blouse over her nicely fitting dress, and worked famously in the yard when she was not nursing the clergyman's last baby.

It would be useless to attempt to disguise the fact that I may have put on 'just a little side' when the photographic camera was turned upon me in the act of sawing wood in my shirt sleeves, with a view of impressing my friends at home with the laborious and severe character of my labours in the New Zealand bush. The photograph has been reproduced in the 'Queen' newspaper. In reality we all took it rather easy, as

may be seen from the more restful aspect of my good friend and host the Rev. Coleridge Harper and the young lady. In justice to her, however, I am bound to say that, notwithstanding her nonchalant attitude, she did her full share of work that morning, and as for my friend the Rev. Coleridge Harper, who was taken chopper in hand in the background, I never knew his equal at splitting a log to a hair's breadth and within a shave of his big toe. The wood fell to pieces beneath his chopper like magic. I was not in it with him, and after nearly chopping off my foot I gladly abandoned the suicidal hatchet for the milder and far more sociable saw.

LVI

NEW ZEALAND CULTURE.—I put aside for separate treatment the subject of preaching and lecturing in the Australian, New Zealand and Tasmanian colonies, together with my view on the churches, cathedrals, and choirs. Were I asked generally what are the prospects of Anglican Christianity in New Zealand, I should say generally poor: were I asked what are the prospects of education and culture, I should say decidedly hopeful. You are indeed shown as masterpieces in small public galleries and museums a dozen or more passable pictures which in thousands of English homes would hang almost unnoticed on the walls ; but then galleries and museums exist. In almost every big town like Dunedin, Wellington Auckland, and Christchurch there is a gallery or art school of some sort, whilst for moa skeletons, New Zealand curios, and Maori relics Dunedin and Christchurch museums are unique. The curators are men

of intelligence and genuine scientific training—mostly from the old country, In public libraries New Zealand is not strong, but schools and so-called Universities abound, and Christchurch graduates, male and female swell about in their class rooms capped and gowned just like the real thing at Oxford or Cambridge.

There is not the same passion for the doctor's degree as in America—head masters and mistresses, even deans, being content with rabbit skin and a B.A. In all new countries education inclines very naturally to be more technical and strictly utilitarian than classical and liberal, and to this rule New Zealand forms no exception. High intellectual merit frequently passes unobserved—talent that cannot be at once hitched on to wool, or mutton, or mines is at a discount. The arts languish; even pure science, like 'the grasshopper,' is a burden; the town music, outside the 'bones and banjo school,' is hardly on a level with the banal choral and vocal ineptitude of an English country parish. I do not underrate the brave stand made here and there by a zealous pianist or organist, who eats out his heart trying to get up oratorio performances and classical concerts, and with occasionally creditable results; but these Orpheuses in Hades are the first to bewail the insensibility of the public and the abortive uphill struggle towards the sublime regions of High Art. Neither in the Australian nor New Zealand colonies have I noticed any quick perception of high artistic quality. But my observation is of course superficial.

When I was in Melbourne and Sydney a first-rate concert troupe came out and lost about 800*l.* in a few weeks; there happened to be no whistling woman, prize comic, or acrobat in the company, and

so it didn't draw. Amy Roselle (Mrs. Dacre), one of the most gifted and charming of our actresses and reciters, deplored the colonial apathy towards anything like the legitimate drama. I knew her and her husband well; they came assiduously to my lectures, and I wrote a paragraph about her recitation of 'Rispah,' which was printed in the Melbourne papers. The awful tragedy that took place soon after I left is too recent to call for reference here. Amy Roselle (Mrs. Dacre) took a sleeping draught; Dacre shot her through the heart, and then cut his own throat. It was prearranged between them. Dacre tried to persuade his wife to go out that afternoon, but she suspected his intention, and stayed deliberately to share his suicide. Wilhelmj, one of the grandest of modern violinists, failed to stir the pulses of either Australia or New Zealand. This I was told in Melbourne, but I see it has since been denied in the papers. Remenyé only won by playing down, and Foli by steadily singing down to his public. As a public, New Zealanders do not seem to me quick to discern the difference between good and bad in art, and they often fail to appreciate the great gulf fixed between first-rate and third-rate quality.

Sometimes the most unpardonable things are done and tolerated in the colonies, or allowed to pass without comment. It is hardly conceivable, but I place it on record, that M. Guilmant, the greatest living organist, came to Sydney, and, I am credibly informed, was refused the use of the large organ in the Sydney Town Hall. I never heard that anyone in Australia was surprised, except perhaps M. Guilmant, who had been making something like a triumphal tour round

the world, packing every hall and church in which he appeared. 'Who's the Frenchman wants our organ, and where does he come from?' asks one. 'Oh,' says a wag, 'he comes from Paris, they say, but now 'e dunno where 'e are.'

A similar want of respect is shown to pure science and literature. I have been at the same table with Dr. Mueller, one of the most distinguished living naturalists now Owen and Huxley are gone, and in his own special line at no time second to anyone. The professor, who is extremely modest and retiring (also very sarcastic when he chooses), thought it worth while to controvert some opinion connected with the flora and fauna of Australia which had been ignorantly advanced by a civic functionary. He was not even listened to—he was simply roared down by a stupid joke which won the applause of the jovial company. The professor shrugged his shoulders philosophically, and relapsed into silence. I turned to a worthy town magnate, and said out loud, 'Is that the way to treat the most distinguished man present—whose name will be remembered centuries after everyone else here is dead and forgotten?' He stared at me with a puzzled look, and the professor, who seemed to be accustomed to this sort of treatment, laid his hand gently and deprecatingly on my arm, with a transient look of ineffable scorn and resignation that almost immediately gave way to the most admirable good humour.

At Auckland I met another foreign professor; he was a Frenchman, who, with no such claims to world-wide celebrity, was nevertheless a man of extra-

ordinary culture, boundless information, and brilliant utterance. His conversation was magnetic, his eloquence at times full of passion and scintillating with apt quotations; he had Victor Hugo, Chénier, De Musset, Lamartine, Guizot, Michelet, and George Sand at his finger ends, and broke out on occasion with a dramatic force that would have made an actor's fortune. At an 'at home' of my amiable relatives the Misses Horne, to whose society and hospitality I owe so many happy days in Auckland, I earnestly suggested that M. de Montalc should be requested to recite something. He did so a little reluctantly. He recited from Béranger; the tears flashed in his eyes, his voice trembled with emotion, he was really almost sublime. Everyone seemed electrified; no one knew he could recite. And yet M. de Montalc had been living in Auckland for years as the French master at the College. He was supposed to be a capable professor. *Voilà tout.*

A certain New Zealand University secured the services of a Cambridge Senior Wrangler. His opinions on some questions were not those of his co-professors. He held his own, and on a side issue, not involving any neglect of professorial duties, the governing body actually ousted him from the mathematical chair! One would suppose that Senior Wranglers could be picked up any day in Dunedin or Christchurch, N.Z. It is difficult to believe that the authorities had even grasped what a Senior Wrangler was.

I found installed in one University my friend and contemporary at Cambridge, Professor Sale, Fellow

of Trinity College, and one of our University's finest classical scholars, thought by many in my time to be quite on a par with Munro and W. G. Clarke, of Trinity, as a Latinist. I did not gather that anyone in the town thought much more of Professor Sale than of other efficient professors—he was just a competent teacher who knew Latin and Greek. He had a degree—others had degrees; he wore a hood, or might if he chose—so might others. I don't think that 'Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge,' or 'Senior Wrangler,' conveys to New Zealanders any idea of the almost appalling academic dignity and importance attached to such words in the ancient seats of classic learning.

I heard the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne one Saturday night tell a story in the cathedral pulpit of how the Patriarch of Constantinople received a letter signed 'Cantuar.,' and, on asking what it meant, was informed that it was from the Archbishop of Canterbury. 'Oh,' says the Patriarch, 'and this letter is from him—and pray who and what is the Archbishop of Canterbury?' It seemed to me that some people in New Zealand were much in the position of the worthy Patriarch. 'What is a Fellow of Trinity? What is a Senior Wrangler?' Ah, well, perhaps we need our insular conceit taken down a peg or two, and after all neither Latin verse nor Greek particles, nor the differential calculus, nor the binomial theorem, nor even the Asses' Bridge, very much affect the price of wool or the export of frozen mutton and chilled beef.

LVII

CULTURED WOMEN.—Colonial culture is a good deal in the hands of gifted women, both in America and the Australasian colonies. From them, as from glowing centres, spread the light and heat of high thought and noble impulse. But I notice here also the same want of adequate recognition. In Melbourne there is a Miss Dreyfus—a sort of real Aspasia, who has by her brilliantly eloquent and learned lectures on literature excited the attention of the University professors and a certain elect band of admirers. She is equally eloquent in English and French; but I did not observe that she occupied in Melbourne any assured academic or official position.

In Dunedin, Miss Freeman, the Lady Principal of Girton College—who has won, I believe, most distinctions that the New Zealand Universities can confer upon a woman—is another such force. But her position is at least recognised—Girton College being by far the most influential girls' school in Dunedin. Beyond, however, being considered an able and conscientious teacher who has achieved considerable success, I did not gather that Dunedin was at all aware of Miss Freeman's real calibre as a governing mind and motive force of exceptional importance, or that there was any great distinction to be made between her and a score of other estimable ladies who preside over well-regulated establishments of young ladies. Now, this is just the difference between New Zealand and the old country. We know a Miss Buss, an Agnes Weston, a Mme.

Bodichon, a Frances Willard, a Frances Power Cobbe, an Octavia Hill—we don't mix them up with mere nonentities.

These criticisms are not made in any captious spirit. These distant colonies have to contend with two great difficulties—first, the difficulty of securing, and second, the difficulty of keeping first-rate talent. Directly people are found to be worth anything, they are off to Europe to shine there. The only way to keep genius, which is more rare and more wanted out in the colonies at present than it is at home, is to recognise it—to honour it and to fee it adequately. Prize birds have a keen sight and a fastidious taste, and when their wings are strong enough they are apt to 'tower' and fly away. I commend the parable in no unfriendly spirit to the intelligence and the enterprise of the Australian, New Zealand, and Tasmanian colonies.

When we enter a strange garden we take a great deal as a matter of course—the vegetables, the roses, the usual fruit trees; but what we notice critically is the absence of certain flowers and fruits we may love, and the presence of weeds and rubbish that no one loves. It is so with what some may be inclined to call my colonial strictures. I have lived in charming families, held converse with cultivated minds, statesmen, philosophers, enthusiasts; I have met with gifted musicians, excellent artists, delightful women, people who dress well, dance well, talk well, sing and play well, read, think, and are generally up to date and eager for fresh culture. In every town I have found Burns, Shakespearian Societies, 'Savage,' 'Bohemian' Clubs—in a word, associations of men

and women who are bent upon gathering in the local talent, and keeping alive the love of literature and art. Most of them are native born, and are to be found in Dunedin, Wellington, Auckland, and elsewhere throughout New Zealand. I repeat, cultivated people are much the same everywhere. On one evening I found concentrated in the Savage Club at Dunedin as much intellect and talent—vocal, dramatic, forensic, elocutionary, and humorous—as would have sufficed to set up at least two variety theatres. These people are the salt of New Zealand, the leaven of culture hidden in the lump, but they have not yet leavened the lump. The eager fight for material wealth is against them—they themselves often live from hand to mouth. New Zealand is poor because over-taxed, over governed, office ridden, feverishly speculative, and grievously tempted to sacrifice all to the accumulation of any near treasure—anyhow, anywhere. There is no leisured class, no upper class—all is middle class, and the rest are drudges; but in this great middle class, which is the true life of every people, good seed is germinating. Still, the land needs pioneers, of the pen as well as of the plough—the light of letters as well as the lustre of mines; and I may have something more to say on this head by-and-by.

People will perhaps complain that I have said little about the characteristics of the chief New Zealand towns; how that Dunedin is Scotch, Christchurch English, Wellington the seat of government, Auckland mercantile, &c.; about the Catholic population, about the legislative assembly, the gold miners, the sheep farmers, and the 'unemployed.' No, I will not be betrayed into concocting plausible cheap 'copy'

of this description from guide books and newspapers. I set myself here, as far as may be, to deal with everything at first hand. The method may have its disadvantages, but at least it is what the Australians call 'live'—it breathes, it moves.

I admit that I have not done justice to the South, or, properly speaking, the Middle Island (little Stewart Island, the third island, is only a sort of New Zealand Isle of Wight). The fact is that while I have scoured the North Island three times, and seen its Ruapao and Tongariro ranges on both sides, its snowy, symmetrical Egmont, its breezy Mount Eden, the majestic Mount Cook (12,349 feet); in the South I have but glimpsed afar off—its wondrous Te Anau lake region, its mighty Sunderland Falls, 1,904 feet high (the highest in the world); its obelisk-like polished black granite Castle rock, rising sheer into the sky a mile and a quarter high; its glassy Mahinapua inland sea, in which 100 miles of mountain scenery are said to be reflected with quite bewildering realism; its fiords and sounds, that rival those of Norway, and are fringed with woods and mountains absolutely unexplored, and apparently impenetrable—these I have not set eyes upon, and so do not feel called upon to describe.

But as to climate—for I should like to close with a practical remark suitable to matter-of-fact readers—I can say that I have spent in New Zealand four of the worst months of an unusually severe winter (1895)—i.e. May, June, July, and August—a season in which 10,000 sheep died of cold on the Mackenzie hills alone; that during that time I have ranged from Auckland to Invercargill, and found roses and camellias growing

out of doors all the time, and never once felt the need of a fire and never caught a single cold. I admit that beating up and down the windy eastern coast from Auckland to New Plymouth in a small steamer, and tossing for four days and nights in a hurricane, unable to eat or sleep, between New Zealand and Tasmania, was not quite ideal comfort; also to be suddenly drenched with tepid rain in Auckland, when the sky looked clear, may have had its inconveniences; but to live through mid-winter in a climate which vibrates between an Italian spring in the north and an English autumn in the south is something to remember. I sit in my verandah high up overlooking Auckland, and pen my farewell to New Zealand as I look down on the flowering camellias, and the yellow roses hanging all round me.

Land of the extinct moa, adieu! Kind cannibals, farewell! I shall be in town for Guy Fawkes' Day; and, whilst I am inhaling, as I most probably shall, the thick yellow fog proper to that genial season, I shall remember you, O beloved islands of the southern seas —homes of the Maoris, the ki-wi, and the caw-caw!

It is to be hoped that by-and-by, when Macaulay's pensive New Zealander (yes, I must have it out with him) comes to stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, and survey with philosophic calm the crumbled ruins of a once not inconsiderable city, he will forbear for his own sake to select our foggy and sleety November, under the impression that in England, as in his own favoured land, it is one of the most delicious months of the year.

STAR LECTURING IN AUSTRALASIA

LVIII

R. S. SMYTHE, the much travelled, amounts to an institution in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. He has set himself steadily for many years past to provide the colonial public with what he calls 'lecture entertainments,' from which he would have it inferred that none of his lectures are dull. The public trust him, and will always go to his first nights. His method is simple. He secures what he considers a good man, advertises him on the scale of the great operatic companies—pays his travelling expenses (not his hotel bills) whilst on business, and takes *half* the net profits.

Anyone intending to lecture in Australia should if possible start under R. S. Smythe. He is not very easy to approach, and he is slow to bite. But he is very straightforward, and there is no nonsense about him. If you don't draw, he will drop you without ceremony; if you think you can do better for yourself, you can drop him, but in this latter case the great R. S. is quite above all pique, and I have known him not only give good advice, but further, to the best of his ability, the interests of independent lecturers who have once worked with him. Personally 'the much

travelled' is a genial, short, thick-set man, with a charmingly courteous manner, a shrewd twinkle in his eye, a light satirical vein always overrating success and underrating failure. He has lived for years close to celebrities of all sorts whom he has personally conducted and often entertained at his comfortable residence, Balwyn near Melbourne.

African Stanley, Max O'Rell, De Witt Talmage, Forbes and Villiers, the war correspondents, Mrs. Besant and Mark Twain, have been amongst his latest lions. He will fly over to England and back for the sake of hearing a likely man. A name is not enough for R. S.—speaking power is a *sine qua non.*

The big fish once landed, the cooking of him for public use is swift and thorough. For weeks before his approach stupendous statements appear in alluring newspaper paragraphs introducing the name of the approaching lion—Pears' Soap and Mother Siegel's Soothing Syrup are not in it with Smythe's trumpet blasts. Then hoardings and handbills suddenly herald the coming man. In every town I entered, my name in letters two feet long, white on a pale blue ground, stared me in the face, at the railway stations, on the omnibuses, at the hotels. The descriptive handbills were wonderful. One might suppose the whole civilised world was nothing but one vast listening ear, waiting for the least whisper that might fall from my lips.

The difficulty Smythe had with me was the variety of my subjects. The public distrust people who know about more things than one; in truth there seemed no reason to believe a man could be anything like an expert on poetry, old violins, theology, ghosts, and

social questions. Smythe settled that. I was 'the myriad-minded lecturer!' or 'the accomplished artist author!' and I know not what.

I felt sometimes inclined to expostulate, for the sermons which the newspapers preached on these Smythian texts blossomed out into the most apocryphal facts, and were bolstered up by legendary biographies; but Smythe soon convinced me that it was futile to wrestle with the journalistic imagination—that everybody must live—the public only believed half what it read—the great thing was to induce the public to come and judge for itself, and so forth.

The comments of the Australian press were of a mixed and highly instructive character. Some denied, others extolled my eloquence. I was hailed as a new departure, and dubbed the 'unconventional lecturer;' whilst some thought I could preach and not lecture, others that I could lecture but not preach; to some my Tennyson talk was 'a revelation,' others thought it 'rococo,' but extolled my violin illustrations, whilst others pronounced my violin experiments 'execrable,' but the lectures quite tolerable.

LIX

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, AND ADELAIDE.—After six nights at Sydney, I visited Melbourne and Adelaide. I had generally good but seldom crowded houses, but the same people came again and again. Smythe thought my lectures more fit for institutes than for the general colonial public, and he may have been right. After three or four months I

began to see exactly what 'the general colonial public' wanted, and the longer I went on after my advertised course was concluded, the more successful I was.

I had to return just at the moment when I had got the market in my own hands. Smythe and I did not always agree about what was wanted. He was very partial to one lecture on 'Marriage' which I detested, and which vibrated oddly enough in different towns between a big draw and an almost empty house. He was also averse to my using a dark lantern in a Good Friday lecture on the catacombs; 'the people,' he said, 'pay their money to see the lecturer—they can see a lantern show any day.'

The audience also occasionally had their say. At Sydney an old gentleman got up in the middle of a lecture on 'Music and Morals' and bawled out, 'Why don't you say something about the unemployed? How many poor in Sydney have got no bread!'

'Sir,' I replied, 'if you are dissatisfied with the lecture, you had better come upon the platform and lecture yourself—that is, if the audience want to hear any more of you.' A roar of laughter greeted the proposal, and the old gentleman, still grumbling and fuming, was hustled out of a side door by an indignant pit.

One night I had given rather a frivolous version for my own purposes of the 'Marseillaise,' when an enthusiastic Frenchman rose and protested. I immediately offered him the violin, if he would step up and show the audience how it ought to be played, which finished him.

To satisfy everyone was plainly impossible. Lecturing in a theatre one evening, two sailors lounged

into the gallery, expecting, I suppose, a variety entertainment. Great was their disappointment when the lecturer entered in plain evening dress with only the regulation rickety table and a glass of water: 'Come along, Jim,' said honest Jack Tar; 'we don't want none of these 'ere bloomin' lecturers; let's have our money back, and we'll have a drink.'

I was seldom allowed by R. S. to visit the smaller towns; the profits were not large enough for him.

Bendigo, of gold-mining celebrity, was much aggrieved—as I before remarked—at being left out, and paid R. S. a lump sum down beforehand in order to secure me. I was met by the civic magistrates, conducted to the Town Hall, where I was entertained by the mayor and corporation, and at night I had a bumper house; could I have stayed for two nights more, I was promised similar audiences; but R. S. hurried me off to New Zealand.

LX

THE CLERGY.—Many of the clergy looked askance at my platform appearances, affecting to think it *infra dig.* for a clergyman to lecture. The fact is, Smythe did not send them complimentary tickets. (I subsequently found that a judicious distribution of free reserves seemed somewhat to modify clerical opinion in my favour.)

From the first the Roman Catholic clergy were singularly assiduous in their attendance, but they always paid at the door.

On the whole the clergy treated me with the greatest courtesy and friendliness; and many more

pulpits than I could occupy, including almost all the cathedral pulpits, were placed at my disposal.

At Sydney alone was there anything like marked neglect on the part of the cathedral clergy. I preached at St. John's Church in Sydney, which was far too small for the crowd that assembled, hundreds being turned away; and the Mayor of Sydney, when it was plain that the cathedral pulpit would not be offered me, suggested that I should take the Town Hall on Sunday, which held five thousand; but as I did not care to approach the Bishop upon the subject—who had confined himself to returning my card—the matter dropped.

At Melbourne one of the chief canons offered to give up his turn to me at the cathedral, but I was unable to be there; however, I preached one Sunday night at Canon Carter's, Christ Church, Melbourne. The night was fine, and there was an immense crowd. I reached the pulpit with difficulty; people were standing in double rows up all the passages, and even seated in front of the altar rails and on the pulpit steps. As I passed back to the vestry after the sermon, it was affecting to see the numbers of people in tears—there were murmurs of 'God bless you!' and some laid hold of my surplice. I do not remember this ever happening to me before. I have seen strange things in church, but this was a very unusual experience.

On arriving at Adelaide, I was received on the platform by the Dean of Adelaide, the registrar of the cathedral, and Archdeacon Farr (with whom I stayed whilst at Adelaide). Before leaving the railway platform, I was booked for the cathedral in the morning, and the Dean's church at night.

On hearing that I proposed to visit Ballarat, the Bishop wired offering me hospitality. The Bishop of Ballarat is what is called in the colonies a 'live man,' not afraid to stand up to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne or anyone else. After addressing an immense congregation at Canon Mercer's church, St. Paul's, Ballarat, in the morning, I preached in the cathedral at night. Soon after six o'clock it became evident that the place would be packed, and on the arrival of the Bishop all accesses were blocked, and we had considerable difficulty in reaching our places.

The pleasant days which I spent with the Bishop of Ballarat and his amiable wife I shall not soon forget; there was never a dull five minutes; the Bishop was brilliant, grave and gay by turns, endowed with boundless activity and an open mind, a model Bishop and an ideal host. He took care that I saw all the best people in Ballarat, and laid himself out to give me a good idea of colonial society. He also accompanied me to the famous Ballarat gold mines.

It is always a pleasure to me to record and to recall such fraternal attentions, and to remember as I sit in England the genial tributes of sympathy and appreciation which I received from my Episcopal friends in the colonies; soon after my return I received the following pleasant letter from the Bishop of Ballarat (Dr. Thornton):

'Bishopscourt, Ballarat: May 24, 1895.

'MY DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—I was much interested in your pencilled advices from the rail to Geelong, and glad you were so warmly received at Bendigo. Smythe is not infallible in appraising places. Do not

think your visit to Ballarat unfruitful, even if the *cash* fruitage was disappointing : you gave us what will be long remembered. Dear Miss —— is inconsolable at losing you, and *all* enjoyed your stay, albeit newspaper scribblers, when you *had gone*, carped at your Christ Church sermon as American spiritualism in disguise.

'Come back to us if you *can*. I can show you the *bush* to advantage, four-in-hand if you like.

'Friend —— sent Mrs. Thornton two of your photos. They are all about. Your face-resting-on-hand likeness is far the most characteristic.

'Thanks for "*God not only will, but must, hear your prayer, by force of homogeneity*," and other seed-corn words, in your sermon at the pro-cathedral.

'So sorry about your rheumatism ; unhappily our air is bad for that, and Ballarat *is* a cold place, climatically, not otherwise, certainly not at Bishopscourt end.

'Don't imagine F. F. Melbourne [the Bishop of Melbourne] was cold ; he was *away* during your visit.

'*Try* and remember to tell —— when you get home that her old Rector remembers her affectionately.

'With warm good wishes,

'Yours most truly,

'SAMUEL BALLARAT.

'Hope to call at Chelsea 1897, and go to St. James's.'

I received before I left Australia a very pleasant letter emanating from the editorial and reporting staff of the Adelaide press, with whose accurate records of my utterances I had been gratified. Gentlemen of the press have not always such friendly

sympathy to spare for the public speakers whom it is their business to report.

From the 'Register, Observer, and Journal' Offices, Adelaide, Australia.

'Adelaide: April 25, 1895.

'DEAR SIR,—Your courteous acknowledgment of the excellence of the reports of your public utterances in Adelaide is much appreciated by the members of the "Register" staff, whose work has been thus commended. It has been a great pleasure to them to listen to and record these utterances, even as it has been a source of unbounded satisfaction to thousands of South Australians to welcome amongst them one who stands so high in the estimation of his fellow Englishmen.

'Pray accept my personal thanks for the copy of "Shakespeare and the Stage" sent by you. It will be treasured by me as a memento of the visit of its author to Adelaide, and of the delightful hours I have spent in listening to his addresses and reading his works. With best wishes, I am,

'Yours faithfully,

'T. FINLAYSON.

'The Rev. H. R. Haweis, Adelaide.'

But my time was up, and the inexorable R. S. tore me away from these delights and got me on board the steamer, when I had to resign myself to a five days' miserable roll across to Dunedin, New Zealand.

LXI

MY FIFTH VOYAGE.—The weather was atrocious, and I hardly left my bunk. Somehow the steward,

who ministered to my wants, had got into his head that instead of being the 'lecturer,' I was only the advance agent. He accordingly adopted the free and easy: 'Well, old boy, and how are you?' or 'Fancy a little food to-day, old man? Come, you're better, ain't you? Cheer up!' I hope I replied in a becoming manner, but I was certainly not communicative. This seemed to make him ponder. Next day he had discovered that instead of the advance agent he had to deal with the 'myriad-minded, &c. &c.' himself. He entered my cabin quite abashed and subdued, and after that never called me anything but 'my lord.' 'What will your lordship take?—and how did your lordship sleep?' But being by nature talkative he still kept me posted up in what went on in the dining saloon, which I never visited.

'There's a Jewish rabbi sits by the captain. I do hate that chap; to see him stuff himself and order bottles of beer and wine, and sitting by the captain too all the time; you should see the captain look disgusted at him. Why? 'cause the captain's a teetotaler. But the rabbi, 'e talks on, likes to hear his own voice—o' my word! he do. I give him a set down, I did. "'Ow's the little parson in the bunk?" says he. "Little parson!" says I; "we ain't got no parsons here—*he's a bishop*!" says I. That's how I answered him, my lord. Oh, I hates that rabbi, greasy Jew!' &c. &c.

It is, no doubt, sometimes a drawback not to look one's part. In America, when I arrived at Boston to deliver the Lowell Lectures in 1885, they were disappointed to find a person short of stature with black hair, instead of a tall man of severe aspect with grey or even white locks.

At one Australian town, where a deputation from the mayor was waiting at the station to meet me, I was amused at the difficulty they seemed to have in realising my identity. I read next day in the local 'Herald' the following paragraph: 'A railway official on being asked this morning if the Rev. H. R. Haweis had arrived, said he thought not. Being further interrogated as to whether any clergyman had come, he said he saw one, but it could not be the famous lecturer, as he was a little chap with a fiddle. The railway man was apparently unacquainted with the fact that the Incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone, was a remarkable violin player,' &c. &c.

LXII

NEW ZEALAND.—Prostrate with rheumatism and sciatica, brought on by getting overheated in stifling churches and lecture rooms in Melbourne, I reached Dunedin, New Zealand, on Saturday, May 25, and fortunately had not to lecture until the following Wednesday.

The cathedral clergy were most attentive, the Bishop, Dean, and Canons calling. The Cathedral pulpit at Dunedin was placed at my disposal. I was forced, however, to keep my room during the week, and how I got through my first two Dunedin lectures I do not know, as I could hardly mount the stage, and had to stand and lecture for two hours in great pain. The audiences were fairly good and most enthusiastic. The second night I was presented with a beautiful basket of flowers at the close of the first part, and I often found a lovely bouquet on my table without being able to identify the donor.

I think the New Zealanders are harder to rouse than the Australians, and they have a distrust of lecturers; but once gain their confidence, and they are very true and zealous. It is a public which wants working up.

LXIII

BAD BUSINESS.—It would be monotonous to describe in detail my New Zealand courses with R. S. Smythe. I was under the care of his lieutenant, Mr. Fisher, who acted as advance agent. He was a German gentleman who spoke English fluently, a man of fine presence and great cultivation. His kindness to me in my somewhat dilapidated condition I shall never forget.

His business it was to prepare the advertisements, draw up paragraphs, interview editors, and call on influential people, such as governors, judges, bishops, &c. to stimulate their attendance on first nights—in fact, do all the hundred and one things which Mark Twain says he could not do himself, but got the agent Harris to do for him. Up to the end of my engagement with Smythe, who skipped Tasmania (I went to Tasmania on my own account afterwards), and only allowed me to visit Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland in New Zealand, my experiences were very similar to those in Australia. The market was not so good; and at Auckland, incessant rain and hail in June, about the worst of the winter months, greatly interfered with my success. I got a bad hall, the only one vacant, which was another drawback. Nothing, however, seemed to interfere with the crowds which applied for admission on Sunday. At Dunedin, at

the pro-cathedral, the aisles and chancel were so blocked that the Bishop suspended the processional hymn, and we all scrambled in in single file as best we could. On my return to Dunedin, I again preached with the same results.

At Wellington I was not asked to preach a second time. The overcrowding and confusion were considered, I believe, adverse to the holy calm and general absence of excitement proper to a cathedral service.

LXIV

ODD TREATMENT.—At Auckland there was also an indisposition to re-invite me to preach, but the feeling in the town being very pronounced I was hastily applied to on Saturday and again on Sunday, and urged to preach, which I respectfully declined to do.

After my departure, I was told of a proceeding which threw some light on my being so hastily applied to at the eleventh hour. A certain number of people in Auckland, who seem to have been disappointed at my not preaching again, kept ringing up by telephone every clergyman in Auckland, including the Bishop, to know where I was preaching. This was kept up, it appears, throughout the whole of Saturday and Sunday. It was an incident as absurd as it was regrettable, by no means the first time I have had to cry, 'Save me from my friends!'

I am bound to say that, all things considered, nothing could have been more cordial than the attitude of the clergy, especially the cathedral clergy, towards me in New Zealand; but I have also experienced some odd slights and impertinences where I should least have expected them.

There were pulpits which I should not have been asked to occupy had it not been for the pressure brought to bear upon the clergy by the laity. On certain other occasions the clergy could not even send a carriage for me, or offer me luncheon or supper, or a bare 'Thank you.' But they were quite willing to take an offertory of twenty or thirty pounds instead of three or four. I may say that I was occasionally offered a preaching fee (e.g. Brisbane Cathedral, which I was unable to visit), half the offertory being placed at my disposal, but I never took any fee for preaching in Australia or New Zealand. Still courtesy and common civility are never out of place.

But after all there are sulky people everywhere, and a few cases of clerical ill breeding hardly count. 'We must always remember,' says O. W. Holmes somewhere, 'that the very qualities which attract some people to us, repel others;' and if some of the clergy received me as if I were next door to a prophet, it is but natural that others should regard me in the light of Apollyon.

The clerical sympathy and appreciation which I have met with both in America and throughout the Australian colonies, should enable me to receive with all meekness and resignation the few slights that have been put upon me by the 'holy simplicity' of some good clergymen, who left to themselves would no doubt willingly have given me a wide berth or a warm faggot.

LXV

NEW PLYMOUTH, NAPIER, AND CHRISTCHURCH. —At New Plymouth (Taranaki) kind Archdeacon

Govett, who is mentioned in Bishop Selwyn's Life, welcomed me with fraternal sympathy and hospitality. I agreed to preach at his fine stone church in the evening; but on Saturday morning I received a deputation, introduced by the churchwardens on behalf of the people, urging me to preach in the morning as well, which I consented to do. It is hardly too much to say that most of New Plymouth tried to get in at both services without distinction of sect or creed. I was glad to notice that the Archdeacon, like the Rev. Mr. Watson of Christchurch and several other colonial churches, has adopted a female surpliced choir, like my own at St. James's, Marylebone, but in some cases the ladies wear cardinal red gowns, which have a very bright and I think pleasing effect.

Dean Hovell, a most able and enlightened man, at Napier invited me to occupy the cathedral pulpit. The cathedral is one of the largest in the colonies, a splendid structure of red and black brick in a sort of Lombardo-Venetian architecture. It is cunningly devised, with double walls and iron girders to resist earthquake shocks. The immense aisle, transepts, and side chapels were crowded to their utmost limits. The electric lighting was splendid, and told well on the red brick; it was one of the finest sights I witnessed in any colonial cathedral or church.

I had seen the strange volcanic agencies at work at the geysers in great spouting columns of hot water, natural ovens and cauldrons, but I had not yet experienced an earthquake. I was prepared to be satisfied with something short of one of those cataclysms which a few years ago destroyed the famous pink terraces,

and submerged mountains, lakes and villages. I was destined to be gratified.

On Sunday, August 4, 1895, I found myself at Christchurch. I was staying with Bishop Julius, but the Bishop's daughter had driven me over to St. John's Rectory, close to the cathedral, where I was to preach in the evening.

The day was close and cloudy, what might be called a headachy day, and at six o'clock after tea I lay down to rest and fell into a sort of doze, from which I was roused by all the ornaments and doors rattling. 'What a dreadful pandemonium the children are making in the schoolroom,' I thought, and was just composing myself for another nap, when again a violent rattling shook the room. My friend the Rev. Mr. Watson entered. 'Well,' he said, 'how do you like our earthquakes?—two smart shocks.' I was wide awake then. 'Is it over?' I asked. 'No saying; we might get another in a few minutes or after midnight. Anyhow it's unfortunate for your congregation; the cathedral spire has been twice damaged, and people here get into a panic about earthquakes. I should not wonder if none of them went near the place to-night.' Just then the cathedral bells began to sound. I arrived about five minutes before service time, but the vast edifice, considered to be the finest in the South Island, was already packed. On reaching the pulpit I found even the steps occupied and two people sitting on the pulpit floor. They came down as I ascended, immediately resuming their seats when the sermon began. At Christchurch I found by far the most cathedral-like service and what claims to be the best choir in New Zealand.

With all the nominal machinery of bishops, deans, and canons, nothing can be more slipshod as a rule than the cathedral and church ritual. The clergy seem to have little idea of order or precedence, even the simple rule of the superior clergy going last and special preacher taking precedence with the Dean is frequently ignored, and I have actually been invited to give the blessing when the Dean and Archdeacon have both been present, which of course I declined to do. As to arrangement of clergy at the altar or in procession, with the exception of Christchurch, there seemed to be none. This go-as-you-please absence of proper vestments, neglect of hoods and stoles, loose intoning &c. greatly detracts from the solemnity, 'decency and order,' which we in the old country associate with a cathedral service.

LXVI

BISHOP JULIUS.—Nothing can be more invigorating than the influence of men like Bishop Julius (long may he live), men who can grasp the facts of a new subnationality like that of New Zealand. In these young societies prestige counts for little; what is wanted is *men*. A strong man may go in for ritual or leave it alone; he must be and he must bring with him something the people want, he must preach something which sounds at least probable, and whatever system he works, Cathedral, Presbyterian, or Catholic, he must fit it somehow into the life of the age, and not expect for a moment that the people will fit themselves into a rigid framework, however excellent and antique, which shows few points of contact with the practical needs and legitimate aspirations of the day.

Bishop Julius with his bounding activity, common sense, vivid sympathy, and fine gifts of speech and presence, is called a people's bishop; indeed, he has a way of speaking his mind without any very fine adjustment to the prejudices or opinions of the clergy at large. This is considered his weakness by some, and his strength by others. There is no doubt an undercurrent of deep revolt against, and a contempt throughout New Zealand for the stagnation of thought and general timidity of the Anglican clergy. Bishop Julius feels it quite as keenly as did Bishop Moorhouse of Melbourne, now of Manchester. Our Church has been losing influence, and people look to men like Bishop Julius, and Bishop Willis of Wellington, and Bishop Thornton of Ballarat, to rehabilitate her in public estimation.

In criticising the condition of the Anglican Church in the Australasian colonies, I may possibly be charged with hastiness and ignorance. I think it may therefore interest my readers to peruse some lines which I have just received from a clergyman, now retired, but who boasts of many years of varied experience in Australia. The letter seems to have been called forth by some remarks of mine which appeared in a colonial newspaper.

'You write, "You want more strong prelates, and the rank and file to match." How is it to be done? In Adelaide within the last few years three out of five of the city incumbents have resigned. Their places have been filled by outsiders. In June 1847, Bishop Short was consecrated for Adelaide; in July of the same year I was ordained at —— as curate of ——.

In 1858 I resigned the incumbency of —— on account, as the Rev. —— told the churchwardens, of "being obliged, like St. Paul, to fight after the manner of men with beasts at Ephesus"—as it was, two churchwardens. In 1859 I sailed for Australia and was incumbent in the dioceses of ——, ——, and ——. The Bishops were Tyrrell, Perry and Short, no doubt good and learned men, but unsuited for Australia. I remember the late Mr. Dalton, when Rector of Lambeth, telling me he had a peculiar request made him by one of the parishioners of ——, namely, "that he would use his influence with Mr. —— and prevail on him to preach oftener, or Mr. ——, as they did not want so many stupid bishops." The fact was that a few Sundays previously Archbishop Whately gave them a learned sermon on geology, and they did not understand it. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

'Now, if the above could take place in Lambeth, you can understand the impression a college don would produce on an Australian settler in the far bush. It was my lot once to visit some settlers with a former Bishop of Newcastle (?). He left on my mind the idea of an ostrich or emu trying to conciliate a grasshopper. Here are one or two incidents that happened in that district. A Wesleyan got lost in the bush, as he said, "for seven days, and he had crawled into a log hut to die, when Providence sent some stockmen along, who were so frightened that they rode madly down the mountain, and told their fellow-stockmen that the devil was up above in a log hut; and curiosity to see what kind of person the devil was, saved him under Providence." That will give you some idea of how thinly populated Dungog in New South Wales was in 1861. There were five ministers

in that district, two Presbyterians, one Church of England, one Wesleyan, and sometimes a Catholic priest. My nearest brother clergyman was ——, brother to the late Bishop of ——. He blundered about publishing banns with regard to a marriage: the matter was tried before Sir Alfred Stephen, Chief Justice, who held there was no proper marriage, and the marriage should be performed again by a Wesleyan minister. To my question to —— what he thought of Australia, he replied, "It was a land of creeping things with venomous stings." Then he went home.

'Now for a few figures with regard to this colony, the most English of the group. We have a bishop, dean, four archdeacons, four or five canons, rural deans, chancellor, and church office costing about 800*l.* a year, and about sixty clergymen who find it difficult to make both ends meet, and future prospects *nil.* When I came to —— thirty years ago, there was a population of about 2,000; there are now 13,000: there were two churches of the Church of England, and no Roman Catholic place of worship; there are now two Roman Catholic churches, schools, convent, orphanage, refuge for fallen women; the Church of England has added two schoolrooms, and is not further advanced, as to congregations or influence, more than it was thirty years ago, if so much. How is this? *The Roman Catholic bishops and clergy work for their Church, the Church of England bishops for their dignity,* and the clergy find it pays best to remain quiet. They have no independence. The Bishop's regard for them is something like what Bishop Tyrrell said to my wife when she was cutting the sandwiches for the annual clergy

meeting: "You need not, Mrs. Carr, put butter on both sides of the bread—one will do; they will never find out."

'A clergyman here would consider it madness to reply as my old rector, ——, did to Bishop Blomfield's question, "Where in the world, Mr. ——, do you get all the money to do these wonderful things?" "My Lord, I gave a shilling for my dinner yesterday, I hope to give a shilling to-day, but I can't tell you where I get the money." I have no interest to serve, having severed my connection with the Colonial Church some thirty years. My object in writing is, if possible, to acquaint English clergymen with the true state of things here. I took a leap in the dark, like hundreds of others, and only received bruises, with the one exception of Bishop ——, who put a 50*l.* cheque in my hand, and another 40*l.* in my way, and advised me "to go home, as I could not do anything there."

'After thirty-six years in Australia, my remedy would be to call the Church of England here, "the Australian Protestant Episcopal Church," and induce Australians to enter. A beginning has lately been made by the present Bishop, after nearly fifty years of other ways.'

LXVII

BISHOP MONTGOMERY OF TASMANIA.—Another 'live' Bishop is the Bishop of Tasmania, who married a daughter of Dean Farrar. He calls himself a Bush Bishop. His life is spent in moving about his vast diocese interviewing his people, and there is, I suppose, no one man in Tasmania known by sight to so many

Tasmanians of all sorts and conditions as the Bishop of the diocese. I not only stayed at his house, but I travelled with him, and I was much struck with the personal feeling there seemed to be about him at all the railway stations and towns that I visited; he seemed to be the friend of everybody and everybody's friend.

The following amusing letter just received from the Bishop of Tasmania gives a very interesting glimpse of his working episcopal life, and so I hope he will not mind my printing a portion of it:

'Bishopscourt, Hobart: October 15, 1895.

'DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—Thank you very much for a kind letter. This will find you back in England among your own congregation, and I dare say you will remember many things against us poor colonials. I have just had a picture of our first Bishop's (Nixon's) yacht given me. He was wealthy, and cruised about in style. One day he went to Bruni Island. It was Sunday, and the builder of the yacht came off to welcome his friend the Bishop. Divine service was proceeding on the yacht, and the builder, bursting in rather unceremoniously, was asked to take a seat, and keep his talk till afterwards. He gladly consented, and sat down on the red-hot stove!

'It is related that the loudest response on record at a service by any one man was made at this time. This was the last time for many a week that the yacht-builder ever sat down anywhere.

'Do you remember the name of a lecturer called Professor —— ——, who came here from New Zealand, lecturing on the Abbey, Palestine, &c.? At Launceston he was suddenly taken ill, and died at

once. I think the poor fellow was not coining dollars very fast.

'We had a pleasant gathering the other day at our house. We asked all the staff of the —— to spend an evening, to make amends for the intolerable writing we had made them set up. Sixty came, compositors, devils, &c., up to the *reporters*. It was a very pleasant evening, for colonials are much freer than people at home (not always a virtue). I thought they might be shy, but when in two minutes I saw so many men plump themselves down in so many armchairs, I dismissed anxiety from my mind. We asked them to sing, and here I think they came back to their companions at home. For the songs were about going to the Zoo, and meeting "a young gal," &c. &c. However, they were pleased, and became jovial. The curiosity they enjoyed the most was a bat off which some runs had been made.

'To-day I am turned out of my house. Sixteen clergymen's wives are there enjoying themselves gravely and socially. I gave them Communion in our little chapel and an address, and then left them. Sixteen parsons' wives in the colonies means sixteen as hard-working women as the world has seen among those who have to dress as ladies.

'I think life just now (atmospherically) is grey. It is for this reason that I am endeavouring to amuse you (and myself) with small events. My case against —— has not come off yet. I shudder at all the dreadful things that may have to be revealed.

'I expect when this reaches you, you will be clad in furs and fur boots from Tasmania. 'Tis a pity you are not a Bishop, for you might revive a furry garment which I know is the origin of an episcopal scarf.

'The other day a friend said, with a look of joy, "Leather has gone up." I said to myself, "I know why—because Mr. Haweis went to the fur shop."

'I am reading "Poets in the Pulpit," and think you have been generous to the Oxford Movement—towards the tone of which I am moving. Brought up on Hell fire and Evangelicalism, passed through Stanley and Arnold and Broad Church, I come (in the senility of old age, you will say) to the peace of the old Church, with its undying life, and its own means of grace. Of course, you don't really scoff, but the above was needed to round a sentence.

'Think of us navvies sometimes—we too are necessary; we are trying to blunder along, meeting all sorts of old world and new world developments, though very few of us are big enough to tackle them. But some of us, I do think, are wise enough to know our own ignorance; that is all we can say.

'Next week General Booth comes with his big drum to show us the way. I shall not impede him. But I am a man of peace, and I think I shall put cotton wool in my ears.

'Our kindest regards to you. We shall send you a proper photo soon, one not in braces and bare arms.

'May I wish you all prosperity and health—a plain duty, and strength to do it? That is about the greatest blessing a man can win.

'Yours sincerely,

'H. H. TASMANIA.

'I have just been told that the lecturer I have referred to died of drink!'

Hobart Cathedral (a noble Gothic edifice) in Tasmania was the ninth and last colonial cathedral in which I preached before 'stepping off' for Ceylon. I cannot say that in spicy Ceylon—land of the cinnamon garden, the cocoa nut, and the alligator—the hand of fellowship was extended to me by the local clergy. On my arrival the Bishop was indeed away, and as in the other colonies the Bishops have usually been the first to greet me, the local clergy, in the absence of the Episcopal nod, may have been doubtful whether I was really Apollyon or Apollos. The Archdeacon turned up at one of my lectures in Colombo, and that is all I saw of the Church militant which is at Ceylon.

LXVIII

SIR ARTHUR HAVELOCK.—Very different was my reception by his Excellency Sir Arthur Havelock, the Governor; Sir Edward Walker, who ranks second to him, and acts as Pro-Governor; Sir John Grindlinton, Ceylon commissioner at Chicago 1893, and one of the most popular residents and officials. Sir John Grindlinton returned whilst I was in the island, and was received by the people with triumphal arches, bands playing, and colours flying. I dined with the Governor and Lady Havelock, and Sir Edward Walker, and spent a charming evening on the roof of his Excellency's palace looking over the moonlit sea and the city of Colombo, and fanned by the faint spicy breezes that relieved somewhat the hot damp air. I was also entertained twice at dinner by Sir John Grindlinton, who is full of interesting anecdote about the earlier days of Ceylon. He is a genuine lover of

the people, and is beloved by them. He bitterly deplores the insulting manner of some of the younger Europeans towards the Tamils (black imported labourers) and Cingalese; he even went so far as to say that the hectoring and bullying manner of the English towards the natives in India had a good deal to do with the Mutiny, and would lead to similar reprisals wherever it was indulged in. He has a high opinion of native fidelity and devotion to the white rule, and told me many touching stories. He is a firm believer in the influences of the Christian religion in Ceylon, but not in the lives or conduct of many so-called Christians, especially in some of our younger men, who in their ignorant cowardly treatment of the natives compare unfavourably with the bulk of older settlers, belie their religion and disgrace their country.

LXIX

LECTURING IN CEYLON.—I lectured twice in Colombo, on which occasion his Excellency and suite, and all the chief people in Ceylon, were present. The local management had a 'show' on at night, and I could only get the theatre from five to eight o'clock, and was not allowed to advertise before the very morning of the lecture day; indeed, when I heard the conditions I was for giving it up, but the good people of Ceylon were determined to have the lectures, made all the arrangements for me, sacrificed their siesta and drive, and turned out in force to be boiled alive for two hours. I was also boiled; my collar hung down like a wet limp rag, my shirt front shrivelled

into a damp crumple. A violin which I proposed to use for illustration also went into liquidation, the glue melted and the finger board fell off and the neck came away from the ribs.

I also lectured at Hatton, 4,000 feet above the sea level, away up in the tea plantations. Here it was cooler. The violin held together. The planters' wives and families came from miles round. The hotel is a central rendezvous for the tea-growing community. The large hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and I may add one of the best dressed and gayest looking crowds I have seen in the colonies. The planters are mostly young men, many of them gentlemen—younger sons from the old country; they brought their wives and families, very ornamental young ladies too, several of them recently out from home. It was quite a representative English assembly with a handsome 'burgher' mixture, i.e. intermarriage product of Dutch or other whites with Cingalese or Tamil blood—a very attractive combination, as the European naturally has his pick of the Cingalese girls. Many of them have quite regular features and are very comely. There is a marked appetite for culture, music, and literature and art up country, but no supply. In Colombo they are hotter and more apathetic, but there also there is a demand, and I am convinced that something like a culture mission throughout the colonies, aiming at the outlying districts and smaller towns, and bringing genuine entertainment along with instruction, would meet with gratitude and recognition. At present second-rate opera bouffe troupes, leg shows, and burlesques, seem all or almost all that is offered even to places like Colombo, and nothing ever goes up country, where

hundreds of educated people live and stagnate (intellectually) all the year round.

I have attacked some of these remote centres on my own responsibility in New Zealand, Tasmania, and Ceylon, and with *almost* invariably the same result —overflowing and eager audiences.

At Hatton, at the close of the 'lecture entertainment,' 'Music and Morals,' I was recalled three times, and the Colombo newspapers record of 'thunders of applause' was for once not an overstatement, and this was in the remote tea plantation districts!

LXX

TEA PLANTERS.—My Ceylon lecturing excursions were not without charming episodes.

As I wound by rail over the tropically clothed mountains redolent with flowers and spicy trees, I looked down upon scenes of rare beauty. The shining rivers ran below, flanked by 'wooded walls,' and startled birds of bright and varied plumage sprang up and fluttered into the thickets beneath us. Once, and once only, I saw a bird of Paradise on the wing. It seemed to float gently from one tree to another, alighting with care and not at all in a hurry, as though fearful of ruffling its preposterously delicate and abundant plumes.

That day I was in still greater luck. I saw a real live iguana crossing a river. These giant lizards swim with their noses out of water. They are very shy, and are now exceedingly rare. The guard of the train told me one might travel for months between Kandy and Colombo and never see such a sight.

The tea planters, who up country were amongst my most enthusiastic hearers, seemed to me to lead a tolerably agreeable life. The tea factory is usually placed in the midst of delightful hills and valleys entirely devoted to the rows of stunted tea bushes, not unlike the vine acres round Bordeaux. The bushes are picked by Tamil and Cingalese girls and women of all ages, and the procession of basket-bearing girls goes to and fro morn and eve from the wooden factory built in storeys for the convenience of the various processes of drying, sorting, and packing the tea leaves. My son Lionel, who was the European director of the Velloya factory at Watte Walla, Ceylon, lived hard by in his bungalow, and lounged down to the scene of action apparently when it suited him. He presumably knew his business, and anyhow he was responsible for the general work of the factory and the condition of the tea turned out. Other young men, frequently well connected, lived at an interval of two to six miles in similar bungalows—some engaged as outdoor inspectors; some superintending the factory work; most of them seemed not without their consolations in the land of exile. They did not go to Colombo frequently, but they were to be found often in each other's bungalows, and whisky and gin tonics and tobacco seemed somewhat to ease and lighten the burden of the day. Hardly a stone's throw from my son's bungalow lived the 'Big Master'—my son Lionel was the 'Little Master.'

The 'Big Master' was Mr. Gordon, who, with his charming wife, tenanted a fine bungalow on the spur of a hill, overlooking a wide expanse of tea plantation land. There in the afternoon were wont to assemble

in white flannel and slouch hat the gilded or silver-gilt youth of Ceylon with any young wives or sisters (all tea planters seem young) that happened to be forthcoming. There I sat and watched the lawn tennis players, served by the coolies, half-caste Tamils, who hovered on the outskirts to pick up the balls.

When Mrs. Gordon entered the lists it was easy to see that the white flannel athletes had to do with something like a champion player, and I saw in one afternoon two or three of the sharpest and brightest games that could well be played.

The young men all looked pale and washed out, but they are not unhealthy or indisposed for brisk exercise, especially when face to face with lithe and pretty opponents. At night we dined as well as one could expect to dine at a West End club, it being evident that the 'Big Master' and his wife, both in the prime of life, know how to live. I slept at their bungalow, and in the morning I was up, as I thought, in fair time, but found that my host had already been out for a run with hounds, hunting I know not what. Mr. Gordon keeps the pack, and he is said to be a first-rate master of the hounds, with a voice singularly musical, ringing, and beloved of the dogs in the chase.

Of course the young men grumble: the climate is trying, gin tonics are expensive, pay is low, promotion is slow, society limited, isolation from books, theatres, music and the rush of London, painful; but, on the whole, existence seems tolerable, and the exiles drag on, and Ceylon tea is pushing Chinese out of the Australasian market, and if the 'Little Masters' could only get back and bring out nice English girls for wives, and earn enough to enlarge the

bungalow, I really do think Ceylon, with its birds of Paradise and flower gardens, lawn tennis grounds, pretty hostesses, and coolies to fetch and carry, is not altogether to be sniffed at as a place of residence. I was most courteously entertained by Mr. Barber and his charming wife and family, including a very clever boy, their son, quite an accomplished flautist. Mr. Barber is the director of the Government gardens, which offer singular facilities for the experimental growth of herbs and new plants. He himself is trying to grow vines, but the climate is too warm and the soil too rich. However, he hopes to supply the Ceylon market with table grapes, if not with Ceylon wines. Mr. Barber gave himself an infinity of trouble in organising my lectures in Colombo, and with excellent results.

As for myself, I was much carried in a chair to and fro by four black Tamils, supporting the four ends of two poles. So I traversed the mountains and ascended hills, and wound round precipices with a jolt now and then which felt like sudden death, as I imagined myself about to be spilt into some ravine 200 feet deep ; but at night we were lighted home by the fireflies, and I forgot my anxieties in the novel spectacle of the innumerable unbuzzing sparks that floated and glinted all around us, shedding a mild yellow effulgence against the hard electric glow of the moon high above the mountain ridge.

LXXI

PIONEER LECTURING.—Fifty nights with the king of managers, R. S. Smythe, of Melbourne, might be supposed to unfit a lecturer to shift for himself.

Not at all. It had the same effect upon me as travelling with a courier, although I never do anything when the courier is there. I notice all he does. When Smythe or his agent took me about, got me halls, audiences, and fees, I felt I was indeed saved all trouble. But besides turning up at a given hour and place and lecturing, I had nothing to do. I was by no means idle notwithstanding, and by the time I had completed my fifty nights with R. S. Smythe in Australia and New Zealand, I had very little to learn. In short, I had acquired a complete knowledge of the arts and methods which the much travelled R. S. adopted to boom and launch his lecturers. I had also discovered that I was in an exceptionally favourable position to act for myself. Not only did I start on the top of Smythe's boom, but in almost every town I found some of my books, generally 'Music and Morals,' and next to that the five volumes on 'Christ and Christianity.'

LXXII

A VISITATION OF THE CHURCHES.—I had never quite realised the extent to which my congregations were spread all over the English-speaking world. Of course, after nearly thirty years of regular and almost uninterrupted ministry, in London, tens of thousands have passed through St. James's, Marylebone, and then scattered to the ends of the earth. At Francisco and all along the Pacific coast there were whole colonies of them, and Smythe having circulated hundreds of my photos in Australia and New Zealand, which stared at me from all the shop windows, I could hardly walk down any street in any

colonial town without being accosted. If I entered a Vancouver shop, 'Mr. H., I believe,' said the shopman. At Sydney I was stopped in the street—'Do you remember christening my son?' At Auckland a middle-aged woman walked five miles in with her boy to see me. She had been a young girl at my Bible class at St. James the Less, Westminster, more than thirty years before. A tobacconist standing at his door in Hobart—'We used to sit up in the gallery on Sunday nights in 1875.' An Irishman sweeping out the Post Office in Auckland—'Do you remember that midnight service in 1879, sir? I was there.' And he told me my text. A rich Bendigo miner at Melbourne—'We came to your church for a year and a half in 1877, but we never thought to see you here.' Even at Honolulu, Sandwich Isles, two of my congregation boarded the steamer, and at Fiji I met there the wife of the clergyman, the head of the police, and the *locum tenens* governor of the colony, all attendants at St. James's, Marylebone, in former years. Of course, whenever I preached I knew I was addressing numbers of my own people, who waited upon me in the vestry, called or wrote, and offered me frequent hospitality, so that going round the world amounted almost to a little visitation of the churches or branch churches of St. James's, Marylebone.

LXXIII

MY OWN AGENT.—When, then, at the beginning of July, I found myself free from Smythe, I determined to prolong my colonial tour, and visit more leisurely a number of smaller towns which were beneath the great agent's attention. I became thence-

forth my own agent—forwarded the batch of photos—wrote to the hall and theatre managers—sent advertisements to the papers—printed circulars and programmes—and went through the routine adopted by my advance agent, arriving in each town, if possible, two days before the first lecture, but sometimes leaving everything to the hall-keeper, and only turning up in some perfectly strange place just in time.

My experiences were very amusing. Sometimes the halls were mere sheds, the 'managers' being a sort of folk who had never heard of me, in which they often resembled their fellow townsmen, for in the smaller towns I had often to make my public. At Patea, North New Zealand, for instance, nothing had been done. I arrived the day before, and in the morning sallied forth, accompanied by an energetic young lady whom I found at the local minister's house, and we superintended personally the putting up of posters and shop distribution of circulars. One huge streamer, with my name in letters two feet long, was affixed with difficulty over the chief lawyer's office in the main street. A little gaping crowd assembled to stare; they read the letters, but there was no speculation in their eyes. They stared at me and my coadjutor, who went off into fits of laughter as we gazed admiringly on the effect produced by our placard. The people never seemed to have heard of such a thing as a lecturer.

At night, after all our efforts to spread enlightenment, I had about twenty in the room; next night about thirty. No; I did not rouse Patea, but I got some amusement out of it; not least the furious indignation of two or three who appreciated my humble

efforts, and seemed in despair at the stolid apathy of the place and its folly in neglecting so great an opportunity. The local papers took the thing very seriously, and upbraided the people for not going. I had to go round to the well-meaning editors. 'For goodness' sake,' I said, 'don't say there was a small attendance. Extol the lecturer, and let the audience alone; we want to allure them.' The process might indeed be educational, but it was not remunerative. I was forcibly reminded of Oliver Wendell Holmes's remark to me about arriving at little out-of-the-way holes, and finding that one had to go out and hunt up an audience an hour before the time. I had a pretty good idea of the sort of thing before I left New Zealand, but I can fairly say that my experience in hunting up odd publics in remote colonial towns was more varied and interesting than anything I met with in the well-prepared and highly solvent assemblies marshalled for me by R. S. Smythe in the great centres.

LXXIV

HOW TO FORCE SUCCESS.—I soon found that the only way to work a small place was to run three or even four nights. The thin audience on the first two nights barely covered expenses, and the full houses on the closing nights gave the margin of profit. In this I differed radically from the great R. S., who was in favour of single nights except in big towns. I could generally make my public if I stayed long enough. This awakening of an appetite for culture was far more inspiring to me than any cut-and-dried success. The ninety-nine righteous have never had much attraction for me, but to touch new chords and

waken the higher echoes, to make seed grow where it had never grown before, seemed a sort of mission work. I secured when I could some local enthusiast—not seldom a young man in a Cook's tourist branch office, or some reader of my books, or old member of my congregation—and such were to be found in almost every town. He made himself my voluntary local agent, and worked up the place, sometimes with the happiest results.

LXXV

PALMERSTON, WANGANUI, NAPIER.—At Palmerston, N.Z., I operated with indifferent results for three nights. At New Plymouth, New Zealand, I had to fight the elements—wind and rain—but I found so eager a response that I returned and secured an enthusiastic welcome.

At Wanganui my method was fully justified. A gentleman there, a past member of my congregation in London, devoted himself to heralding my arrival. I nevertheless got a thin house; but the next two nights we had to turn away money, and there were complaints in the newspapers that stalls had been sold when there was not standing room in the theatre.

At Napier I relied entirely upon the good offices, the friendly advice and painstaking co-operation of the courteous and businesslike manager of the theatre. He consulted my interests in the most loyal manner, saved me all trouble, and enabled me to carry out a course of lectures with very good results. Mr. Toole once said to me that the greatest difficulty managers had was to find a man who would be above

board in taking the money at the doors. Sometimes gentlemen of the town, at one time a banker, would come forward and offer to help me; at others, the hall manager or a local stationer or music-seller or Cook's tourist agent would be found convenient and willing, but I think I can say that never once in my New Zealand and Tasmanian experiences have I had cause to suspect the smallest dishonesty or sharp practice. The accounts have always been made out in a straightforward manner, and being my own agent I met the box-keeper each night and compared the tickets with the cash taken.

LXXVI

LOWEST DEPTHS.—The full extent of pioneering absurdity was reached at the Bluff—a wretched place for starting the steamers from New Zealand south to Australia. The Bluff is about half an hour from Invercargill, where I had had good audiences. I boldly plunged into two nights at the Bluff, both of which proved ludicrous failures. As there was no printing office in the town, which consisted of one street and a few scattered houses on the bleak hill slope, my advertisement expenses were nil. There were a few portraits stuck about which excited no interest whatever, and a couple of big posters which nobody read. The Drill Hall allotted to me was worse than a cowshed—the platform almost too rotten and rickety to stand on. On my first night the audience may have numbered forty. I think the receipts were a couple of pounds. The next night I was offered the only decent chapel in the place free of expense. The Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Gardener, I found to be a most genial and enlightened

man, and, what is more, an advanced but devout thinker. The delightful intercourse I enjoyed with him for two days would alone have rewarded me for my visit to the dreary and dismal seaside hamlet called the Bluff. Great were my hopes of securing a large audience for my lecture in the chapel. All seats were down to a shilling. The good minister did his best. He took the chair and explained to a handful of expectant souls the rare privilege in store for them. It was deplorable—worse than the evening before—worse than Patea, no—never—well, no matter! There was no lower depth to be reached; but it certainly was an experience and not without its comic aspect, and there was a certain piquancy in the dramatic contrast when I compared the absolute insensibility of the Bluff and the sleepy handful of people, and their supreme indifference to the myriad-minded lecturer, with the excited articles in the Melbourne and Sydney papers, and the crowded audiences to which I was accustomed. One thing I may, perhaps, be allowed to say, as I have noticed that some speakers will not exert themselves for a small audience, that no such audience, however scanty or humble, has ever tempted me to scamp my work. If you don't do your best for the few, you will never attract the many, and it has always seemed to me most mean and ungracious to saddle the apathy or indifference of the absent upon those who have, at least, taken the trouble to come.

All my lectures were delivered without notes, and lasted from two hours to two hours and a half. Smythe had pointed out to me the great use of an interval. The colonial audience goes out, and in vulgar parlance 'liquors up.' The ladies' tongues are loosed.

I could always judge of the way things were going by the roar of excited conversation that broke out the instant I left the stage. I returned to a freshened-up assembly, and generally scored well in the second part, always shorter than the first, for in lectures, as in dramas and sermons, everything must be in crescendo to be properly impressive. Some one has said that we always judge of ourselves by our latest action. Well, an audience always judges you by your last phrases.

As I drew near to the end of my lectures I began to see more distinctly the hundred and one things which were necessary to command success in the colonies, and the same lectures and sermons were very different at the end of my tour from what they were at the beginning.

Success depends upon niceties which can't be explained, but upon those apparent trifles hangs all. I almost entirely abandoned slides, pictures, and any illustrations, save an occasional resort to the violin when lecturing on music. An armchair and a foot-stool served me in some of the Tennysonian recitations, but a tumbler of water and a little table as a rule, and always footlights when I could get them, comprised all my stage appliances.

The greatest compliment I ever received was from the manager of a theatre where I lectured: 'It's a big thing to draw a house and keep 'em close for nigh three hours with a one-man show and a tumbler of water;' whilst the most withering criticism I received rallied me on my insignificant stature, squeaky voice, and execrable fiddling. I think I enjoyed both criticisms about equally.

LXXVII

A MAORI SERVICE.—On June 30, 1895, I was at Wanganui, a flourishing town, built on the banks of the Wanganui River, so famous for its Maori legends and its historic associations. The Maori pah and settlements are all along its banks, and many a Maori canoe flits upon its broad waters, or lies up in the shelter of the brushwood.

I had undertaken to preach in the evening at Christ Church, presided over by the Rev. Mr. McClean, a most earnest and able man—would there were more such in the colonies! In the morning the Rev. Mr. Williams offered to take me over to his Maori mission church. Those who have read Bishop Selwyn's Life know how great a part the name of Williams plays in the early evangelisation of Maori land, and Mr. Williams himself was brought up amongst them, and speaks their language like a native. We drove across the bridge, and on the opposite side of the river came upon a large Maori pah or settlement, and a little wooden church. Close by stood the humble vicarage, with its wild, open, unfenced garden, its 'glebe,' and fine trees, brushwood and vegetables. Half-castes and full-blooded natives were hanging about the church doors, and the little bell was going. It was blowing and drizzling as became a New Zealand June, but along the road the dusky Maoris came trooping, and I could plainly see that the church would be full. As I came out of the vicarage, Mr. Williams said to me, 'The Maoris have heard of you, and will be much disappointed if you do not preach to them.' 'But I do not know their language.' 'If you

speak English many will understand something, but if you like I will interpret. When they knew you were coming they said, "Of course he will preach to us."'

The situation was certainly a novel one, but I felt I had no business to refuse. I had no robes, and was ushered into the altar rails and sat there muffled up in my great coat, of which I had good need. In front of me were natives and half-castes of all ages and both sexes, and a good many fascinating little brown children, all belonging to the Sunday school. One or two pretty Maori girls and some more elderly native students led the singing, and all joined in. The tunes were plaintive, the voices full, rich and pathetic in timbre like those of the Jubilee Singers or of the African choir that visited England some years ago. Mr. Williams assured me that the chants were adapted from native tunes, but they sounded to me very much like most other Negro revival or even Salvationist melodies. An elderly native read the lessons, and Mr. Williams conducted a shortened form of the English Prayer Book service in the Maori tongue. After a hymn I advanced to the altar rails in my great-coat, and Mr. Williams stood outside in his surplice and interpreted. I preached from the words, 'One God and Father of all,' about two sentences at a time, and I spoke for about half an hour. I could see by their faces that they fully understood the drift, which I have no doubt was rendered into Maori as well as it could be, a great many Maori words having, on account of the poverty of the language, to be used for one of ours.

I had seen the day before a poor horse which had slipped over a mud bank into the Wanganui River.

He tried in vain with his front paws to get out, but his hind legs stuck in the mud. He sorely wanted help. Left to himself he must drown. I used this as a simile to show how we got into that slough of despond, sin; and struggle as we might to get out, we could not do so without Divine help. There was no one present to help the poor horse. I was a long way off on the opposite bank; but a Divine Helper was always nigh unto those floundering in the mire of sin who cried aloud for help, &c. I could see the nods of approval, and the smile of intelligence upon a hundred upturned faces, and felt that the words had gone home.

As I passed out I shook hands with many of the native Christians, and thanked my good friend and evangelist of the Maoris for permitting me to assist at so interesting a scene.

It is impossible here, as at Fiji and Honolulu, not to recognise the civilising and humanising influence of devoted, able and wise missionaries like Mr. Williams, who know the language: indeed, I might almost say their teaching is the only civilising and humanising influence there is in those remote lands. I should like to know what would become of such people without missionaries, left to the tender mercies of trade, commerce, and conquest. I am thankful that I went round the world, if only for the new view it has given me of Christian missionaries of all denominations, against whom, I admit, I have always been somewhat prejudiced.

MISSION LAND

LXXVIII

ISLANDS BEAUTIFUL.—When I came upon the first coral islet in the Pacific, a reef sometimes straight, more often semicircular, low lying in the blue waters studded with stately cocoa-nut trees and casual native shanties—what thoughts of bloodshed and outrage rushed into my mind! On just such an islet was Commander Goodenough killed; on such another—Erromango, 1839—was the sainted John Williams slain, whose influence over the natives was so wide-spread and extraordinary; whilst at Nukapo, in 1871, Bishop Patteson received his crown of martyrdom, after sowing the good seed in the Melanesian group, and turning the hearts of thousands of naked savages to the wisdom of the just.

I was not too late to get a glimpse of the earthly Paradise in which these devoted men carried on their work and met their fate. There can be little doubt that except for the purpose of agricultural labour—an occasional overseer, native judge or policeman—the coloured element in all these islands will yield more and more to the white supremacy, and in a few years the villages and the natives of these islands will have lost much of their poetic charm along with their cannibalism. I shall be an old man then if I am still alive, but I shall be able to boast of having seen

cannibals at Fiji, and been offered skulls even at Honolulu.

But the yellow terra-cotta bodies of the swimmers in the Sandwich Islands, and the smooth pale Indian-ink bodies of the convicts—cheerful happy-looking convicts—at Suva, Viti Luvu, in the tropics, I shall not soon forget.

One has to leave Honolulu and Suva—already established centres of the electric wire and the tramcar—and paddle a hundred miles up the delicious rivers or coast round, and land in less frequented bays and cocoa-nut fringed beaches and coral reefs, to see the spears and bows and arrows and clubs, though there are plenty of these still in many of the Pacific islands which have never been yet penetrated, perhaps not even visited. I had no time for that sort of pioneering, nor might I have returned to tell the tale, being entirely unprovided with opaque coloured beads (clear ones are of no use), axes or looking glasses and calico.

With what singular emotions I first set eyes on these islands as I passed from Vancouver to Sydney, pausing only at the Sandwich and the Fiji Islands! How I watched every coral reef as it hove in sight, and explored through the telescope the innumerable islands, some of considerable extent, passing many mere cloud specks on the horizon, whilst almost within stone-throw of others. I seemed to be revisiting familiar scenes. It was as if a dream had suddenly become true; and no wonder, for indeed the connection of the Haweis family with the earliest South Sea mission is of the most interesting and intimate nature.

LXXIX

'HAWEIS' ISLAND.—There is still an islet—one of the Fijian group—which appears on the old maps as 'Haweis Island,' named after my grandfather, Dr. Haweis, Rector of Aldwinckle, now buried in Bath Abbey, where may be read on a marble tablet the following inscription to his memory:

From the Tablet in Bath Abbey

'Near this spot are deposited the remains of the Rev. Thos. Haweis, LL.B. and M.D., fifty-seven years Rector of All Saints, Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, Chaplain and Principal Trustee to the late Countess of Huntingdon, and Founder of the Missionary Society. He died February 11, 1820, aged 87.

'The Southern savage isles he pitying viewed,
And urged the peaceful heralds on their way
Through fruitless years the patient hope pursued,
Till glorious conquests crowned the long delay.

'As good old Simeon, ere his spirit fled,
Surveyed the promised Branch from Jesse's rod,
So Haweis beheld Messiah's kingdom spread,
And then in peace departed home to God.

'As they who glory in heroic fire
Behold the Christian on the bed of death,
Mark with what triumph holy men expire
And catch the rapture of their parting breath,

'With smiles he whispered on the verge of flight,
"I go to glory; death hath lost its sting;
I view the prospect all before me bright;"
Then blest his friends, and took immortal wing.'

The ship 'Duff,' fitted out by my grandfather's exertions, was the first purely missionary ship which ever sailed the seas; it was sent to Tahiti. The 'Haweis' was the first missionary ship ever built by a converted heathen potentate—King Pomare II. (See Pomare's letter, p. 276.)

That I should have been privileged to visit the scenes of those adventurous exploits, which have now passed into history, the very romance of missionary history, and to sail on the track of the 'Duff' and the 'Haweis'—missionary vessels—is certainly one of the most exciting experiences of my life, hardly to me less stirring (though a somewhat milder and less perilous form of enjoyment) than the last great Garibaldian campaign at Naples and the siege of Capua, at which it was my good fortune to be present.

At the risk of being thought discursive, I shall introduce into this volume a section dealing with what I may call the Romance of Religion, or Mission Land, on the strength of my family connection with the movement, which may perhaps balance my *couleur de rose* dissertation in vol. i. on Mormon Land, introduced on the strength of my visit to Salt Lake City, and my personal acquaintance with the Prophet and the Twelve Apostles.

Forewarned—forearmed, and any readers who like to skip in these volumes all that is historical rather than autobiographical are at liberty to do so.

LXXX

APPEAL TO THE BISHOPS.—In 1771–82 Captain Cook published his celebrated 'Voyages,' in which he gives a wonderful but quite truthful description of

the beauties of the South Sea Islands and the charm of their natives. The Evangelical movement of Wesley and Whitfield was then at its zenith—still in that living stage of unorthodoxy which seems invariably to provide the only atmosphere and soil in which the seeds of a religious revival can flourish. The Low Church Evangelists of the period were sighing for new worlds to conquer, when the pagan paradise of the South Sea Islands burst upon their astonished view.

The Rev. Dr. Haweis, Rector of Aldwinckle, chaplain and afterwards chief executor and trustee of the famous Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, read Cook's 'Voyages' with absorbed interest. Friend of Romaine, Simeon, Hannah More, Rowland Hill, Wilberforce, Hardcastle, and hosts of others devoted to the new heterodox Evangelical school, the idea laid hold of Dr. Haweis to send the Gospel far across the sea to these heathen islanders, 'where all save the spirit of man' seemed Divine. It became the ruling passion of his life. Five years before the Baptist Missionary Society was founded, Dr. Haweis had tried to get the Bishop of London to ordain two of Lady Huntingdon's Welsh College students for this work. In vain—the Bishop scented in this new religious ardour something dangerous to the repose (shall I say slumber?) of the Episcopal Church, and made the plea of a non-university education an excuse for refusing Episcopal ordination to the Countess's nominees.

My grandfather then wrote the following very earnest appeal to the Bishop to try and obtain the prestige of his name on the subscription list of the new missionary enterprise. This is his letter:

Letter from Dr. Haweis to the Bishop of London,
Dr. Peters (unpublished), 1798

'MY LORD,—Your known candour, benevolence, and zeal for Christianity are the only apology I can make for the liberty I am taking. Your Lordship has heard the cries of misery, ignorance, and death from the isles of the Southern Ocean, and is not unacquainted with the feeble efforts of our Missionary Society to relieve them. A personal favour I dared not ask—interests infinitely dearer prompt me to speak.

'Your Lordship's name would be a tower of strength to our institution. The general object, I am sure, you approve, and were you acquainted with all the means which have been employed, they would, I am persuaded, also meet your approbation. No creature knows the application I am making unless from your Lordship.

'I have humbly to crave your Lordship's pardon for my presumptuous boldness, if I have said or done anything amiss.

'Assuring your Lordship of my unfeigned respect as your son and servant in the Gospel,

'THOMAS HAWEIS.'

Here is the Bishop's characteristic reply, which betrays the usual Episcopal weakness of attempting to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare, but anyhow to keep safe :

Letter from the Bishop of London
to the Rev. Dr. Haweis (unpublished)

'REVEREND SIR,—You do me justice, I notice, in believing that I wish well to the pious and benevolent

efforts of your Society in the Southern Ocean. But my good wishes and my prayers are all that I can give them. I cannot at present extend my charitable subscriptions to any new objects.

'I am, Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

'B. LONDON.

'St. James's Square: May 1, 1798.'

It being almost impossible for these good men to believe that the Bishops were so utterly insensible to the salvation of the heathen as to refuse their support to men who were after all in communion with the English Church, and many of them ordained clergymen, the Archbishop was approached some years later, and the following side light contained in a letter from Hannah More (unpublished) conveys very fairly the usual Archiepiscopal attitude.

Letter from Hannah More (unpublished)

'1811.

'REVEREND SIR,—I inclose a letter from Mr. Horne. I thought it might gratify you to read Mr. Horne's to me, but I would wish no notice taken of this last till we see the result of his visit to Lambeth. I, who am not sanguine about success (and Mr. Sharpe is so), am too apt to suspect these promising appearances. I therefore think it right to be quite silent on this head.

'I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

'H. MORE.

[*Hannah More.*]

'Great Pulteney Street, Wednesday.'

The difficulty of getting university men to take holy orders with a view to missionary work enabled

the Bishops very conveniently to obstruct on a technical point of order the South Sea missioners, whose leaders they distrusted not unnaturally as belonging to the Evangelical party, which at that time was thought dangerous to the decorousness as well as to the doctrine of the Established Church. Simeon was consulted about getting some young men through Cambridge. I find the following letter of his upon the subject:

Letter from Simeon to Dr. Haweis (unpublishea)

'REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—On Monday the 1st of August it will give me great pleasure to wait upon you, and to meet as many of my brethren as the Lord shall send. With respect to Mr. Jones's son, I apprehended Trinity Hall would not be a proper place for him, unless he is intended for the law. St. John's College, I believe, will afford the greatest advantages for a sizar; but Magdalen College for a Christian. If Mr. Jones's son be truly alive to God, there will be no great difficulty in procuring a proper support for him at College: if he be not, St. John's College will perhaps be the best and cheapest for him. Should you or any other friend think it worth while to make an annual subscription for him during his stay at College, I shall be happy to throw in my mite.

'I am, with most affectionate respects to Mrs. Haweis [my grandmother] and with most earnest wishes for your increasing usefulness,

'Yours in the best of bonds,

'C. SIMEON.

'July 6, 1791.

'P.S.—Mr. Ramsden will be in Yorkshire; and

Mr. Venn, having lately experienced two paralytic affections, will scarcely venture so far.'

Here is a letter from the celebrated preacher Romaine (unpublished) confirming the worst doubts about the Bishop of London's sincerity and staunchness:

Letter from W. Romaine to Dr. Haweis

'May 20, 1791.

'DEAR SIR,—You mention your being in town June 1. I believe everything will be ready by that time for the voyage of your missionaries. Their passage is obtained. What I was doubtful of is now certain, and what I was certain of is now doubtful. *The Bishop of London has refused to ordain them*; but Mr. Wilberforce will try him again. I have had a great deal of fatigue in attending on great men, but I repent not. When you come, there will be enough left for you to do in order to equip them for such a long voyage, and to release me from every other concern about it, except prayer, which I am daily offering up for God's blessing upon the work, according to the full meaning of the prophecy in Psalm 113. Mrs. R. and I send our love to Mrs. Haweis.

'Pray for

'W. ROMAINE.

'N.B.—I was reminded to-day of working men and trying ores—what you can do in that way in so short a time, try.'

LXXXI

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE AND LORD CHATHAM.—Whilst these godly men were thus scheming, and whilst cold water was being thrown by the heads of the Church upon the new movement, I find the statesmen of the day more sympathetic.

Letter from William Wilberforce to Dr. Haweis (unpublished)

'DEAR SIR,—I have this instant finished two letters, one to Lord Chatham and the other to Mr. Stephens, which I trust will remove every difficulty respecting the Admiralty orders; the latter I inclose to you, and it will be best for you to hasten to the Admiralty and deliver it in person, requesting an interview with Mr. Stephens, whom I have prepaid [? prepared] to expect and desired to see you. I am sorry you have had so much anxiety, though as to what regarded the ordination of the two missionaries [i.e. the Bishop's refusal to ordain non-University men for Tahiti mission work], *as I had originally no hopes*, I have sustained no disappointment. I am greatly pressed for time; I must therefore in the utmost haste subscribe myself

'Dear Sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

'W. WILBERFORCE.

'Bath: June 15, 1791.'

William Wilberforce's continued interest in the mission preparations is evidenced by the following note two years later, interesting from an allusion to his waning eyesight:

Letter from William Wilberforce to Dr. Haweis (unpublished)

'Near Bath: June 20, 1793.

'DEAR SIR,—I am not a little concerned that your two young men's courage failed them when it came to the point. Lord Chatham, however, after mentioning this circumstance, adds that if the smith and carpenter persevere in their intention they shall be properly accommodated. I think it right to send you this intelligence, though I fear no good use can be made of it.

'I am, dear Sir,

'Your most obedient, humble servant,

'W. WILBERFORCE (*signed*).

'P.S. On account of the weakness of my eyes, I write to you by another hand.

'The Rev. Mr. Haweis.'

The opposition of the Bishops to the Evangelical movement, together with their half-hearted recognition of the South Sea missioners, was the beginning of the Countess of Huntingdon's quarrel with Episcopacy. My grandfather, Dr. Haweis, the Countess's factotum, remained Episcopalian to the day of his death, and died Rector of Aldwinckle; at the same time he managed not only the Countess's charities, but her chaplains at Bath as well. The Lady Huntingdon Connexion, as is well known, is now extra-Episcopal. The Church lost it as it lost the Wesleyans; Wesley, like Dr. Haweis, remaining a clergyman of the Church of England to the end.

My father, the late Rector of Slaugham, Sussex,

Prebendary of Heathfield and Canon of Chichester, has often related to me the incidents which brought the Lady Huntingdon schism to a head, as follows:

LXXXII

LADY HUNTINGDON'S CHAPLAINS.—The Countess appears to have set up her clergymen in chapels at Bath, and in Wales, where she kept up a ministers' college, until a regular red-hot propaganda of Evangelicism (since become old-fashioned Low Church orthodoxy) was found blazing under the very nose of the Bishop of the diocese. When any complaint was made, her Ladyship merely remarked, she had a right to the ministrations of her private chaplains whose chapels she attended alternately, in addition to the special ministrations of her Head Chaplain, Dr. Haweis, Rector of Aldwinckle.

The Bishop said that was all very well, but he considered four private chaplains quite as many as any lady, however high in rank, ought to require, and that if she set up any more clergy in any more chapels they should not hold his licence, and so would become extra-Episcopal. The Countess replied that she did not care for the Bishop, and intended to have the Word of God preached in the right way by as many chaplains as she chose to afford; in this way the Lady Huntingdon sect became extra-Episcopal, and lost such shining lights as Joseph Sortain of Brighton, whom Thackeray declared to be the most eloquent preacher he had ever heard in his life. Alas! 'tis only one of many self-inflicted wounds which the National Church has been dealing herself ever since the Reformation. Like Jerusalem of old,

she never seems to know the time of her visitation. It is matter of history how the London Missionary Society soon became and remains chiefly extra-Episcopal, although founded really by my grandfather, Dr. Haweis. Dr. Burder, who drew up the address at the famous Baker's Coffee House meeting in 1794, in which the London Missionary Society was first constituted, uses these clear words in a private letter in my possession (unpublished), found amongst my grandfather's papers:

'I cannot but congratulate you, dear sir, on having lived to see the desires of your heart gratified by the success of that mission of which *doubtless you are the father.* I believe your utmost expectations are exceeded,' &c.

I lay great stress upon this, as there has been a strong tendency during the recent centenary celebrations to hand over all the glory of the movement to the Nonconformists, who were doubtless very zealous, but not one of whom originally exercised anything like the influence willingly attributed by the Dissenting clergy of the period to Dr. Haweis. I have piles—indeed, whole volumes—of missionary journals, letters, and all the Countess of Huntingdon's correspondence (unpublished) bearing upon this subject, which enables me to speak with full authority and to the point. I wish also to emphasise Dr. Haweis's earnest desire that the Lady Huntingdon's chaplains should not cause a schism; a matter about which her Ladyship, in his opinion, was not sufficiently keen. The following letter from the Countess, and my grandfather's able rejoinder, betray the grumbling of the storm which was destined to burst in its fullness only after my grandfather's death. In his reply to the

Countess, Dr. Haweis, it will be noticed, threatens to sever his connection with the Huntingdon movement rather than countenance a new schism.

Letter from Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, to Dr. Haweis (unpublished)

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been long in thanking you for your truly kind and faithful letter. Many miserable and painful events do daily surround me, and which (were it not for [?]) nothing but a confidence stronger than all visible help must sink a poor weary mariner under the waves of such storms as on all hands attack me. Yet, blessed be God, I faint not; each day has its strength; and I do greatly rejoice to hear you will so soon be at Bath. As soon as you arrive there, I shall send Phillips over to you, and in conjunction with your plan Mr. Shirley and others will warmly adhere. A few hints of my views on the subject may seem best for your consideration. The amazing fatigues (though not half enough for my heart), albeit the natural strength is daily growing less, and the variety of cruel and ill usage now on all sides being so severe, I believe our gracious Lord will find out a way to make my evil days less incumbered. [The Countess's inability to write grammatically—a peculiarity which she shares with so many ladies of exalted rank—makes the editing of her ladyship's letters difficult.] Your proposal seems the road, and instead of the many unfaithful I have been daily caring for, I think it will support ten clergy at 50*l.* a year each, travelling charges found them, and supported freely at all the places they labour at; that with helpers to pay will make near 800*l.* a year; and

some of these faithful and simple students that may, I hope, stay with me to our work, may make it up near one thousand.

'I bless the Lord, I am clear and some little matter —very little matter—over. 200*l.* a year in this place for my own expenses I think may do, and leave some little to give out of it; this with the two helpers like your faithful selves will carry the work through. The Welsh clergy, who preach in English, I can chiefly depend upon, and above twenty young men who preach well in double orders, and many preaching in both languages is much to the point. 30*l.* a year will be a great support, and some very lively blessed men there may be to help. And now, my kind friends, in order to bring this the more speedily about, the association of all my friends to aid your plan will meet in February, when I with you, Mr. Shirley, Mr. Wills, Mr. Glascot and any others you think of that you could appoint, and all expenses I would gladly bear, a settled solid plan might be established. I will write to Mr. Exon and perhaps Nott, or any you could think of besides. I shall avoid the person you name, which will equally oblige others. Without some such beginning nothing can be brought solidly to bear; and the art and craft, knavery &c. now on foot is beyond all expression. Three chapels are delivered up in Wales to me for the like purpose, and there burns a spirit active, lively and kindhearted as yours to stand the first setting off. Our clergy has a great opinion of you. Phillips, who has gone to the association, will bring all particulars to Bath, and I am going to send for an able and old friend that is a clergyman to pave the way for this meeting. Mr. Wills agrees to settle at Brighton in March, but I have desired him in Wales, for the

excessive demands of the English clergy and many dead and lifeless makes great—very great—difficulties that yourself, Mr. Shirley, Wills and Venn and Glascot would rule the young ones, and with you five our two Welshmen Jones and yourself and Rowlands would settle with a stroke all the work, and keeping three or four of the men of the old faithful students for the barns and others of the clergy as itinerants all would be well. On my hearing from this wise and excellent man, I will inform you; five friends at a distance come to nothing, but personal engagements will bind in love and honour for the cause. Above 750 dissenters have arose to turn out the clergy if possible at Norwich. You must believe that, and well supported, and perhaps my property then by this time may be pulled down about my ears; and how this will end I know not. I was obliged to shut up the chapel these dissenters joined. The unkind mob try to have all in their own way, and this is doing in all the places I have any property in, not to attempt to preach to the wicked, but I am to give all into their hand. R. H. [Rowland Hill]—shall I say the worst of men?—by fraud has got two places in Wales, and served at divers seven or eight years fairly; may the Lord pity and forgive him when life is over. For the dissenters, all I could wish is that this chapel may be served by a rotation of ministers agreed upon; that, as I do not stir out, this would be my only wish for myself; and that R. H. [Rowland Hill] might not be admitted to have any part, lot or service in this during my life. Could this be managed by all after my death, I wish to spend my life in and for the services of the Gospel so as that naked I came into the world, would I go out,

having nothing yet possessing all things. My present views of comfort are only thus to become the whole burnt offering of Jesus Christ. May the Lord enable you to set about this, and dispense the wise and righteous though simple and humble spirit by which only in the Lord's hands all is well and acceptable. I have so horrible a cold and am so ill, I can hardly hold up to write, but at all times, ever and ever yours truly affectionate friend and devoted servant,

'S. H.' [*Countess of Huntingdon*]

The Countess's opinion of Rowland Hill as the worst of men, because he was as zealous in getting hold of chapels as she was, is instructive and somewhat entertaining; the dear old lady, like many others, seemed unable to see anything good outside her own 'ism.' Orthodoxy is ever *my* 'doxy,' and any other is '*hetero*doxy,' as the word implies. Dr. Haweis's opinion of Rowland Hill was less severe. I find the following allusion in one of his letters addressed to his wife:

'Heard Rowland Hill last evening—a most excellent sermon—such as James (his brother) says he never heard before, or expected he could preach.'

The following letter and subsequent fragment prove conclusively Dr. Haweis's own strong feeling about dissent *quâ* dissent, and show how nearly he came to a rupture with the Huntingdonians on the subject.

From Dr. Haweis to the Countess of Huntingdon
(*unpublished*)

'MADAM,—Your Ladyship's last letter has afforded much matter of real concern, though I must

own a great part of the confusions in view I have long foreseen. Your Ladyship is too well acquainted with the spirit of independence native to the human bosom not to know that when the spirit of grace and truth is not powerfully experienced to mortify its baneful influence it must break forth. And your Ladyship also knows the abominable pride of establishing new sects, at the head of which vanity would place the vehement, and if not the designing, the enthusiast. I cannot, indeed, think that the matter will amount to anything. The process I have in view is this: those who are ordained will try to be the head of a new independent subdivision. Those of your Ladyship's students who are most able will be the first to be courted by them into the Connexion. And I am afraid the prospect of independence and settlement in something on their own bottom will be ready to induce them to join in it. For all who can collect a congregation of their own will be flattered with being the Rev. Mr. —— ; and as time and knowledge ripen those who are rising, I fear your Ladyship will meet with endless vexation. I am sorry to find in a hint in Jones's last letter to me that if he cannot get orders in the Church, he shall turn his views to the Dissenters. They will not be sorry, as your Ladyship imagines, for anything that tends to spread the spirit of party. If I know anything of them—and I conceal nothing I feel from your Ladyship—they have more an eye on your Ladyship's work than you may imagine, *and always hope to reap the fruits of it.* [This was quite prophetic: the Lady Huntingdon sect now is extra-Episcopal.] However much the old Presbyterian (warm only when party is at stake) may appear to disapprove this new-

fangled mode of itinerant ordination, and the Independents be unable to defend it, it is impossible but the result must be the settling so many Independent congregations in the issue, and thereby increasing what they call the Independent interest. As to our Church rulers, so far from being alarmed or affected, I fear it would only be an occasion of triumphant contempt. These endless divisions serve only to expose and weaken exceedingly the real cause of God and truth among us, if I judge right, and to put further difficulties in that path which seemed increasingly to brighten. *In the Church of England* the great work hath of late years been carried on; almost all the lively Christians have been of late in her communion; to these God hath eminently given His blessing both in raising up ministers and giving singular success. In that line your Ladyship hath been eminently blest—your privileges opening a door of utterance and usefulness such as has been most singularly useful. Oh that it might be enlarged; and therefore *in the Church* I think the present work promises to be carried on with success. The enemy of souls transformed into an angel of light is seeking to turn away the hearts of many by raising up *divisions* to give a handle to our enemies they will be glad to take, and to discourage the advances of those who with a favourable eye looked up to us and seemed ready to cast in their lot with us. I wish I could show your Ladyship all my heart on this subject. I am sure I have but one object—that the name of the Lord Jesus may be glorified. My poor judgment convinces me, amongst all our ill usage from those who have power in the Church, that our *faithful adherence to her ordinances* will be the most powerful means of promoting that

great end. I am sure that so doing we shall stand more eminently in their view to condemn or convince them and the world around us.

'Then, also, with regard to your Ladyship. God has placed you on an eminence, and whatever leads you one step from it, just so far seems to diminish your Ladyship's importance and usefulness. I have spoken a little of what I feel. I can only add, my life, my substance, my health, my evil report or good report in this line, shall be cheerfully offered in your Ladyship's service. If you saw last Sunday's congregation, it would have been some comment on this text; and though the insupportable heat is still felt in this wretched tabernacle, yet to be so spent is the honour we aspire to, and owe to you the means, whilst every hearer feels, I hope, the obligation. I wish—I dare not conceal it—I wish your Ladyship's house, your own honoured abode, and yourself the present governess, the most unfeigned regard with the most respectful deference and hope you will ever find filling the bosoms of

'T. AND J. [*his brother James*] HAWEIS.'

After a letter from the Countess in which she proposes to admit on her managing committee a preponderant number of Dissenters, who were to raise a joint penny fund, thus colouring her 'Connexion' with Nonconformists, Dr. Haweis writes:

'It would be impossible that one person can give another more unequivocal evidence of my great desire to serve you, and promote under you the cause of our Lord. . . . If you *will* raise such a fund for the management, *leave me out.* I desire no authority but the ability to serve with those *I can be sure of*;

but if your Ladyship is fixed in the disposition of this place to the committee (lay) in London, love me, bless me, and *dismiss* me, &c.'

The Countess of Huntingdon did not see the dangers which were with quite prophetic insight pointed out by her chief adviser. She only cared for the 'Gospel,' and was prepared to treat bishops and Dissenters with equal indifference, or use one or the other just when they suited her, and no longer.

But though the Countess snapped her fingers at most Dissenters as well as at Episcopal authority, she had, perhaps out of reverence and affection for my grandfather, a keen preference for the Episcopal clergy. She entertained all denominations at her house; but when the Episcopal ministers breakfasted with her, everything was of the best, and indeed luxurious; when the Dissenters came, everything was wholesome and good and sufficient, but no superfluity or luxury. My father related to me an amusing anecdote in point. At one of the Countess's celebrated religious breakfasts, where a large number of Nonconforming ministers were being entertained with the wholesome but not superfluous fare, the youngest of the party was invited to say grace. On these occasions grace was an elaborate function, consisting of a hymn, in which all joined, and a long extemporary prayer to follow. The young pastor was very nervous, being entertained for the first time by the great lady, and, after cudgelling his brains for an appropriate hymn, looked down on the table and then timorously surveying the company, lifted up his voice thus:

'Oh what a barren land is this,
And void of all content!'

My father, who told me the story, did not say whether her Ladyship took the hint, but no doubt the clergy intoned the hymn with a will.

I may as well here insert some of the Countess's unpublished letters, which reveal, I think, the very earnest and lovable character of a person certainly eminent in her day, and one who has made church history in our own, though, I must add, one not free from the narrowness of the age, nor entirely above the party spirit which she so often condemned in others. All three letters abound in tributes to Dr. Haweis's zeal and power, and bear witness to the Countess's great respect and affection for him, which is especially displayed in the following warm-hearted epistle.

From the Countess of Huntingdon to Dr. Haweis
(unpublished)

'May 22nd, 1766.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—You never gave such a cordial as your letter brought me, first, that you was well, and next that you wished to be with me. It is a hard day of trial with me, no life in the present ministry, and so many that I loved joining in bitterness from me, and saying if any one woman went to hell I must for not approving greater wildness than Bill openly uttered. Still I look upon something in the wild that will be good, and I do hope as you—I am sure you love me—that you will contrive to spend some time with me. Lord Hill spends the month of July with me, and then if your dear brother could have his places supplied and be with us how happy should we be in the work together. This I think, but the Lord knows best how to direct; but before you set out do see Mr. Whitfield and strive with some one for

Bath. If Mr. Maclean was to go to Bath, Mr. Shirley might come for a week here before that, and on his return then Mr. Maclean could be at [*illegible*]. I find the fine people flock without end to the chapel, and many have been sent away having no room under the blessed direction of your brother. I live in the wild this summer, engrossed by our service, and all things I am sure will be ordered, and will be sure if Mr. Maclean when you can get him will come, but as not one fine preacher is yet come, my poor head is looking out for help by his means. It must be arranged that they are not all here together but dispersed. Can I get some one for Pewsey? Do think, that some opening here to proceed may be made before you leave London. —— is the only one I can think of, and I do think he might get help without sending anyone down. Davis must beat the bush for your dear brother. In the wild here is my heart revived. I bless and praise the Lord that your recovery was His gift to me. This I am sure of. Dear Miss Charlotte will be surprised with my letter, but indeed you are so affectionately near my heart that I felt quite distressed about you. I am wretched by sorrow with you, so that the Man of Sorrows' heart we unite in. Take care of yourself, my dear creature, and give my love and tell him I wonder Sir Harry never writes to me to let me know how he does. The knives do bring with you. I shall write for Monday with pleasure when I shall hope for you. Mr. William leaves me that day. Love to your sister Mrs. H. and yourselves and others. My dear friend, with a heart full of love and gratitude,

'For ever yours,

'S. H.'

[*Countess of Huntingdon*].

The following letter bears witness to my grandfather's great powers as a preacher; it also bears the strongest marks of the Countess's interesting and devoutly religious personality. To me I confess it is infinitely pathetic to read the ardent religious watchwords, mannerisms which have since degenerated into the thinnest religious cant, but which in those early days of the great Evangelical movement were warm as with the very life blood of hearts glowing with Divine fervour.

From the Countess of Huntingdon to Mrs. Haweis, Wife of Dr. Thomas Haweis (unpublished)

'1774.

'MY DEAR MADAM,—I have been in pain lest a letter I wrote to you soon after my arrival here has not reached you; it was full of thanks to you and dear Mr. Haweis. Bath sends fresh accounts of the great and constant help his ministry is to many; may the Lord abundantly bless him. Our poor grateful prayers follow you day and night; indeed, if I could speak the all of my heart you would not think it a wanting one to you both. I am so comforted by the happy instrument dear Mr. Haweis is made. It would amuse you to see the letters from the places (not from the students). What a sudden spread seems everywhere! The Lord awaketh the ear to hear; may He grant the understanding heart also. Should you not have received my letter, what a monster ought I to appear to you and Mr. Haweis. I have this morning received such a piece of news that I can hardly yet believe true, though it will prove so much to my cost soon that it is so. The Brighton Chapel is pulled down in order to build it larger; by this means our summer

services are at an end, and this without a single idea of mine being concerned in it. I wished a blessing and that thousands of souls might be visited by dear Mr. Haweis' ministry there. Soon he will remember Tunbridge Wells. I have given some hopes of him there. I hope to have a line to hear how you both do if you leave Bath, and how much further kindness you mean to show me. Don't think this unreasonable while we serve the same gracious Master, whose honour is our only aim. I am now fitting out several able students to sound a general and universal alarm over England in the fields and cities where the Gospel has not yet been sounded. I daily see how weak is man and how universal are the leadings of God, and also the lively and inspired spirit of many, and that of the most good and sensible. In this college one young man has in one place a thousand constant hearers, and much (with the Lord's blessing) this summer harvest will bring to Christ's garner. O pray for me that all I am may be the Lord's, so that we are altogether His for time as well as His for all eternity—this is the invariable cry of your poor unworthy friend. Christian love to dear Mr. Haweis with more thanks than I can express. I beg nothing may be mentioned at Bath of this affair in Sussex.

'I ever am, dear madam,
'Your obliged and very affectionate
'friend and servant,
'S. HUNTINGDON.

'College: May 1, 1774.

'My letter to you was inclosed to Mr. Lloyd Brand with one to Mrs. Greenfield. I am in great pain. Say all that is kind to any that ask after me.'

The following letter to a very dear friend breathes the same intensely devotional spirit:

The Countess of Huntingdon to Lady Ann Erskine

'December 5, 1768.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter made me very happy. Dr. Caleb has been with me, and you will suppose what great joy it was. He would not preach, but we had much Spirit. He is beginning to be tired. I am glad of this, that he feels the burden now so strong of dead and sleepy spirits. Oh, the days of trial are blessed days; you have had many, but I have not been spared. I feel so grateful to you, and this great tribulation must be past through to scrub our robes white! Do come to Bath, my dear friend; I shall have a bed by Wednesday maybe that will be comfortable for you to help me to draw water and bear burdens; we shall get to the blessed work within the temple. This is all rough work sent you.

'Mr. Edwin goes about abusing me highly, but I don't dislike it. Andrews cannot stand for one moment behind the eagle. I do believe the people would all go out.

'My love to dear Mrs.——. I am quite troubled she is so ill—how is her heart? Dr. Caleb will be here Monday, if he does not hear from me; but I believe Mr. Whitfield will make Nevil stay one week or even longer. I approve Mrs.——'s kindness to you. The Lord will take care of you. A voyage to America would cure you. This year is to be a wonderful year; many great things are to happen by all that have written upon the lines, and I hope something will bring us all close to the Lord. All is lost moments that are not burning with trial and care for Him. I am such a

drone that I groan over myself with misery—but O! He can work the dead heart warm—and don't get one bit of impulse. Your strength is growing. O may He bless us in following Him through fire and water, there is such solid delight in real faithfulness to Him. When all things shall be fulfilled, His soldiers will stand clothed then well as conquerors, and to them will fall many spoils obtained in our struggle. Dear Lady Ann, in all love to you in violent haste,

'I am ever your affectionate and devoted friend,

'S. H.' [*Countess of Huntingdon.*]

LXXXIII

November 4, 1794.—Some years after my grandfather's efforts to get the Bishop to ordain clergy for the mission work beyond the seas, a band of devoted men—chiefly Nonconforming—met at Baker's Coffee House. They held that the work was one which should know no distinction of sect or party. Wesleyans, Moravians, Episcopalians—all, it was thought, might unite in an effort to send the Gospel to the heathen. Among the leaders were Rev. David Bogue, Matthew Wilks, John Eyre, George Burder, John Cover, Dr. Haweis. The London Missionary Society (to be followed by the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society) was then founded; Joseph Hardcastle, a prominent merchant, the friend of Wilberforce, acting as treasurer. At a great meeting it was resolved to send a mission to the heathen. The religious enthusiasm was so great that the speakers shed tears of joy, and many in the audience also wept.

Next day at the chapel in Spa Fields, Northampton Square, Dr. Haweis preached to an immense concourse;

and some days after, at Surrey Chapel, at the close of a great sermon by Rowland Hill, my grandfather rose and unfolded to the assembled ministers in conference the many reasons which seemed to point to the South Sea Islands, and especially Tahiti, as the scene of the first mission. Another great meeting took place in the Tottenham Court Road Tabernacle soon after, at which Dr. Bogue preached appropriately enough on the funeral of bigotry. 'May she be buried so deep,' he exclaimed, 'that not a particle of her dust may ever be thrown up on the face of the earth.' So truly catholic was the movement that Episcopalians appeared, apparently without Episcopal rebuke, in Nonconformist pulpits; the Rev. Thomas Pentycross, Vicar of St. Mary's, Wallingford, preaching for the cause at Surrey Chapel, while the Rector of Aldwinckle again occupied Spa Fields Chapel.

The selection and equipment of missionaries followed. My grandfather subscribed 500*l.* from his private purse, the Countess of Huntingdon was liberal, and the rest of the money for the outfit of the ship 'Duff' was collected chiefly through the persuasive tongue of Dr. Haweis. I remember my father telling me how, when an anchor was still required, his father visited a rich, flinty-hearted merchant, who was not only opposed to all missions, but had never been known to contribute a farthing to any charitable undertaking. After a colloquy with him, in which Dr. Haweis descanted upon the needs of the South Sea Missions, the Crœsus suddenly kindled, and inquired what was wanted. 'An anchor for the ship,' said my grandfather, and there and then the merchant wrote out a cheque, and wished the mission God-speed.

Here is a letter from Dr. Haweis showing how completely he was wrapt up in the detail of the missionary work, and with what minute care and forethought he superintended the equipment and suitable manning of the ship 'Duff;' it is dated August 1796, just 100 years ago.

Letter from Dr. Haweis to the Countess oj Huntingdon relating to the ship 'Duff'

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I promised Captain Wilson I would write you, but I am too late, and we are so hurried I can scarce eat or sleep; but the labour, I hope, will be soon over.

'On Tuesday morning we arrived, immediately after which I was despatched to Southampton by the hoy to consult our precious friend Taylor, and get what we wanted from him, whose bounty to us is boundless.

'We have blocks in superabundance, and he has added cannon since; six-pounders are required, which are far too heavy for our size, and much less capable of making defence than the guns we have. I think if the India Company knew how much better we are armed than they command, they would prefer it far; and still, though we have prepared to obey, Captain Wilson is sure if they had realised the size of the six-pounders on our deck they would greatly have preferred those we have, and still he wishes to retain them if Mr. Duncan can do it, else we shall land them here. To-day I have been with the Admiral, and at his direction on board the "Adamant," which is waiting for a few ships from the Downs to go southward as far as Lisbon, perhaps the Straits of Gibraltar,

and will take us with him. This leaves us every moment in expectation of the warning gun to weigh anchor, and perhaps before we can get the guns from Southampton, but every effort shall be made not to lose the convoy. I preached for Mr. Kissbury, and last night for Mr. Griffin, amidst all the turmoil. We find we have still forgotten something, but our friends here are liberal (not at Gosport), and we shall receive most of our supplies from hence and Southampton. I have hardly time to tell you how sick I have been on the voyage, but take pleasure in infirmities for Christ's sake. Both my shins are broken against some steps, and my head as giddy as a whirligig; but I am at last sea-proof, and went to-day five miles in a cockleshell over a vast swell to call on the captain of the "Adamant," and was not the least sick.

'Hadden's wife fails and quits us with her husband. Had my advice been followed she would not have come. However, there is no harm done; all are alive to God and active to pursue their destination. Some expense will be incurred here, but I hope not considerable. I am rejoiced we came. Whether Mr. Wilks and Mr. Brooksbanks have been on board, I am unable to tell you. The missionaries being unknown to each other needed regulation.

'Brother Eyre has joined us, and is, as you know, one in all union; he went with me to Southampton. The more we know the missionaries the better we like them, and that is saying much in their favour.

'Remember me most affectionately to all our brethren, and if you have any commands hasten to tend them. I wish the Directors to know how we go on; and if they please to give any further orders we shall endeavour to execute them.

'Captain Wilson is in high spirits, and nothing can be more promising than appearances. Mr. Bogue has left Gosport for a month, so we have not his support in an eleemosynary way.

'I have met with two officers who have been in the South Seas; both give us every confident assurance that we shall be welcome, and our wives and children particularly acceptable. It draws to midnight, and my miserable memory, I have no doubt, has dropt many things I ought to have said, but that you must forgive me. Remember me cordially to Mr. Rainer.

'Yours affectionately,

'T. HAWEIS.

'August 18, 1796.'

How much the enterprise owed to the same inspired heart and persuasive tongue, the records of the London Missionary Society bear ample witness. Such enthusiasm, combined with the new unorthodox Evangelicalism, provoked considerable opposition, and the rector of one country parish in which my grandfather preached ordered the church to be whitewashed before service was again held there, to disinfect the walls of the pestilent contagion of Low Church doctrine. The Rector of Aldwinckle in his best days invariably drew crowds, though my father said that in his later years his facility was so great that he habitually went into the pulpit without any preparation, and became too diffuse.

'Doctor,' said a little girl who had been taken to hear him, as she climbed on the old man's knee, 'why do all the people pay such attention when you hold up your finger so?' and she imitated him. The gesture referred to seems to have been characteristic,

as it is reproduced in most of the contemporary engravings. I do not suppose Dr. Haweis could have answered the child's question. It is like explaining 'What is magnetism?' Certain it is that my grandfather had it in an extraordinary degree.

LXXXIV

IT is just a hundred years ago since this great burst of missionary enterprise broke up the stagnation of the Church of England, and called the attention of the country to our duties towards the heathen.

It can hardly be thought out of place, as I am in possession of special documents, for me to have tried, as a preface to the South Sea Mission episode, to revive the atmosphere which made the whole movement possible, and I could hardly hope to do this more effectually than by reproducing some of the letters of the originators of the mission, and thus conveying a living and first-hand impression of what manner of people they really were.

Missions are on their trial. Since the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, 1893, in which the actual religions of many so-called heathen countries were explained to the general public, missionary subscriptions have fallen off.

The reaction has set in. The presumptuous ignorance and blunders of missionaries who went out, often backed by the police, to teach a narrow form of Christianity, whilst utterly ignorant of the advanced and philosophic systems of religious thought they proposed to supersede—the fiascos, the massacres in China and elsewhere, the general mischief done, the waste of money, the inadequate and often falla-

cious apparent results—all this it is now the fashion to dwell upon almost to the exclusion of the brighter, saner side of true missionary work. It is the swing of the pendulum. Missions have been overrated—*now* they are underrated. It is time to point out that there are missions and missions.

The absurd missions to the Jews, the injudicious methods adopted in approaching the Chinese and Hindus, are quite on a different footing from missions sent to islands lacking the rudiments of civilisation—decency and humanity. The chasm between the Buddhist dreamer, the Jewish student of the Talmud, the Mahometan votary of the Koran, the disciple of Confucius or Mengtzu, and the naked cannibal who delights in 'long pork,' is immense; but the good missionary seems to think that everyone not a Christian is as good or as bad as a heathen savage, and the mistake has often proved fatal—to the missionary.

All sane missions to the heathen must conform to three simple conditions. The missionary must civilise—teach arts and crafts and humanities. He must discover and rescue any elements of truth and goodness in the religion he proposes to supersede, instead of knowing little about it and caring less. He must adapt his message to the capacities, needs, and, above all, the climate of his savage.

He must persuade, not threaten or coerce, for to carry the Bible at the point of the bayonet is to degrade religion and manufacture hypocrites. Of course it is needless to say that perfect self-devotion is indispensable. The instant a missionary sets up stores, exacts labour and exploits his savages, suspicion and distrust, fatal to his enterprise, may result.

I do not say that he is not to *teach* shopkeeping

or *employ* labour. He is bound as far as possible to do both, but not principally for his own enrichment.

The last emphatic point for missionaries to remember is, that all sound mission work propagates itself, and is not continually in need of being vamped up from home centres. Of course there must be an initial outlay to start with. A ship is wanted, and some command of pecuniary resources, and later on books and appliances and home manufactures; but by degrees, if the mission is sound, it will be more and more self-supporting and self-spreading, and in the long run the natives, convinced of the new beneficent influences, must be called upon to support and propagate what they have learned to value.

The Tahiti mission (with the exception of that one defect belonging to nearly all Christian missions, of undervaluing or scorning the native religion) seems to realise all the conditions of a perfectly ideal mission, and I think this will appear in the course of the following most romantic and startling narrative of just one hundred years ago (1896).

LXXXV

THE 'DUFF' SAILS FOR TAHITI.—'Three doves argent, on a purple field, bearing olive branches in their bills.' A light vessel with this strange flag floated down the Channel one fine August morning in the year 1796. She had sixty-two souls on board. It was a strange crew. The captain was in the prime of life, with a keen kind face, and never an oath upon his lips; the sailors were all sober. The passengers were six missionaries and their wives with three children, and the sailors had each a trade.

There was a carpenter, a shopkeeper, a harness maker, a tailor, tin-worker, gardener, brazier, butcher, weaver, hatter, bricklayer, and a shoemaker.

Such was the ship 'Duff' and her crew—thirty souls all told. She was, as has been related, fitted out by my grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Haweis, and a body of gentlemen in the last century, who founded the London Missionary Society. She was the first purely missionary vessel that ever sailed the seas. Her trophies may still be seen in the collection of idols and South Sea curiosities preserved at the Society's rooms in Blomfield Street, but some of the best have been transferred to the British Museum; most of them were presented by Dr. Haweis to the society before he died. The best preserved idol, made of beautiful yellow, green, and red feathers, and woven with cocoa-nut fibre, is now in my possession. It was sent by the King of Tahiti to Dr. Haweis, after the conversion of the island. I also have the oil cruse which anointed in heathen fashion the kings of Tahiti for one hundred years; the sacred fan handles, made out of carved human bones, which were laid up in the temple at Tahiti, and used only at coronations; letters from King Pomare, written to Dr. Haweis, with tomato juice, in European characters, but in the Tahitian language.

Now that Tahiti has been formally taken over by the French, who have converted their protectorate into a French province, and now that in this year of our Lord 1896 the London Missionary Society has completed its centenary celebration, it seems especially fitting for me to recall, before it passes quite into oblivion, one of the most romantic episodes of missionary enterprise that the world has ever witnessed.

And as I am in possession of information that has never been published, and relics as unique as they are interesting, I have resolved to revive a glimpse at least of that strange 'Night of Toil,' prior to the evangelisation of New Zealand, which ended in the fair sunrise of Christianity in the South Sea Islands.

Captain Wilson, who volunteered as the commander of the 'Duff,' was himself a most exceptional and extraordinary person. Bred to the sea, he left the Navy and led a wild life—fighting at Bunker's Hill and Long Island in America, enlisting under Sir Eyre Coote in India, taken prisoner by the French, and confined at Cuddapore. He narrowly escaped a barbarous death at the hands of Hyder Ali by leaping from the top of his prison wall forty feet down. He then swam the Coleroon river, swarming with alligators, only to be seized by Hyder Ali's men, who were so amazed at his feats of daring that they said, 'This is God's man!' Still, he was chained with 500 others, and driven up the country, naked, barefoot, under a blazing sun. He languished twenty-two months in prison, heavily ironed, and almost starved. He was set free at last, emaciated and covered with ulcers. After a few mercantile voyages he returned to England, the only survivor of a crew smitten with yellow fever. He was at this time an avowed atheist, but straying into Portsea Chapel he heard a sermon by a godly evangelical, Dr. Griffin, and he was struck to the heart. From that time his life was changed—James Wilson was converted—and 'God's man' offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and was at once appointed commander of the ship 'Duff.' Here is one of Wilson's letters—a very strange letter indeed for a

young sea captain who had lived an over free and not very moral life of adventure and peril to indite, but a letter, as his whole subsequent career proved, absolutely sincere and heartfelt. It was evidently written just before the ship sailed.

A letter (unpublished) from Captain Wilson

'Ship "Duff": Sept. 4, 1796.

'MY DEAR REV. FRIEND,—Your kind, affectionate letter, which I just received, gave me much real joy on hearing that the intelligence from our Lord's Church at Spithead should give our dear brethren (whom we are leaving behind) pleasure. I have reason to hope from what my eyes have seen and heart felt that the Lord is with us for a truth. We this morning for the first time sat down at the Table of our ever blessed Jesus, and, glory be to His Name, He came according to His promise and made one amongst us poor worms, and kindled a holy spark in all our hearts, and sent us away rejoicing.

'Our worthy friend the Doctor [i.e. Dr. Haweis] officiated, and is now gone on shore to preach to the Jews.

'The report you have heard of us is a true report, and I trust the cement of love and union is getting stronger and stronger, and that whatever difficulties may occur in this our arduous undertaking, they will not be able to separate us from our blessed Lord, nor from the strong attachment we feel for each other. It is my sincere prayer that all your people may be thus in love and harmony with each other. Respecting my difficulties, I see them in part, and from what I do see I should now certainly go back to my country

cottage and spend the remainder of my life, *were I not persuaded that the work is God's, and that He will enable me to go forward through good report and evil report, and that I am His.* He will make my strength equal to my day; but though I may not see my own personal interest clear, I am thoroughly persuaded that I have got His dear children with me. Respecting the other articles, Dr. Haweis thinks they are unnecessary, and if they are not in the ship, he will buy them here. With kind love to all friends, particularly to Mrs. Wilks and family, believe me, my dear rev. friend, your affectionate servant,

'For Christ's sake,

'J. WILSON.

'Excuse haste.'

LXXXVI

EARLY VOYAGERS.—Wafted by the Pacific winds, which blow between the tropics, and following the path of the sun, bold Spanish and Portuguese captains as early as 1520 were known to have sighted the Philippines, Ladrones, Magalhaens, Moluccas, circumnavigating the world in about three years, and marking with their names or those of their sovereign the newly discovered islands.

Tahiti is said to have been seen in 1606, by Pedro Fernandez de Quiroz, but Captain Wallis in 1767, and Captain Cook in 1774, brought home such glowing accounts of the 'lovely isle,' that the ardent imagination of our evangelical enthusiasts in England, as we have seen, was deeply touched. This indeed was not a question of grappling with the Jews, who perhaps knew quite as much about Christianity as we could tell them, having provided us with the whole

of our sacred literature, nor with the accomplished Hindoo, who took his stand upon a civilisation, as well as a religion, more ancient than that of Jew or Christian; but here was virgin soil. A lovely climate, an eternal summer land, docile and gentle natives, a religion so palpably gross and cruel, a civilisation so poor, that both, it was thought, must yield to the loving ministry of Europeans, armed with a pure religion and the arts of peace. Such were the anticipations, such was the rose-coloured vision, which lured on a body of earnest men to subscribe, beg and borrow a large sum of money to fit out the ship 'Duff,' and freight her with missionaries for the South Seas. And the resolution passed was this: 'That a mission be undertaken to Otaheite, the Friendly Islands, the Marquesas, the Sandwich, and the Pelew Islands, in a ship belonging to the society, to be commanded by Captain Wilson, as far as may be practicable and expedient.'

LXXXVII

THE START.—Otaheite, or Tahiti, turned out to be the ultimate success of the mission, and to Tahiti we shall chiefly confine ourselves. Seeds and animals likely to thrive were put on board, and a plentiful supply of looking glasses, pins, ribbons, cottons, and such like curiosities, which were to be given in exchange for hogs, fruit and labour at the other extremity of the globe. Dr. Haweis accompanied the ship to Portsmouth, preached to the crew, and took the Communion with all on board before the final departure.

But at this time (1796) the seas were unsafe; the French, then at war with England, were cruising in

the Channel, and the 'Duff' had to wait for an armed British convoy, in whose company she might safely brave the perils of the Channel.

It seemed as if they were never to get off. Dr. Haweis had prevailed on Captain Warren, of the 'Adamant,' a war sloop, to take particular care of the 'Duff' through the Channel; but the 'Adamant' was in no hurry, and although prayer, preaching and praise occupied the missionaries, the blue sea water smiled to them from afar, and each was as eager for the land of exile as ever weary mariners for home.

At last they are off, August 25, 1796, and the 'Duff' soon tests her racing powers by outstripping the convoy ships, and then doubling back upon them.

The Land's End next disappears, and ere the Bay of Biscay is reached, the chapter of sea sickness has begun. But with the open Atlantic comes a spell of glorious weather; on October 6, Madrid is sighted, and the voyage is perfectly monotonous because perfectly prosperous, until they reach their first port, St. Iago, Cape de Verde Islands.

On the way to Rio Janeiro, the 'Duff' got its first taste of really fresh weather. Whilst at evening prayers a heavy sea went over the vessel. 'I caught up my wife's gown,' says a missionary, 'and held it in the scuttle hole till the carpenter closed it tight.' The next day they caught a shark, which, after being disembowelled and cut up, astonished them by its head jumping about all over the deck for some time. At Rio the most absurd vigilance was exercised by the Portuguese police, who never left them as they walked

about the streets. The good missionaries were surprised and scandalised at the Popish processions, and images of saints and virgins at every corner, and also at the poor overdriven slaves; and the police were still more astonished at a ship's crew landing without instantly getting drunk and dissolute.

When they again set sail, they had run 5,000 miles, and were now on the open seas, beneath the equator, fourteen weeks without seeing land.

One day towards evening a large vessel hove in sight with all portals up and lighted between decks. She fired a gun across their bows—the gallant little 'Duff' fired one across hers, though far inferior to her in size and not a fighting ship at all. The crew began to wonder now whether France, and not Tahiti, might be the end of their voyage, but the strange craft proved to be English, and after exchanging compliments passed on.

We now get the usual description of whales, jelly fish, sea birds, phosphorescent water and thunder storms, recorded by all voyagers of those tropical seas. The longer and easier passage, for the sake of the women and children, was chosen by the captain, who feared the rough weather which would have to be encountered in an attempt to double Cape Horn. This added 7,000 miles to their course, but the time was well spent in learning all that could be learned of the Tahitian history and language from the records of previous travellers, and looking well ahead. The missionaries now resolved themselves into a committee for settling their plan of action.

Mr. Jefferson (minister) was chosen president; Mr. Cover (minister), Mr. Lewis (minister), Mr. Henry,

carpenter and joiner, and Mr. Broomhall, harness maker, composed the committee. The president was elected for six months, the committee to go out by rotation every three months.

LXXXVIII

ARRIVAL AT TAHITI.—As the ship approached Tahiti, the rain poured in sheeted torrents, and they caught a tun of water.

On March 4 the weather cleared; the air was fresh but soft, the sky a pale primrose, flecked with clouds of the retiring storm, and at a great distance, like a lilac water-colour painting, on a calm blue sea, lay before them the long wished-for island of Tahiti. When close to land seventy-four canoes pushed off, and wild shouts of joy, 'Iago, Iago!' from the natives rent the air. The Tahitians leapt into the water, and kept swimming round the vessel—they clambered up, swarmed on deck, and seemed most eager to fraternise and to steal.

For ten years no ship had touched at their island. With a ship they associated firearms, metals, cloth, beads, looking glasses, brandy, tobacco, and, alas! European vices of the worst description.

From 1777 to 1788 the natives had been busy learning European drunkenness, and suffering from the French and English diseases and vice brought to them by the crews of De Bougainville and Cook.

From 1788 to 1799 there had been a pause, during which the poor islanders had to some extent recovered their native health, and we must add morality, such as it was, for they averred to the missionaries

that they had their own ideas of propriety, but that they always supposed the Europeans to be quite shameless, and without any sense of decency.

No more bitter satire could have been pronounced on our boasted civilisation! A burning desire to undo the mischief, to teach the better life, came over the 'Duff's' company when they heard with tears and shame what other Christian crews had been about in Tahiti.

The island itself was an earthly paradise. Situated pleasantly in the warm southern sea, yet out of the direct blaze of the vertical sun—lat. 20°, long. 150°—it is divided into two circular peninsulas, separated by a narrow isthmus: the larger, Nooe, is about ninety miles, the smaller, Tiaraboo, about thirty miles round. Fragrant shrubberies cover the lowlands along the coast, and the uplands are crowned with the feathery cocoa nut, the spreading plantain, the bread tree, the yam and the cloth tree; bamboos of immense size grow in the shallows, a profusion of vegetation covers the swampy spaces and low reaches of sedge-weed, which look like fair green lawns in the distance. The clouds that rest on the towering summits of Tiaraboo drift over to the large island, pour their contents upon the uplands, replenish a thousand rills, swell into sparkling rivers full of fish, and burst into numberless cascades, which make the solitudes of Tahiti vocal at all seasons of the year.

In the centre of Nooe is a beautiful lake of unknown depth, where enormous eels are caught, and highly relished by the natives; on one side of Tiaraboo the rocks of basalt rise like black ramparts out of the deep clear sea. Looking into those depths, the graceful coral branches, white and red, are seen

at the bottom spreading upwards their stiff, fantastic sprays; the bright fish darting in and out of the recesses—the pearl oyster clinging to this costly reef, whilst the dolphin and the swift and wary shark make their fearless raids close to the shore.

LXXXIX

THE NATIVES.—The natives, themselves half fish, often leap in and strangle these monsters. On one occasion, when a large dolphin had been harpooned from the ship and disappeared, a native surprised the sailors by jumping overboard and diving to the bottom and catching the fish, which he brought up in his arms. The merest babies took to the water like young ducklings, and the stormiest seas, in which no canoe could live, made the pleasantest pastime for the hardy adult swimmers, male and female, who alternately balanced themselves on the foaming wave crests, or leapt through their watery walls, like black bolts shot from a catapult. This constant washing kept them in splendid health and cleanliness, and were it not for the disease brought on by 'over' drinking (the Tahiti dram drinking), and the miserable results of vice imported by European sailors, there would be little sickness in Tahiti. The Tahitian language is soft and flowing, abounding in liquids and open vowels. The men are lithe and strong—the women graceful, rounded, and well proportioned, and as lithe as the men. They are the Italians of the South Seas. All are generous to a fault, and all are thieves and liars.

The women are not bound to conjugal fidelity, but are capable of warm and lasting attachments.

They habitually destroy their female children, whilst the men are, like most savages, equally indifferent to adult life.

The island is cursed with a sort of masonic society, called the 'Aroes;' men and women belong to it. They are the public entertainers, dancers, mountebanks, and free livers, who roam from place to place, like strolling players from fair to fair. They are extremely popular with the king, queen, and the chieftains, as well as with the people. They keep up the fashion of infanticide on a large scale, and at the time when the 'Duff' arrived at Tahiti this practice, together with the imported diseases from the old world, threatened to decimate the population of Tahiti. To save them from such a fate was not the least of the benefits bestowed on them, according to their own confession, by the missionaries.

XC

IDOLATROUS WORSHIP.—The Tahitians worshipped several evil spirits, whose idols of feathers or wood were carried from maræ to maræ. The maræ was the sacred place of worship, where hogs and human beings were offered in considerable numbers to the gods Oro and Taroa. Here the priests delivered their oracles, which seemed chiefly to consist in, 'Oro wants more hogs,' 'Bring more fruits and meat to the god,' which meant, of course, to the priest. The high priest, Mane-Mane, of whom we shall hear more, seems to have been a terrible old humbug, and indeed, although carefully respected by the natives, their religious system was doubtless mixed up with imposture which everyone bowed to,

but which no one either cared to conceal or dared to expose.

The women, except when swimming, were partially clothed below the breasts, and the men wore cloth and feathers, chiefly for ornament.

XCI

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE KING.—The government was monarchical, with the peculiarity that the instant the king had a son, the son was held to be the reigning sovereign ; his father retired into the background, and supported him with all his authority. This is the reason why the king was not always anxious to have a son, and why the queen usually destroyed her children at once. However, the child king is probably a good institution, experience, no doubt, teaching that there is much more chance of conspiracy when it is a question of a full-grown man coming to the throne on the death of his father, than when a child, who has always been king under a regency, comes of age, and assumes without further question the active duties which from his very birth he is supposed to have performed, just as much as a Christian child is assumed to have taken on the responsibilities of his religion in the person of his godparents in baptism, which is the coronation of the soul, and passes into his place as an adult Christian without more ado than is implied in the rite of confirmation.

XCII

CHIEFS.—Next to the king and his father come the chiefs, who rule like irresponsible magistrates

each over his district, but own allegiance to the king; after these come the *ratirra*, gentlemen, or small landowners; the rest are servants, waifs, strays, soldiers generally; but life is so easy, the soil so fertile, food so plentiful, the climate so beautiful, and everyone so generous, that there is no want or poverty, or any ills except the self-inflicted evils of violence and licentiousness.

Such is a general description of the mission field; and now for the story of the work.

XCIII

THE LANDING.—I have said that to the natives a ship meant knives, axes, beads, and looking glasses. As the 'Duff' neared some had at once put off in canoes, others swam to the ship: the deck was soon inconveniently crowded, and the *entente cordiale* was speedily established with presents of hogs and fruit in exchange for European wares.

Peter and Andrew, two Swedish sailors, settled at Tahiti, now came upon the scene, and Peter, though no better than he should be, proved invaluable as an interpreter, for it turned out that all the cabin-study of the good missionaries had left them as incapable of communicating with the islanders as the most approved phrase books leave the British tourist *vis à vis* the foreigner.

The crew made their triumphal entry through the surf of the coral reefs on the shoulders of the enthusiastic natives, who first towed their boats aground, and then provided them with the usual Tahitian mount, for horses there were none in Tahiti.

A great chief then advanced and placed a large

barn-like building at their disposal; it was about one hundred feet long, and without a stick of furniture, but with the aid of ship stores, the carpenter's and ironworker's skill, the beautiful supply of timber, and still more of food, the good men soon made themselves 'at home.' They were enchanted with the loveliness of the place, the magnificent foliage, the profusion of flowers; they were astonished at the scarlet and green and crimson birds, the great bats as large as crows; the valleys of paradise, the sparkling cascades, the blue skies and the soft balmy air; they were won and touched by the good nature and simplicity of the poor natives, and eager to begin the good work of civilising and evangelising so gracious but so deluded a people. The principal natives the missionaries had to deal with were POMARE, his wife IDIA, OTU or OTI son of POMARE and reigning sovereign, and MANE-MANE the high priest.

XCIV

THE ROYAL FAMILY.—Pomare I. was a man of great ability, a head and shoulders taller than most of the islanders. He had conquered the whole of Tahiti, and the neighbouring island of Eimeo, which secured a very convenient place of refuge at one time for the missionaries, at another for Pomare and Oti when their subjects rebelled against them.

Pomare was a great glutton; once, when he dined with Captain Wilson on board the 'Duff,' he ate a whole fowl, besides two pounds of pork, and drank a great deal too much wine—he was very fond of getting drunk. Although his son was king by the law of Tahiti, Pomare was treated with great respect, and

the missionaries did their best to conciliate him. He was very generous and affable, and a consummate thief and liar. He gave presents avowedly to get more, and took whatever he could lay his hands on. His servants robbed for him, and he confidentially advised the missionaries to dismiss the natives about them, in order that he might put his own servants in to get for him what they could filch. He used to bring an empty chest with him, expecting the missionaries to fill it with presents, and when they affected not to understand, said he only wanted a new lock put on. But he robbed his own people quite as unscrupulously, and the missionaries, whilst telling him it was very wicked, seemed content to take the wood he had stolen right and left for their own building purposes. Robbing was evidently part of the social system, and when remonstrated with, Pomare simply said it was their way, and seemed very little affected.

He took the keenest interest in the blacksmith's forge, and was most eager to learn the carpenter's art, and get houses built, especially houses in two storeys, a thing unheard of in Tahiti. It seems that a canoe took about nine months to make, but with the ship carpenter's tools one month sufficed. Captain Wilson tried to improve the occasion. 'Once,' he said, 'the English people could not make ships, but wise men with speaking paper came and taught them. The people of England have now sent to Tahiti out of kindness, to bring the speaking paper and other good things and to tell them of the true God; let Pomare the great chief advise his people to attend to the missionaries, or they would go away.' Pomare listened to the advice and then said, 'Mai tai!' (very good), and went to sleep.

Idia, Pomare's wife, was a fit helpmeet for such a chieftain. She was an immense, finely made, athletic woman, the best swimmer in the island, and fond of fighting. She would rush into battle and lay about her like an Amazon. She never pretended to conjugal fidelity, and usually killed her children as soon as they were born. She was in reality, like a Tahitian Jezebel, deeply attached to the customs and faith of her own people ; but she was at the same time much attracted by the missionaries, fond of taking tea with their wives, angry and annoyed at their displeasure with her wicked ways, and not above making promises of reform, which she consistently broke.

Idia made Mrs. Eyre her particular friend. She would destroy her infant one day, and such was her iron constitution that she would look in to tea, and be swimming in the sea the next ; and it was on these occasions that good Mrs. Eyre would entreat her to consider her ways. Idia would then look much ashamed ; perhaps before she left she would promise amendment, declare that no one should ever hurt her dear friend Mrs. Eyre, steal something and immediately decamp, and next day she would send a hog, and ask to come to tea again !

However, it was quite certain that Idia was never a sincere friend of the Christian religion ; that she did her utmost to prevent human sacrifice and systematic licentiousness being put down in Tahiti, and her death, when it came, as well as that of Pomare I., was on the whole good for the cause.

King Oti, Pomare's son, afterwards called Pomare II., was a very different person. Beneath a cautious, slow, and even sullen mood, he hid a

character of great complexity and force, combining the tenacity of a patriot, the brain of a reformer, and the diplomacy of a statesman with the self-indulgence of a savage.

It may be doubted whether any of the excellent men who came to convert him, at all took his measure, and in their strictures upon his inconsistency and apparent time-serving, they forgot that he alone almost of all who belonged to the old régime had sufficient strength to throw in his lot at last boldly with the Christians, and give them a practical adherence and support which could never be extorted from what we may call the old Church and State party in Tahiti, represented by his father Pomare, Idia, and the crafty old priest Mane-Mane.

XCV

THE HIGH PRIEST.—Mane-Mane was not only a great noble, who had once owned the island of Raitera, but he acted as general high priest, and interpreter for the gods Taroa and Oro. He was a rapacious old man, frivolous and cunning, with a strange ascendency over the natives. He acted with the missionaries a double part throughout. 'You give us plenty of the good word,' he said, 'but very little else.' He pretended to listen to the preaching, and on being overheard abusing the preacher and his doctrine, had the impudence to say he was telling the people to attend to the missionaries, and give up their wicked practices. The chief of these were the murders committed by Mane-Mane himself as sacrifices to the god Oro. He was always asking for presents, stealing things and

stirring up Pomare and Idia to rob the missionaries. When he wanted to rob other natives, he would go to the maræ or place of worship, roll himself up in a bundle of cloth, and say with a squeaking voice as though inspired by his god, 'I am hungry; fetch the hogs, kill a man, and my anger will cease.' They brought him fowls too, which it was understood were offered to the god, and were not to be sold by the priest; but having a good offer for them, Mane-Mane would cry aloud, 'O my god, here are some beautiful things, knives and scissors, looking glasses; perhaps I may sell some of the fowls belonging to *us two* for them, they will be good property for *us two*.' He then waited, pretending to listen for the god's answer; then he said the god consented, and some boys and dogs hunted the fowls, which were soon exchanged for the 'beautiful things.'

XCVI

MATAVAI.—The Bay of Matavai receives at Point Venus a fine stream of fresh water, which rises in the Tepirconoo Mountains. Following the course of the stream, which is fairly navigable and of delicious clearness and quality, we come to the site chosen by the missionaries. There in a few months rose several neat houses built of wood, thatched or boarded, and entirely inclosed in about four acres of land, with a stout wooden paling. Within the inclosure and on the greensward stand clumps of fragrant trees, one covered with bread fruit; the opposite bank is studded with cocoa-nut trees, and tangled reeds, flags and tall rushes. But I must not anticipate.

XCVII

FIRST STEPS.—With beating hearts did the Rev. T. Cover and his wife, the Rev. John and Mrs. Eyre, the Rev. John Jefferson, and their companions, see the ship 'Duff' sail away, with several of their company destined for other islands, and leave them to their arduous and perilous missionary enterprise. But Captain Wilson at first merely went off to Eimeo hard by, and returned in a few days. Finding the natives quite friendly, he left finally, and the first act of the mission drama had begun.

What had this handful of devoted men to offer amongst savages, in exchange for their own life and safety? They could teach carpentry and the arts of peace—some of these the natives had learned to value; they possessed goods, which the natives coveted and were quite able to take by force; they could teach Christianity, for which the natives cared not at all.

The first unfavourable discovery made by the Tahitians was that the missionaries would not help them in their wars; the second was that they were not anxious to punish robbery, and indisposed to defend themselves with their firearms; and lastly, they had the greatest difficulty in making themselves understood. This told against the preaching. For instance, Mr. Cover preached on 'God so loved the world,' &c., and Peter interpreted. Pomare 'took the chair,' sitting on a bench with the preacher, and the people stood round. At the end of the sermon Pomare took Mr. Cover by the hand and said, 'Mai tai' (very good), and added, 'There were once no such things at Tahiti; they are not learned at once; I will

await the coming of the God,' from which it appeared he expected some British idol to arrive shortly. Soon after, one Sunday, Mr. Lewis preached on 'Thou shalt not kill,' denouncing the practice of infanticide, and some of the people said, 'Good is the word not to kill children, not to sacrifice men!' but the old priest Mane-Mane went about afterwards telling the people not to obey the 'good word.'

The missionaries could not always get even a respectful hearing. The natives would break out in the middle of the service, telling their pastors they only came there to get their sweet food that did not grow in England; then they would shout out at intervals, 'Lies!' 'Nonsense!' pronounce the name of Christ derisively, laugh and mimic the preachers, even perform antics during the prayers, and when the sermon began lie down and deliberately go to sleep.

No vigilance prevented incessant robbery. The people crowded into the brethren's houses day and night, mined the foundations, and crept in by underground holes like moles, to destroy and pilfer. All night long two brethren watched outside the house, and one by day. Still the people were glad to have them. Pomare was delighted with their blacksmith, and urgent to get them to build him houses and canoes, which Mr. Puckery, the carpenter, was quite ready to do. Whilst at work, Pomare would strut in front of him and say, 'Puckery, does King George walk like this?' But decisive changes were at hand.

XCVIII

ARRIVAL OF A SHIP AND DISASTER.—A year passed quickly. Hitherto the brethren had retained

their firearms. A ship now arrived in want of provisions; then Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Broomhall, and Mr. Puckery hastened on board, to implore the captain not to give the natives guns or ammunition. He consented, but the natives were furious. They traced the refusal to the missionaries. They surprised a party of them about to cross a river in a distant part of the island, tore off their clothes, dragged Mr. Jefferson through the river, and almost drowned Puckery. Broomhall was thought to be murdered, but afterwards turned up; a few friendly natives rescued Puckery and Jefferson, and the native women wept to see them come limping, wounded and in rags, into the presence of Idia and Pomare. Pomare spoke kindly to the missionaries, called Oti, the king, who confessed he knew of the intended attack, and was very sulky. The fact was, Oti was not on good terms with his father, and had really conspired, with a great chief Gemari, to put down the missionaries, get all their property, and use their firearms to expel Pomare, his father, from Matavai, and destroy his influence and authority, which was still very great, throughout Tahiti and Eimeo.

A sort of panic now seized the little band, who felt themselves indeed like sheep amongst wolves.

After prayers next morning, they talked of leaving the island in a body. They doubted the natives, and distrusted even Pomare's power to protect them. The captain of the 'Nautilus' was willing to take them to Port Jackson, Australia, about two months distant.

Eleven decided to go. The following seven brave souls resolved to stay and struggle on: Rev. and Mrs. Eyre, Rev. John Jefferson, Mr. Bicknell (carpenter), Mr. Harris (cooper), Mr. Lewis (doctor), Mr. Nott (bricklayer), Mr. Broomhall (harness and buckle

maker). Pomare was much annoyed at the exodus. He sent presents and messengers entreating the brethren to stay. Then he came to Mr. Nott and said, '*Notty, don't go*,' and went round and said the same in English to all the others. He was delighted at retaining the courageous and faithful eight.

On March 30, 1798, four days after the attack upon the brethren, these eight English people saw the white sails of the 'Nautilus' disappear below the purple horizon, along with the faint-hearted missionaries.

XCIX

DEFENCELESS.—All thoughts of protecting either life or property were now at an end; and we have the affecting spectacle—not for the first time in the history of the Church—offered to the world, of a weak and defenceless body of men trusting in God, and armed with that moral supremacy which such trust can alone impart. They now entirely changed their policy.

Mr. Harris went to Pomare and Idia, to say that all that belonged to them was at their service. They might take their guns and ammunition, their blacksmith's forge (Pomare's particular weakness), their house and garden, and anything else they fancied. *They only prayed for bare food, raiment, and shelter, to be allowed to live peaceably, to tell the people about the true God, to show them how to live happily and well, to heal their diseases, to teach them the arts of peace, and not to be compelled to fight in their wars.*

Pomare was astonished, and evidently much moved at such strange conduct. He generously declined to touch their property, and killed two men who had

maltreated them in the river. 'The meek shall inherit the earth.'

But the other natives were not so scrupulous. They came with long hooked sticks and filched what they could, robbing chiefly on the sly.

Idia now invited herself oftener than ever to drink tea with Mrs. Eyre, and was delighted at being allowed to take whatever she wanted; but their simple self-surrender, made after prayer in full trust, proved after all their best safeguard, for the natives were now convinced of their disinterested motives, and seemed genuinely affected by such unexampled behaviour, whilst it became Pomare's interest from that time forward to protect the missionaries' property, which was in fact his own.

Mr. Lewis, the doctor, soon afterwards grieved the brethren by marrying a native woman. They, perhaps unwisely, cut him off from their communion, and he was found dead some months afterwards, but no one clearly made out whether by his own hand or through the jealousy of the native women, who were much aggrieved at the general insensibility of the missionaries to their attractions. The missionary Nott's subsequent marriage with a native woman is a singular comment on this sad episode. I publish his letter later on (p. 284), together with my father's memorandum. The brethren became more liberal in their views on the marriage question as time went on, and indeed many of the Tahiti women are scarcely darker than the Cingalese girls, who marry freely with the Europeans, and are often very beautiful.

C

WARS AND FIGHTINGS.—The conspiracy, long brewing, of Oti, allied with the chief Temari, against Pomare, who still enjoyed practical though not titular power, at last came to a head with the arrival of certain ships, from whose stores Temari got a large cask of gunpowder. As he was rolling it about, a spark from a lighted fire exploded the whole, and burnt him so severely that he died in a few days. Oti was still bent on attacking Matavai, Pomare's stronghold, and the missionaries' quarter, and one night it was remarked, in Pomare's absence, that Oti was approaching to burn the settlement.

The relations between Pomare, Oti his son, and Idia his mother, all seem to have been of the oddest kind. Oti takes Matavai with very little trouble. Idia, who was of course on Pomare's side, then appears on the scene, and opens the missionaries' cupboards. Mane-Mane is also there and helps himself. Idia suddenly seems on fair terms with Oti, and whilst at Matavai receives instructions from Pomare, who has just been supplanted in his own property, to have Mane-Mane killed. Presently the old priest is surprised and murdered in the woods by Idia's orders. Then everyone seems to shake hands all round. Oti and Pomare are reconciled; Idia, the queen mother, says, 'It's all over;' and what threatened to be a protracted and, as it was to some extent, bloody war, suddenly assumes only the importance of an ordinary domestic fracas in the royal household.

CI

THE DREADFUL MARÆ.—In one of the loveliest solitudes of nature, in Atehuru, a densely wooded part of Tahiti, a space was cleared for the great maræ. Here was the god Oro, the god of war. It is a very Golgotha, for here take place the human sacrifices—nothing important is done without them. The victim is singled out secretly, and struck down unawares, his body is carried to the maræ, his eyes gouged out and offered first, and the rest of him laid on a scaffold with the remains of hogs and fish and fruit. All these are offerings to the god Oro. Pomare spilt much blood in this way; and although there was a general feeling that the sacrifices were needful, Pomare was not popular in consequence. From the moment that this old chief clearly understood that the missionaries were dead against these sacred murders and the war god Oro, he was resolved never to be converted, and he never was.

CII

UPHILL WORK.—A whole generation had to die out, as we shall see, before the brethren were able to strike a blow against the sacrifices, bloody wars, and the practice of infanticide; such things were not to be rooted out until a completely new sort of public opinion arose, created by the rising generation, and ultimately favoured by Pomare's enlightened successor, the still sulky and suspicious Oti.

Mr. Nott, one of the best and ablest missionaries according to my father, could now make himself fairly

understood, and went on a missionary tour round the island. Three years had passed and not one convert had been made yet. The unconverted even were not indisposed to argue the case. If all the brethren said was so true and so important, why had not Captain Cook told it them? Captain Cook had given them his portrait and told them wonderful things—was the greatest and most wonderful man that ever lived. Yet he had said nothing about Jesus Christ. Then explanations unfavourable to Captain Cook had to be made, which by no means increased the influence of Mr. Nott. 'You offer no sacrifices to your God: is it because Jesus was sacrificed?' The missionaries said it was. This seemed to please them, but they forgot all about it the next minute. 'What are the true sacrifices pleasing to God?' 'Hogs and yams,' said the natives glibly. They mocked the power of the true God. 'Come, let us go,' they said, laughing, 'that we may be cured of all our diseases to-day.' At other times they were very candid. 'You talk to us of salvation. We want no other salvation than to be cured of disease, to live here always, and eat, and talk;' and then, almost in the very words of the priests and Pharisees of old, they laughed the whole thing to scorn, saying, 'Has Pomare believed, or any of the chiefs?'

The missionaries had rescued some children, and opened a school in which the little natives began to learn; but their parents discouraged them, and taught them to say to their teachers, 'You come very often; but what property do you give us? If you do not bring us beads, pins, or fish-hooks, we will not be taught. What is the good of teaching us? It only tires us. You say you pity us. Why do you not

give us cloth?' Still the children, especially the boys, became attached to their school; although the parents would often come and chatter and laugh at them, the boys drew their letters on the sand, and many of them got a short catechism by heart perfectly.

CIII

THE GREAT REBELLION.—The rebellion of the Atehurans now for a time absorbed the whole attention of the island. In their great maræ they retained the god Oro, and Pomare treacherously endeavoured to get possession of him, craving permission to come and worship at the maræ. He came, and stole the god. As he and his people were embarking with the wooden idol on their canoes, they were attacked by the Atehurans, and after a brisk skirmish Pomare and Oti, with their followers and the god, got away to a part of the coast called Taiarabu, where, on arriving, of course, a man was knocked on the head and offered to Oro.

The Atehurans pursued Pomare to Taiarabu, and in a night attack recaptured the idol, Pomare and Oti taking to flight in their canoes, and making for Matavai, the missionary settlement.

CIV

PERIL OF THE BRETHREN.—The brethren now felt themselves in the utmost peril. They had been settled at Matavai for six years; they had built themselves a good house in two storeys, and a roomy chapel, outhouses, a forge, and a strong bamboo fence all round their property. They had planted

European seeds, groves of orange, pear, and apple trees. They could not decline to receive Pomare and Oti; but these eminent persons were now fugitives, pursued by a victorious and exasperated enemy, and the horrid scenes witnessed by the missionaries in the late war were soon likely to be re-enacted in their own homestead.

The arrival of a ship at this very moment, and the wreck of another with fifteen sailors, who contrived to save a good many firearms, together with the ship's cannon and some stores, seemed quite providential.

The sailors threw in their lot with the brethren, posted guards, made quite a little entrenched camp, and mounted four of the ship's cannon. The Atehurans marched through the island, burning houses and slaughtering the inhabitants, and with bitter regret the brethren took the precaution of firing their own chapel, for fear of its being set fire to by the enemy, and the flames spreading throughout the encampment.

On arriving at Matavai, the rebels found a fortified camp; the very sight of the cannon and the sailors spread alarm through their ranks, and they were eager to make peace with the brethren. Meanwhile Pomare stole out, made for the defenceless villages of the Atehurans, and slaughtered the women and children. The enraged Atehurans again went in hot pursuit. The English captain lent Pomare a boatful of hardy sailors. Oti remained at Matavai, but Pomare set sail in a fleet of canoes with Idia, taking with him Mr. Elder, the surgeon, and twenty Englishmen.

CV

THE GREAT BATTLE.—At 12 o'clock on July 3, 1802, the king's army landed at the rebellious Atehura. The seashore was deserted; the enemy had taken to the rocky mountains, and on the approach of Pomare rolled down huge stones, which terrified the cowardly king but did no harm. His soldiers were more courageous. One young native, who chose to be called 'To-morrow Morning,' distinguished himself as a sharpshooter. With his rifle he picked off man after man, often running into the midst of them, calling them by their name, and then shooting them down.

At last, towards the close of the day, they made a desperate descent, pursuing 'To-morrow Morning' to the seashore with clubs and spears and ferocious yells; but the English sailors turned upon them, and the enemy soon fled in the greatest confusion. They had lost a great leader Rua, and seventeen had been killed, Pomare not losing a man. Still the Atehurans refused to submit, although they had lost their best fighting men, and hurried off with Oro to the forests; but as they showed no further disposition to continue the war, for the time the danger seemed passed.

CVI

DEATH OF POMARE I.—The year 1803 was marked by a fresh crisis; it was fatal to several members of the royal family. Pomare I. lost his father and his youngest brother. Both were embalmed and stuck up in an open shed within sight of the palace. The

watchful Atehurans now thought it a good opportunity to despatch the rest of the royal family, and knowing Pomare's great piety and passion for human sacrifices they killed a man, and invited him to the maræ, to offer sacrifice; they hoped he would come privately, accompanied by Idia and Oti, but the crafty old potentate armed a fleet of canoes, and arrived in solemn state and full force. The Atehurans, finding themselves thus outnumbered and outwitted, made unconditional peace, and Pomare carried off the bloody god Oro in triumph. He did not long survive his triumph. A few days after, he put off from the island with a couple of men, paddling his own canoe, when midway he suddenly started up as if shot, put his hand to his side, and then with a loud cry fell forward on his face.

He was borne senseless to the shore. Mr. Elder hastened to his assistance; his pulse still beat, but they feared to bleed him.

He died of apoplexy. His exact age was not known, but he must have been at least seventy.

CVII

THE CHARACTER OF POMARE I.—He was a most powerful chief, full of craft, rollicking good humour, and cruelty. He indulged the people with feasts and games, and could drink much *ava*. He was always surrounded by the dissolute Aroes, who tumbled and sang before him; and being a great coward, he preferred peace to war.

He built many canoes, and planted many trees, and ruled the people with severity, but with considerable wisdom.

Still he was not beloved in life, nor regretted after death. Devotion to his religion caused him to shed torrents of human blood. He had protected the missionaries whilst they had property, and was keenly alive to the arts, which they could teach, when they had lost all, but he belonged to the old school; neither he nor Idia was ever converted, and the more he heard of Christianity, the more he saw it was unfriendly to the habits and traditions of his race, and the less he liked it.

With Oti as Pomare II. we enter upon a new phase.

CVIII

POMARE II.—Pomare II. was still under the influence of that Tahitian Jezebel, Idia, but he was also attracted daily more and more to the missionaries, for, being a man of unusual intelligence, he perceived how much they could teach him; but he also had to govern his people, and his people as yet could only be governed in the old ways, and the old ways meant murder, licentiousness, robbery, infanticide, and war. Still Pomare clung to the brethren. He had learned to write, and always carried about a copy book with him.

'Friends,' he wrote to Mr. Harris in 1806, 'give me the room above, give to me for a writing place; if all agreed to by you, make up this my speech, write, that I may know your speech.

'POMARE, KING.'

In short, the king had set his heart on living with the brethren in their large house—the very last thing

they desired. It meant constant interruption from the natives, who flocked around the king, the presence of the dissolute Aroes; all their garden and plantation would soon be trodden down, their fruit stolen, and their quiet seclusion at an end.

They offered to build Pomare another house for himself, with a nice writing room in it. The king was delighted, and until the next war broke out he spent much of his time in his room, lying flat on his stomach and writing letters in this style: 'This my speech continueth; do you stand by my wish, and turn not away your hearing. Friends, give a saw, a plane, chisels—agree you well to it? Is it agreed? Perhaps not. Write your speech. This is all; the speech is ended &c.'

To which the missionaries would then write, and the king read, greatly to his own satisfaction:

'May you live, O king! The speech you have written we agree to; we will give the saw,' &c.

CIX

LETTERS FROM HOME.—Soon after this a ship touched at the island, and brought letters from England, amongst them one from the London Missionary Society directors for Pomare. The king wrote his own answer in Tahitian. The missionaries then put it into English, which Pomare copied out himself. The letter is preserved in the Society's Museum, Blomfield Street.

This letter is so remarkable, and so impressed with the king's sense of his difficulties, I had almost said so pathetic, that I transcribe a portion of it.

Although human sacrifice was not given up, and

the god Oro was not at this time abandoned; Pomare's expressions are undoubtedly sincere, and with all his backslidings and indecisions it points in the direction of his real ambition, which was to win the country over to Christianity without losing his throne, a mixed problem of no small difficulty.

'Friends,' wrote the king to the directors in London, 'I wish you every blessing in your residence, with success in teaching this bad land, this foolish land, this land which knoweth not the true God, this regardless land. Your request I fully consent to, and shall consequently banish Oro and send him to Raiatea. Friends, I hope also you will consent to my request, which is this: I wish you to send a great number of men, women, and children here. Send also property and cloth for us. We too will adopt English customs. Send also plenty of muskets and powder, for wars are frequent in our country. Should I be killed, you will have nothing in Tahiti. Do not come here when I am dead. Tahiti is a regardless country. This also I wish, that you will send all the curious things that you have in England. Also everything necessary for writing—paper, ink and pens in abundance. As for your desire to instruct Tahiti, it is what I fully acquiesce in. It is a common thing for people not to understand at first; but your object is good, and I fully consent to it, and shall cast off all evil customs. What I say is truth, and no lie—it is the real truth.'

CX

FLIGHT TO EIMEO.—About this time more human sacrifices were offered up, and Pomare, no doubt feeling ashamed of himself and his people,

seemed disinclined to attend to the preaching. In fact, serious troubles were brewing. The king, partly owing to his Christian proclivities, no doubt was not popular, and the old conspiracy against his family had not died out with his father's death.

One day the little settlement at Matavai was startled by a messenger bearing the following letter:

'Be on your guard; it is likely we shall have war. The people of Matavai are continually talking of war. There is a party against us. Be watchful. I request you will tell no man. Write to me, that I may know your mind. 'POMARE.'

A few days later a ship arrived. It seemed an interposition of Providence. The king went on board to drink with them, and got drunk as usual. In his absence the people at Matavai mustered round the missionary settlement in great force, and proposed to give Pomare a hot reception when he landed; and Pomare went off immediately to take the auspices—kill a man, say his prayers, consult his prophet and prepare for war; but his prophet Mitia had fled to the enemy, bearing with him the god of war, Oro. Then Pomare advised the missionaries to get out of the way as soon as possible with their wives and children, and they all hurried on board the ship.

One last effort was made to restore peace. Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward very pluckily put off again to shore in a canoe, and landing repaired alone to the rebel camp. They were well received, and found that they had a considerable following there, but were unable to make terms for Pomare, who had certainly on one occasion aided and abetted the treacherous

stealing of Oro, and on another had ruthlessly massacred the women and children of the Atehurans.

It was finally agreed that Mr. Nott, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Wilson should stay with Pomare, and all the rest set sail for the neighbouring island of Eimeo.

Mitia the prophet now came over to Pomare, and promised him victory if he would attack the enemy. The result was ruinous. He was defeated with great slaughter. The rebels rushed into the settlement, trod down the garden, burned the houses, tore up the books for fuel and ammunition, and barbarism bade fair to sweep away in one hour the labour and sacrifice of years.

CXI

FLIGHT OF POMARE II.—Pomare with his friends the missionaries joined the brethren at Eimeo, and left his kingdom across the water in the hands of the enemy. All seemed lost, but the king understood better the signs of the times; he told the missionaries not to despair; he invited them to return, 'not now, but by-and-by,' and told them that wherever they might be he would send a message to them at the right time.

The missionary band was now scattered; some went to the island of Huahine, some settled in the Marquesas. The nucleus of the Tahitian mission was still at Eimeo, and the king with one or more of the brethren occasionally revisited Tahiti, in peril of his life, but still having an eye to his kingdom.

CXII

ALMOST IN DESPAIR.—It was not till October 1809 that, giving up all hopes of any further work, having been out for years and without making one conversion, the poor missionaries, disheartened, set sail for Port Jackson, and after a long and dangerous voyage found some temporary rest and refreshment in a comparatively civilised land. But the darkest hour comes before dawn.

At Port Jackson they were joined by several of their brethren, whom they had not seen for years. Mr. Bicknell had been to England and come back with a wife, Mr. Scott brought a new wife, Mr. Davies and Mr. Wilson had also lately married.

CXIII

RETURN OF HOPE.—In England, the Quixotic South Sea Mission began to be laughed at; and the bishops and orthodox world were already pluming themselves on the wisdom of their discreet hold-off attitude. The most disheartening comments reached the men who had suffered so much, apparently in vain. What were they to do? Should they return, and confess that money, time, health, and precious life had been thrown away? How could they dream they were so near the turn of the tide? That turn came with a letter from King Pomare. The letter was to Mr. Henry; this is part of it:

'Where are Mr. and Mrs. Eyre? Are they settled? I am grieving for them. Where are the

others? We do not regard our dwelling place here since the missionaries are not here; they are wanted to make us happy. We are now lonesome. Notty [Mr. Nott, the celebrated missionary] and Mr. Hayward, my good friends, agree to my request and I shall be happy; come here, my dear friends, come you here to Tahiti. May we all be saved by Jehovah the true God of this world, our confidence.

'POMARE.'

Nott, Hayward, Bicknell, Scott, Wilson, Davies, Henry, and their wives, now set sail to Eimeo. Pomare received them with great joy.

CXIV

CHANGE IN THE KING.—He had not yet got back his kingdom, but he was very hopeful. They noticed a great change in him. He cared much less for his idols and his priest. Oro had not favoured him, the priest had lied to him; he began to doubt the efficacy or power of either of them. At Papetoai, in Eimeo, they built houses and planted gardens. Pomare was urgent for a chapel; all day he was writing and eager for the good word of the Gospel. The life of Christ attracted him, and he asked incessant questions. The next time a turtle was caught, instead of offering it up to his god, he ordered it up to his own table. It appears this was a kind of sacrilege; he did it to show his servants his contempt for the gods they worshipped. A great chief soon after followed his example by seizing a wooden idol and throwing it into the oven to cook his bread fruit. Pomare had understood that Christians had but one

wife; he determined to have but one, and as his queen was dead he took in marriage the daughter of a neighbouring king; however, as there seemed some difficulty about her sister, he consented to take both, but still maintained that only one was his wife. When the queen's first child was born, the king got cups, saucers, and spoons to feed it like an English child. The second was a girl; her name was Aimata. Nott and Hayward had been with the king through many long months of exile; they had shared his fortunes and his perils. Their life and conversation had made a deep impression upon him. He seems to have done his best to commend their message to his countrymen; he had even argued with the kings and chiefs of the neighbouring islands, but they had made answer, 'Serve whom you will; as for us, we will serve Oro.' But great and sudden changes were at hand. The young generation was fast growing up in Tahiti; many hundreds of boys and girls had passed through the missionary schools at Eimeo and Matavai, many thousands had heard the Gospel.

It was on July 18, 1812, that Pomare came to the brethren and said, 'You do not know my thoughts, nor I yours, but God does. I wish to be baptised. It is my fixed purpose to cleave to Jehovah and to you who are His people. Pray for me.'

'We have never ceased to pray for you,' said one of the brethren.

Pomare was not baptised at once; but from this time he consulted the missionaries about all his business, and usually followed their advice. 'There are a great many thieves,' he wrote, 'in Tahiti; they have stolen six pieces of cloth. Shall I sin in killing these thieves? Write me fully what you think, my dear

friends.' This sensitiveness to human bloodshed was a sure sign of the softening influences under which Pomare had gradually been brought. What his exact position at Tahiti was at this time, it is not easy to say; but he was a good deal over there, and frequently wrote to the missionaries for advice.

CXV

THE GOOD SEED.—But in the middle of the hostile island the good seed had begun to grow. There was a native Christian party silently forming in Tahiti at the very moment when not a missionary was there; hearing this, Mr. Scott and Mr. Hayward ventured over.

One night, alone in the mountains, Mr. Scott heard a voice as of one in prayer. Drawing nearer, he perceived that it was a Tahitian praying to the true God. Mr. Scott himself, overcome with joy, knelt down and prayed with many tears that such conversions might continue and abound. Mr. Hayward and he then inquired if any natives had given up their idols. They were told of a young man, Oito. They found him, and heard his singular story. He had once been a servant of the missionaries—had heard all without being moved or believing; lately, the king had been over and had let drop some words which greatly impressed him; he began to long for more light, and to look out those who had been with the missionaries. He found one, Tuahine, of the same mind; there were others also who now had the courage to admit their belief. This little native band with Tuahine and Oito met in secret, braved the ridicule of the older natives, but still gained adherents, who gave up idols and kept their Sabbath.

CXVI

PERSECUTION.—Sometimes by the moonlight in that exquisite climate, sometimes in the early dawn, in deep thickets, by distant streams, or on the lone seashore, they met and prayed—it was like the old apostolic times over again—but they were as sheep without a shepherd. Their danger was great; they were marked men, they were nicknamed Bureatua or praying people, and at last singled out for violent persecution. The good and evil powers were now rapidly coming to a head; the brief period of Tahitian martyrdom had commenced. The houses of the believers were burnt, and the Christians were hunted from thicket to thicket and rock to rock; at last they could only meet for prayer in lonely places on moonless nights.

A young man of position and influence who had become a Christian was sorely tempted, cajoled, bribed, and enticed to give up Christ. At last he became a fugitive, marked for Oro's bloody sacrifice. They came upon him, musing upon God, in a retired place in the woods not far from his own house. Their object was to take him alive to the shore and push off in a canoe for the great maræ, when he was to be offered up. One shouted out that the king was come. 'I do not believe,' he answered calmly, 'that the king is come.'

'Some friends of yours wish to see you.'

'Why,' he answered, 'do you seek to deceive me? I know that a man is to be offered to the idol, and I know that I am to be that man. But Jesus Christ is my keeper. You may kill my body, but you cannot

hurt my soul. I am not afraid to die; Jesus Christ is my keeper.'

They rushed upon him, beat out his brains with a club, put his body in a basket covered with cocoa-nut leaves, and carried him in a canoe to a temple farther along the coast. Soon afterwards another young man was singled out as a Christian for sacrifice; he was pursued and wounded, but lay hid in a thicket and was finally rescued, bearing about in his body ever after the marks of the Lord Jesus, the wounds that he had received whilst so hotly pursued for the faith.

CXVII

THE CHURCH AT EIMEO.—We can hardly wonder if at this time, when Pomare was struggling at Tahiti to regain his supremacy, and the island was plunged in anarchy and licentiousness, a prey to the worst section of the old heathen community, of which Idia was still the powerful representative—we can hardly wonder that Oito, Tuahine and his friends were glad to accept Mr. Hayward's and Scott's invitation to go over to the more peaceful, prosperous, and Christian island of Eimeo.

There Pomare had had a large chapel built, which only cost twenty-four looking glasses, value about sixteen shillings in England. There the natives assembled for prayer, and many hundreds of them, after the preaching of the Word, put down their names as professing Christians.

CXVIII

CONSPIRACY.—The march of events is now very rapid. Pomare being at Eimeo and most of the Tahitian Christians being with him, the heathen faction resolved to exterminate the remainder. The Christian movement still seemed growing, and the chiefs, many of them at enmity with each other, conspired together to surprise and murder the Christians on July 7, a Sabbath, on which it was known they would be assembled for prayer. On assembling, the Christians were secretly told of the conspiracy, jumped into their canoes and sailed for Eimeo. The savages rushed to the shore in time to see the last canoe sail off, but not in time to arrest or capture it. In the midst of their rage and disappointment they remembered their mutual animosities and fell furiously upon one another. This catastrophe, combined with the death of Idia, seemed to be the turning point in the troubled affairs of Tahiti, and henceforth the stream of success set in steadily for the Christian interests in both islands. Two Tahitian chiefs now arrived at Eimeo, inviting certain Christian chiefs that had gone over with the king to return to their lands on the great island. Of course the king had to come over to make good their rights.

CXIX

TURN OF THE TIDE.—A mixed company now set sail in a large fleet of canoes, under the command of Pomare. Many were Christians, many undeclared, and others faithful heathen adherents of the king.

Canoes from other islands friendly to the Christian cause joined the fleet on its way. They were all prepared for war but anxious to avoid it, for a different spirit and different aims animated the king's adherents, and never did the king himself rise to a higher moral height than on this occasion. Though not under the personal direction of the missionaries, he seemed inspired by the loftiest wisdom and the most noble feelings. As the fleet of canoes approached the shore, a vast concourse of armed savages greeted them with howls, and fired upon them several times. By Pomare's orders, the fire was not returned. He sent a flag on shore offering peace. After some parley the people allowed them to land. The excitement seemed to subside and the crisis appeared to be over; but in fact it had only just begun. Tahitian public opinion was strangely divided. The great hostile leader, Umpufara himself, had been much shaken by a curious dream, and had said, 'Perhaps we are wrong. Let us send a message to the king and propose peace, and ask for books, that we may know what the new word is all about.' But the priests, who felt their interest at stake, worked on the people, and declared for war, promising victory in the name of Oro.

CXX

A DECISIVE BATTLE.—On Sunday, November 12, 1815, 800 people were assembled in the large chapel at Bundahia. It was early morning. Scouts with muskets had been posted outside. The worshippers were prepared at a moment's notice to fly to arms. They expected an attack. They fully believed it would be whilst they were at prayer. Had 800

Punaauia

savages ever before awaited an enemy's onslaught in such a place, in such a temple?

The service had begun. Immediately outside the firing of muskets was heard. There was no confusion, no hurry. Some standing at the door looked out and saw flags waving, and an armed throng bearing the idol of the war god aloft. 'It is war—it is war!' they cried to those within. All looked to Pomare. He rose, and ordered them to remain quietly in their places. He assured them that their strength was in Jehovah, that none could prevail against them if they were true to Him; and instead of rushing to arms, a hymn was sung by the whole congregation. After which, they left the chapel and prepared for war.

It was the strangest battle ever fought; it was fought on the sands of the seashore. Some of the warriors knelt and prayed. The Christians by their own wish were put in the forefront, and their heathen allies behind. Vahine, the queen's own sister, who wore a net of cords for armour, and went into the fight with a gun and a spear, distinguished herself by great bravery. Pomare himself sat in a canoe, ordered the fight, and shot the enemy down with unerring aim.

The enemy came on with hideous yells, and attacked the Christians furiously. Here and there might be seen kneeling on the grass and tangled sedge, weeds and shrubberies, or on the sea sand, groups of three and four Christians, who stopped to offer up a short prayer, and then rushed bravely into the fray. And now the shout arose, 'Umpufara is down!'—indeed he had been shot through the body, and fell gasping vengeance against the young warrior at whom he pointed, and who was instantly cut down. But when the great chief fell, confusion spread through the

enemy's ranks, and his followers fled to the rocks and mountains. The hot pursuit was just beginning, when Pomare sprang to the shore, and rushing forward, shouted, 'A ti ra! (It is enough!) Pursue none that have fled from the battle, neither burn their houses nor murder their children.' Instead of this, he ordered the dead to be buried, and even the body of Umpufara to be cared for; and instead of trampling and mutilating the slain and wounded, all were tenderly cared for, friend and foe alike, and the victorious army knelt down on the shore, and offered up praises to Jehovah in place of bloody sacrifices to Oro.

The armed band then dispersed in perfect order, some following the roads, with strict injunctions to injure neither man, beast, nor homestead. Others put off for the little islets, where the women and children with their idols had taken refuge. The idols were all brought to Pomare. Oro, the terrible god, for whom such torrents of blood had been shed, was stripped in the presence of the trembling people, his gaudy red and yellow plumes and trappings were thrown into the flames, and burnt on the seashore, along with many minor idols of wood. The stump of Oro himself was afterwards set up in Pomare's own palace, and fitted with wooden pegs to hang clothes on.

CXXI

BREAK-UP OF THE REBELS.—The greatest panic now seized the fugitives in the mountains as they saw the flames which consumed the idols rising in the distance. They fancied the whole country was in flames. They remembered how long and bitterly they had rebelled against their king, how blindly

they had followed their priest; they dreaded Pomare's just vengeance, and already heard in imagination the cries of wives and children confounded in one fell slaughter as of old. They were let alone. In a day or two they began to steal timidly down from the hills and make for their old homes. What was their astonishment! Instead of smoking ashes and murdered wives and families, all was peace and plenty; their houses and plantations were standing as they had left them; their wives and children rushed to meet them, and announced with tears of joy that the king promised a free pardon to all his subjects, and would take no revenge nor even offer a bloody sacrifice. The whole of the Gospel of Jesus Christ seemed to go forth to the poor heathen in this one splendid action of love and mercy. The contrast of this campaign with every other campaign was too dramatic; it overwhelmed them; it melted them; it did more to convert the island than all the sermons in all the chapels in Eimeo and Tahiti; but was it not the fruit of these sermons? Ay, and of faithful lives lived out for nineteen years, through evil report and good report, in those far isles of the Gentiles.

'We had done everything,' said the poor rebels in tears, 'to offend the king, and yet, when he was able to destroy us, he freely forgave us.'

An express canoe put off at the close of the battle for Eimeo. The messenger arrived breathless, sprang upon the shore, and flourishing his spear cried out aloud, 'Conquered, conquered, by prayer alone!'

Thus came to an end the long civil war which had indirectly spread Christianity over Eimeo and the adjacent islands, and closed with the restoration of Pomare II. to his dominions, and the missionaries to their settlement at Matavai.

CXXII

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.—The immense blessing which a pure religion, once fairly grasped, conferred upon the people at large, is well summed up in the words of a native chief: 'If God had not sent His word, we should all soon have been destroyed; for once we were a much larger nation than we are now, but through killing infants, sacrificing men and fighting, we were becoming fewer and fewer.' He might have added that the evil diseases brought on from drink and licentiousness had yielded in just measure to the new moral influences, and restored the health of the community.

The papers and journals in my possession bear witness to the frequent messages which now passed between the heads of the London Mission at home and the Tahitians. The king was especially fond of writing home. He used to lie on his stomach for hours, and write long letters in tomato juice in the Tahitian language, but in European characters. I have some of them addressed to my grandfather, Dr. Haweis.

Dr. Haweis was also fond of entertaining any Tahitians who managed to get to England. I remember my father telling me that on the occasion of the visit of a great Tahitian chief, Dr. Haweis invited him to a dinner in the style then fashionable. There were soup and fish, fowls and plum pudding and pastry, but above all there was ice pudding. Now the Tahitian had never seen or felt ice in his life, there never being any in Tahiti. He took a large spoonful, but the instant he got it into his mouth he was seized with agony and terror—he thought, as he said afterwards, he had got a live toad in his mouth. My grandfather, seeing his

plight, sprang up, and wringing both hands shouted, 'Spit it out, spit it out!' which the distinguished savage was nothing loth to do. To the year 1817 belongs the following interesting letter from Dr. Haweis to the king. He was now firmly established in his dominions, and Tahiti seemed certainly, under the fostering care ot Nott and the other missionaries, to be for a brief but golden period the Paradise Regained of the Pacific.

Letter (unpublished) from Dr. Haweis to King Pomare II.

'1817.

'SIRE,—The accompanying volumes court your acceptance from a person perhaps not unknown to you by name. My brethren with you, who have long enjoyed your favour and protection, will inform you how cordially and zealously I have for more than twenty years encouraged them in this work, and without ceasing prayed for their success in their labours of love for yourself and the people you govern, and the happy change which a gracious Saviour hath wrought is one of the first joys of my soul. The blessed Book of God, which has been the subject of all their teaching, will, I hope, continue in your hand daily, and its contents be graven on your heart. If these, drawn from this sacred fountain, shall contribute to your fuller comprehension of the most essential truths therein contained, and lead you to the spirit of Christian communion with the true Church of God, I shall go down to the grave, which I am fast approaching at eighty-five, rejoicing in the confidence of meeting you in that blessed world where death shall be for ever swallowed up in victory, and we shall, together with angels and archangels and all the company

of heaven, surround with praise the throne of God and of the Lamb, who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father. To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. I shall never cease to pray for you that our God and Saviour may perfect the good work begun in you, and long preserve you in health, the father of your people and the supporter of my brethren, perpetuate your dominion in your family to the latest posterity, and enable them to be followers of you as you are of Christ. Remaining with all true Christian regards and high respect,

'Your faithful and devoted servant,

'T. H.'

The largest settlement was still at the neighbouring island of Eimeo, but several missionaries were now always on what we may call the mainland of Tahiti, and engaged in frequent rounds of preaching. Wherever they went, they found little chapels, but in the retired districts the people had often to be rebuked for inattention. 'When we saw your little chapel,' said a minister, 'we were pleased; but now we see your behaviour, we are disappointed.' Still the enthusiasm for Christianity now grew apace. Morning and evening the natives met in their houses for prayer—three times on Sunday in their chapels, served sometimes only by native preachers. But the natives much preferred the missionaries' preaching, and would walk miles to the chapels where they officiated. These grew larger and larger, and at last several of the smaller chapels were closed because deserted, whilst the others were always thronged. Pomare now conceived the idea of building

a cathedral. His idea was worthy of so great and enlightened a prince It was to be larger than St. Paul's, for that is only 500 feet long, but this was 712 feet. It had 130 windows and 29 doors, and was furnished with three pulpits.

CXXIII

POMARE'S CATHEDRAL.—The chapel was worked at with a will, and was finished in the spring of 1819. The ceiling was covered with finely plaited matting, the floors with dried rushes, and the one long nave furnished with forms and pews. Through the chapel ran a clear stream flowing from the distant hills to the sea. How many an allusion did it supply the preachers with as they looked down upon their audience of 6,000 and thought of Jordan and the bright baptismal waters of Palestine!

The opening festival of the Royal Mission Chapel, as it was called, was noised abroad through Tahiti, Eimeo, Huahine, and all the neighbouring islands. For a week before, canoes had been arriving from all quarters, the visitors lived in tents which stretched for four miles along the shore, and the whole neighbourhood around Matavai presented the appearance of an immense fair.

The people were summoned by shell horns, blown far and wide, and by metal bars struck for bells. Before the hour of Divine service the chapel was densely crammed with not less than 6,000 persons, numbers being unable to obtain admission.

In the three pulpits stood Mr. Darling, Mr. Platt, and Mr. Hook, and a hymn familiar to most present was given out, in which all joined heartily. Then the

three sermons went on simultaneously, the space being too immense for them to interfere with each other, and the service concluded with prayer.

The second day was similarly employed, the crowds being quite as great even on the third and last great day. On that occasion Pomare himself occupied the middle pulpit, and promulgated a new code of laws drawn up, with the aid of the missionaries, on Christian principles. He had written them out with his own hand, eighteen in number; they were chiefly levelled against murder, theft, rebellion, and Sabbath breaking. The death penalty was reserved for murderers and rebels alone. Thieves were fined four times the amount of the robbery.

CXXIV

POMARE THE LAWGIVER.—It was a proud moment for the missionaries when this once heathen king held their code in his hand, and looked down beaming with satisfaction at his now docile and faithful people. He began by addressing Tati, a great and once rebellious chief, as the people's representative.

'Tati,' he said in a loud voice, 'what is your desire—what can I do for you?'

The chief rose, and as all eyes were fixed upon him, he pointed to the roll of papers which Pomare held.

'Those,' he replied, 'are what we want, the papers you hold in your hand—the laws. Give them to us, that we may hold them in our hands, that we may regard them and do what is right.'

Pomare then turned to another chief, and used the same words :

'What is your desire ?'

'One thing only,' was the reply ; 'all desire that which Tati has said, the laws which you hold in your hand.'

Then the king read out loud the eighteen laws, explaining parts of them, and asked after each law :

'Do you agree to this law ?'

And the chiefs answered all together :

'We heartily agree to it !'

Then Pomare turned to the people and asked the same questions, bidding them to hold up their right hands if they agreed ; and the whole multitude as suddenly uplifted their arms, and a great rushing sound ran through the length and breadth of the temple.

When Pomare came to the law against rebellion he paused and looked about him, and was evidently for passing it over, as he remembered how many were present who had lately been rebels ; but he made an effort and went through with it, upon which Tati, the arch rebel chief, sprang forward, threw up both his arms in hearty assent, and called on all the people to do likewise ; this law then was carried with more acclamation than any of the others. Soon after this, Pomare, who had long sought baptism at the hands of his teachers, was baptised in the new chapel in the presence of an immense concourse of people. In their presence he also received the affectionate exhortation from Mr. Bicknell, who was himself deeply moved, to walk worthy of his vocation, remembering that he was a great king placed on high amongst the people, and that his example was mighty for good or evil.

CXXV

A NATIVE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Tahiti mission seemed to strike one after another all the key-notes of true work amongst the heathen. The missionaries had come bringing with them the arts, attentive to material as well as to spiritual needs, armed with complete self-sacrifice, inexhaustible patience, constitutions equal to any hardship, and minds furnished with infinite tenderness and forbearance. No mission ever depended less upon home help or was more self-supporting, and it was now to read one more lesson to modern missionaries, the most important of all—the art of spreading spontaneously from native centres.

Eimeo and Tahiti now set about Christianising their neighbours, and, instead of sponging upon the London Society, themselves provided the funds and the workers. No mission which is incapable of spreading from its own centre, is at all worth vamping up from the mother country. For some time the settlement at Eimeo determined to build a good ship capable of passing swiftly and safely from island to island. Pomare had taken the greatest interest in the building of the vessel, which was launched on December 7, ~~1807~~, 1817 in the presence of vast crowds of people, who pulled it by ropes into the sea. The vessel was called the 'HAWEIS,' and Pomare wrote the following letter to Dr. Haweis, then a very old man, on this occasion:

'DEAR FRIEND,—May you be blest and your family with the salvation of Jehovah, the true God. I was startled at receiving your letter, for I thought you had been taken away by our Lord. The small watch which

you sent me is in my hands, and remains as a keepsake from you, dear friend. Your name has been given by me to the vessel which has been built here. I was urgent about it, for some said it should have another name; but I said no, the name must be the "HAWEIS." The reason I was so urgent about it was because you were so very attentive to us at Tahiti. I send you two little fans which the royal family of these countries are accustomed to fan themselves with. When the day of the feast arrived and the king was prayed for, those were the fans that used to fan away the flies. If you write to me again, I shall be glad. If it be agreeable, send me three books; one very large Bible, one to carry about, very small, and one book of geography. If it be not agreeable, very well. Do not think evil of me, dear friend, for the small request that I make at the end of my letter. May you be blest by Jesus Christ, the true King of Salvation, by whom we must all be saved.

'POMARE.'

This ship was about seventy tons burden; but its voyages proved very expensive, and it was sold in a year or two. The brethren explained their views of a local self-supporting missionary society to the king and it was warmly taken up by one of his chiefs, Auna. Of course the financial question came first.

'Do you think,' said the king to Auna, 'you could collect five bamboo canes of cocoa-nut oil in the year?'

'Yes,' said the chief.

'Do you think you could spare so much for sending the word of God to the heathen?'

'Yes,' replied Auna.

'Do you think,' continued the politic king, 'that

those who value the Gospel in this land would think it a great trouble to collect so much oil?'

'No,' said Auna, 'I believe they would not.'

'Then,' said Pomare, 'think it over, and we will contrive some plan.'

The king consulted all his chiefs privately; the missionaries drew up the rules of the native mission, and a great meeting was called at Eimeo, to which the natives of Tahiti were invited. Early at sunrise the people began to gather in crowds, and long before the hour appointed for the service the chapel was so crowded that it was agreed to hold the meeting in a neighbouring cocoa-nut grove at the foot of steep rocks by the sea. The royal party were seated by the side of Mr. Nott, and the king was surrounded by his chiefs. Nott preached from the text, 'Understandest thou what thou readest?' and after the sermon Pomare began the business of the meeting. He told them how lately they had given their fish and fruits to idols and had sacrificed men. Now they enjoyed peace and happiness through the Gospel, and he asked them to send it to the neighbouring islands. Once he had taken their property by force, but now he wished them to give willingly. No one should be forced to give, no one should be called mean for not giving; and when he asked those who agreed to hold up their hands, hundreds of dark arms were lifted in answer. The meeting lasted till the sun sank into the sea, and then the people returned singing to their houses. All were not, however, willing contributors. One man came to Pomare with five bamboos of oil in evident ill humour.

'Take them,' he said sulkily, 'for your society.'

'No,' said the king; 'I will not mix your angry bamboos with the missionary oil. Take them away.'

CXXVI

SPIRITUAL FRUITS.—On occasion the natives were extraordinarily sensitive to preaching. Mr. Nott preached a sermon on 'Let him that stole steal no more.' The next morning he found a group of men outside his door, who said:

'We have not been able to sleep all night since we heard yesterday the word of God commanding us not to steal. We have stolen, and all these things here are stolen goods.'

One held up a saw:

'I stole this from the carpenter of such a ship.'

Others had knives and various tools. They insisted on leaving these objects with Mr. Nott, to be restored to their owners when found. Some who had robbed a missionary in another island went seventy miles to restore the articles. The women, who had often murdered their children, seemed particularly oppressed in mind, and often wept and wrung their hands at the thought of their crimes.

But to the very end Pomare was an enigma to the good missionaries. They could not understand, and they hardly did justice to, his powerful and complex character. He took immense pains to spread the Gospel, and he went in person to neighbouring chiefs and distant islands, and did his utmost to prevent war, and yet so imperfect a good liver was he that for years he was refused baptism. It seems that drunkenness was still very prevalent in the island. There were numbers of stills, in which the natives boiled down roots, and supplied the people with intoxicating liquors. The king ordered all these to be abolished, and would

allow no drunkenness on the island ; but whenever a ship touched at Matavai, he would go on board and get drunk himself, nor could the missionaries prevent him from buying spirits for his own royal consumption. He forbade the cultivation of the sugar cane because a foolish captain had told him that if his people made sugar, a foreign army would make slaves of them ; nor could the brethren undeceive him. He always said he was not fit to take the Lord's Supper, but had prayers morning and evening, and frequently sat for hours reading the Scriptures verse by verse with his attendants, after which he would engage in prayer with them. Although the brethren had been at work for twenty years, they should have remembered that Pomare himself belonged to that older generation which had consistently opposed the new religion. He was the disciple of Mane-Mane, the old archpriest. He was the son of Idia, the very Jezebel of the Tahitian worship. When convinced himself, he retained his old habits and ingrained propensities, yet he forced himself to act in opposition to some of the most powerful religious and political influences of his own kingdom, the power of the priests, the avarice and ambition of the chiefs. Rather than give in, he remained an exile from Tahiti for two years, until he slowly but steadily won a sufficient adherence to reconquer the island.

All this time he never wavered in his fidelity to the brethren, took care to protect them, often at his own extreme peril, steadily improved himself in all the arts of civilisation within his reach, learning to read and write fluently, and even to set up the type in a printing press with his own hands. Throughout Eimeo and Tahiti he caused over forty chapels to be

built besides the enormous cathedral at Matavai capable of holding 6,000 people. Before he died, he had not only promulgated a complete code of Christian legislation and formed an executive for the administration of justice, to which he obtained the willing adherence of chiefs and people, but had founded a central missionary society, which in a short time spread its ramifications with very great success throughout the isles of the Pacific Ocean.

CXXVII

COMMISSIONERS FROM ENGLAND.—When, in 1821, the directors of the Society in England sent out inspectors to report progress, they found Tahiti and Eimeo covered with schools and thriving villages and seaports. They were astonished at the congregations which assembled in the chapels, and especially at the large and devout gatherings at the Royal Mission Chapel or cathedral near Matavai. They found native ministers in the pulpit, whilst the people pored intently over their copies of the Gospel and joined in the hymns. Most of the natives, especially the women, wore clothes which the missionaries had taught them to make.

Less clothing in that happy climate of eternal summer would doubtless have sufficed, but so easy was it to obtain food that idleness was the great temptation, and the manufacture of garments kept the women constantly employed.

CXXVIII

DEATH.—The inspectors were only just in time to see the great king alive. Pomare was suffering

from dropsy, aggravated, alas! by his intemperate habits. He signified that he would receive the emissaries at his palace in Eimeo. It was surrounded by a bamboo fence. All along the road on either side stood the king's guards with loaded muskets. On passing the bamboo fence, an officer in scarlet cloth bade them pause and the guards fired a salute. Mr. Nott then entered the king's presence and announced the arrival of his visitors. They were ushered in, and found Pomare seated on a white calico sheet and propped up with cushions. He wore a white calico shirt, and over it a rich yellow *tiputa* ornamented with flowers. His hair was short in front, with the back hair rolled into a topknot. His hands were tattooed, his skin dark, the expression of his face very intelligent. Near him sat his wife, young and rather fair, with her boy about a year and a half old; her sister was by her side, who often acted as the child's nurse. Both the royal ladies wore gowns, bonnets, shoes and stockings; they usually preferred a more airy costume, as they were incessantly in and out of the sea in all weathers. The Princess Aimata, afterwards the unhappy Queen Pomare, had on a blue flowered frock and a straw bonnet. She was at this time only ten years old, but the lineal heir to Pomare's throne in case of the little prince's death. Tati, the prime minister, once a notorious rebel, sat on the stool in front of the king, and the presence chamber was crowded with chiefs, whilst the faithful subjects blocked up the doorways and peeped through the cracks. The king nodded to his guests, and bade them be seated at his right hand. He received the thanks of the London Missionary Society with letters, and inquired whether the Gospel was being preached in other heathen

lands. Wine was then brought and the king's health drunk. He merely touched the glass with his lips, and, being in much pain, desired the visitors to be shown their presents, which were in the courtyard, consisting of fourteen hogs and five heaps of fruit. The king, being unequal to further audience, then dismissed them. They saw him twice again, once before setting sail round the island for the sake of his health, when his breath seemed very short, and once on his return to his Tahitian house, built on the site of his last great battle. He was then very weak, and three days afterwards sent for Mr. Crook, who was skilled in medicine, and who from that time seldom left him.

CXXIX

DEATH OF POMARE II.—On December 7, 1821, he was seized with a fainting fit, but recovered consciousness. Mr. Crook, seated on his bed, then said to him:

'I would gladly do for you what I can, but I fear my best will be of little avail. You have indeed been a great sinner; but Christ is a great Saviour, and none but Jesus can help you now.'

Pomare again sank back in a faint, repeating:

'None but Jesus.'

These were his last words. He now fell into a complete stupor, and at eight o'clock in the evening ceased to breathe.

The queen appeared heart-broken, and the afflicted family joined with Mr. Crook in prayer around the corpse, the queen and her sister crying out at intervals:

'Alas! alas! our king! 'Twas he who brought us hither, and now alas! alas! for the children!'

Then each person present expressed his loss in his own way whilst the tears rolled down his cheeks. Pomare was buried near the Royal Mission Chapel under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees. Mr. Nott and Mr. Henry officiated in the presence of an immense concourse of people.

To a few years before this period seem to belong two letters received from Nott by my grandfather, who died in 1822. The first makes interesting mention of Mr. Marsden, the earliest of the New Zealand missionaries, who also took great interest in the Tahitians, and was afterwards much associated with Nott in his visits to London.

Letter from the Missionary Nott to Dr. Haweis (unpublished)

'Sydney, New South Wales: August 4, 1812.

'DEAR DOCTOR,—Being detained longer than I expected, I have an opportunity of sending a few more lines. I forgot to acknowledge in my last your present by Mr. Bicknel, which demands my warmest thanks. The brethren wrote to the Rev. Mr. Marsden desiring him to defray on the Society's account my expenses here, but through the kindness of our friends in the colony no application has been made to him for that purpose, only to defray the expense of my passage here and our passage back to Tahiti, and to furnish us with a few articles for our equipment. I am very glad that there is a person so

near us so capable of serving the Society, and so willing to do it, as the Rev. Mr. Marsden is. Another circumstance which I think is properly favourable to the Mission on these islands is the kind disposition of that gentleman towards the South Sea Islanders, which he ever manifests in acts of kindness towards all those who come within his reach. I think it is a great pity that the directors won't accede to his proposals, joined with those of the missionaries, to have a ship here &c.

'Brother Hassal has behaved very well to me and my dear and affectionate wife; also Brother and Sister Crook, at whose house we now are, have treated us in the most kind and Christianlike manner. They have also many thoughts of joining us soon. I wish they may. Mr. C. in my opinion is a person exactly suitable to instruct the rising generation at Tahiti. More missionaries should immediately be sent out; our ranks will soon be thinned by death, and our places must be supplied by others, or the enemy will gain ground. Medicines and a medical person are much wanted, which I hope you, dear Doctor, whom all the missionaries consider as their very particular friend, will endeavour to send to us. I must now close this. My dear wife joins with me in presenting our Christian love and respects, hoping that you and your family are in the enjoyment of every blessing, temporal and spiritual.

'I remain, dear Doctor,

'Your most obedient, humble servant in the Gospel,

'H. NOTT.

'P.S.—I hope, dear Doctor, nothing that I have written will be made public. Adieu.'

'N.B.—Nott married a native woman, who turned out very well. He was one of the best of the missionaries.' [*Mem.* by my father.]

Here is a later letter by Mr. Nott addressed to Mrs. Haweis, Dr. Haweis's widow, four years after my grandfather's death. Nott, who had been on a visit to London, is about to return; he mentions my father (afterwards the Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, Canon and Prebendary of Chichester), then a young man just gone up to Oxford.

Letter (unpublished) from Nott, the Missionary, to Mrs. Haweis, Widow of Dr. Thomas Haweis

'Mission College, Hoxton: November 7, 1826.

'DEAR MADAM,—Your kind letter of the 26th ult. came to hand; but having obtained no certain knowledge hitherto respecting the time of my leaving England is the reason why I have deferred writing, until I should be able to speak with some degree of precision, determining to give you the earliest information I could, as soon as my departure should be decided upon. There is a ship in the docks which will sail for N.S.W. in about a fortnight, and I am going down with Mr. Ellis on Thursday morning to look at her, but I cannot until I have seen her say whether I shall go in her or not. Some of the directors wish me to wait for a ship of Mr. Birne's which is expected in every day, and which Mr. Birne has promised shall take me direct to Tahiti after she has had about one month's repairs.

'But I have many fears about my health, that if I wait for that ship I shall not be able to bear the cold,

which is indeed already too severe for me. However, as soon as I can decide I will let you know.

'I have just received yours of yesterday, and thank you exceedingly for your kindness on behalf of my brethren as well as myself and the young King Pomare. I also feel myself bound in gratitude to acknowledge the kindness of your son [afterwards Canon Haweis]; and as you have so very obligingly favoured me with his address, shall immediately forward to him a letter of thanks, and I am sure King Pomare will do the same himself as soon as he receives your son's valuable and well-chosen present, than which, with his crown, nothing could have been more adapted to please him.

'I am much obliged, madam, by your proposal to send a draft on your banker, but would prefer exceedingly your procuring the articles yourself, or by your own instructions, and let it be my part only to act as the distributor of your munificence in this case.

'Since I wrote the former part of this letter several of the directors have called at the College, and being informed how I am, and what effect the cold has upon me in my present situation, have advised me to go to Bath, as a much warmer place than London, and there to wait until the arrival of the ship, and till it is necessary for me to prepare to sail. I therefore intend to mention this to the Board on Monday next, and request them to make arrangements for me to proceed immediately to Bath. Should the gentlemen agree to this, I may perhaps, madam, have the pleasure and honour of a little more of your company on some fine day when I can venture out as far as Beaufort Buildings.

'Hoping that this will reach Brighton before you

leave that town, I beg leave, dear madam, to subscribe myself, with Christian love to your daughter [my aunt, the late Mrs. Gould], your much obliged,

'Humble servant in the Gospel,

'HENRY NOTT.'

From the following letter from Nott to Mrs. Haweis, it would seem that he took a very active part in administering the stores connected with the London Missionary Society's transactions with Tahiti :

'Mission College, Hoxton : Jan. 24, 1827.

'DEAR MADAM,—Your very kind letter of the 16th inst. came to hand with the box of regalia &c. for King Pomare ; and no doubt you begin to think it very strange that I have not been more prompt in acknowledging the receipt of your kindness.

'The truth is, I have been waiting to ascertain whether the cask sent from Bath by Mrs. Slater was received at the Mission House, Austin Friars, or not, that I might in writing to you give you information of its arrival also. I had received a letter from Mrs. Slater previous to the one from you, informing me that she had sent the cask of goods from Bath on the 9th inst. by Tanner's waggon, which goes to the Rose, Fleet Market, and that it would be in London by the latter end of the week, directed to me at the Mission House, Austin Friars. I went down to Austin Friars last week and inquired for the cask. I was informed that several casks of a large size had been sent there for me ; but as there was no room for them on account of their size, they had been sent down to Coxe's Quay, and that they could not tell whether either of them came from Bath or not. I then sent the man to the Rose, Fleet Market, to

inquire whether a cask had been brought there by the waggon which left Bath on the 9th, directed to Mr. Nott at the Mission House, Austin Friars. The answer given to the messenger was that a cask had been received there, sent from Bath on the 9th inst. directed to the Rev. Mr. Arundel, Mission House, Austin Friars, and that it was sent to Austin Friars, After the messenger returned with this answer, Mr. Jones (one of the attendants at the Mission House) informed me that a cask had come there directed to the Rev. Mr. Arundel; but as he knew it was a wrong direction, and could not be for Mr. Arundel, but for one of the missionaries, he took the paper which contained the direction off, and that this cask was sent with the rest down to Coxe's Quay, Lower Thames Street. I have been down to Coxe's Quay this afternoon, and have looked at all the casks, but the only cask which seemed to have had a paper direction on it and which had been torn off has the mark T. C. No. 26 on the same end where the paper direction had been. There is only one cask at this quay which has the direction "Mr. Nott, Mission House, Austin Friars," on it, and that is a cask from Derby. All the rest have nothing but NOT, or simply the letter N and a number on them. I think the cask must be there, though I cannot at present find it. The only way will be, if it will not be troubling good Mrs. Slater too much, for Mrs. Slater to send me the exact marks which were on the cask upon a piece of paper, with a description of the cask, which will enable me to ascertain whether it is at the quay or not. Perhaps, madam, in addition to all your favours you would add to the list that of dropping a line to Mrs. Slater, by way of inquiry what was the exact

direction and description of this cask, and let me know, and I will go down again to the quay and see if any one of them will correspond thereto.

'I feel exceedingly reluctant to give you this trouble, and seem as though I was imposing upon your already unparalleled kindness; but as it is my duty to give you the satisfaction of knowing that your bounty has been duly received, and as I don't know a better way of doing that than the one I have suggested above, I have been constrained thus to write. I hope, dear madam, you will not feel at all concerned about the goods as though there was a probability of their being lost, for I really think, as I have already said, that the cask must be among the rest at the quay, only I cannot find out which it is, for want of knowing the exact marks and size and description of the cask.

'I suppose the good Doctor [afterwards Rev. J. O. W. Haweis] has before this resumed his important studies at college, and I hope that he will bend all his powers to the service of Christ, as his honoured father did. I feel obliged and honoured by the Doctor's kind invitation for me to go to Oxford, and have a strong desire to go, but know not if I shall be able to accomplish the journey. The weather is very severe, and I can seldom venture out of the house. I had no idea when I left Tahiti that I should be able to endure anything like this; however, through mercy, my health is as good as it has been since I first arrived in England. I also feel greatly obliged to you, madam, or expressing yourself in the kind terms you have done relative to my visiting Brighton again, but for the same reason mentioned above relative to Oxford am not able to speak decidedly on

the subject. I hope your amiable and kind daughter is with yourself enjoying good health, but suppose she does not venture to ride out this cold and slippery weather.

'I shall be careful to give you information when the time of my sailing draws nigh, and let you know the day and the hour if I can, and when on my voyage shall be on the alert to throw a line on board any ship that I may meet with bound for England, to let you know our affairs and how far the Lord has preserved us and conducted us on our voyage. I remain, dear madam,

'With the highest Christian esteem and affection,

'Yours in the Lord,

'HENRY NOTT.'

Another letter from Nott, in which he alludes to my father's hospitality:

'Mission College, Hoxton: December 20, 1826.

'DEAR MADAM,—Your very kind letter of the 16th I have just received, and while I feel very much obliged by the hospitality of your good son am at the same time sorry that I should have been the innocent occasion of putting him to so much trouble on my account. I say innocent because, much against my will, I was obliged to stop in town to be ready at the call of Mr. Canning to answer any questions which he might have to ask relative to a letter from King Pomare, which I forwarded to him with a translation, to be presented to the King of England. I was not called upon till last Wednesday, when I went with Mr. Hankey and Mr. Ellis, but was not able to settle anything. Next day I set off for

High Wickham and Oxford, and arrived at Oxford at about half-past nine on Friday night, but was informed that your obliging son had left College. I therefore, being an entire stranger in Oxford, left it next morning in the coach at six o'clock for Bath, and arrived about half-past three in the afternoon. I went from the inn to Beaufort Buildings, but the servant informed me that you was not at home, but if I would go to Mr. MacDowall's I should obtain every information. I therefore proceeded to your kind brother's, and remained under his hospitable roof during my short stay in Bath, viz. from Saturday evening until Tuesday morning.

'I was recommended to go to Bath for at least for a part of the winter, but as the ship in which we are to sail has arrived since I formed the intention of so doing, and as her departure is likely to be earlier than was expected, it will now be necessary for me to be near at hand, in order to get ready &c. &c. I cannot, however, reconcile myself to leave England without seeing your kind son and yourself and daughter once more. I shall therefore endeavour to be in Brighton early next week, and stop a day or two if I can. I therefore need not say anything here relative to the directions of the goods you have been so kind as to prepare, as I hope soon to have the privilege and pleasure of conversing with you on that or any other subject you may be pleased to suggest. Meanwhile, madam, I beg to remain, with Christian affection to your kind son and amiable daughter, your much obliged and humble servant,

'HENRY NOTT.'

CXXX

POMARE III.—The little prince who now succeeded to the throne was the last king of Tahiti. The story of the mission, its prosperity and its decline and ruin, draws to a close, but the events which now rapidly succeeded each other possess a pathetic interest of their own which no words can enhance. There was no rebellion amongst the chiefs, no royal factions, no attempt to wrest the power from the queen mother or the regent, an old man called Manaonao, or from Aimata the young princess and future queen. All vied in loyalty to little Pomare III., and, to the great anxiety of the missionaries, all conspired to spoil him. He was carried about the island and encouraged to ask for all he wanted. As he passed he would call out, 'Hog! plantain! mat! dish!' which were immediately given to him. He was crowned in great state and presented with a copy of the Bible. He promised formally to keep all the laws and govern justly; and all the people shouted, 'Long live the king!' But he was not destined to live long, and the crown then passed peaceably to his sister Aimata.

CXXXI

QUEEN POMARE.—She was herself a mere child very clever, but not so steady as the missionaries could wish. However, she was got to consent to all necessary reforms; a sort of parliament was instituted, the young queen was married to a young chief of royal descent, who took the royal name of Pomare, and she steadily improved and devoted herself more

and more to the good of her people. Capital punishment was abolished, and the laws against theft modified, and above all drinking was severely punished and spirits absolutely forbidden in the island. The queen was a great patroness of the schools, delighted to attend the chapel services and witness the baptisms, and took the greatest interest in the translation of the whole Bible into the Tahitian language.

Most of the missionaries had now grown old. Some had died, some had left for other islands, some had gone home. The Christian services were in full swing, and largely carried on by native ministers. The new constitution worked harmoniously, and there was very little crime and less disease.

CXXXII

DARWIN'S TRIBUTE TO MISSION WORK.—Before I relate the closing scene of what might fitly be called this strange Tahiti drama, I think it interesting to insert a tribute to the actual work accomplished by missionaries at Tahiti. It comes from a rather unexpected quarter.

In 1835 the celebrated Charles Darwin, of 'Origin of Species' fame, visited the island in the 'Beagle.' The great naturalist made a tour of Tahiti, and gives us this striking side glimpse of the life of the Tahitians at this period.

'Before we laid ourselves down to sleep the elder Tahitian fell on his knees, and with closed eyes repeated a long prayer in his native tongue. He prayed as a Christian should do, with fitting reverence

and without the fear of ridicule or any ostentation of piety. At our meals neither of the men would taste food without saying beforehand a short grace. Those travellers who think that a Tahitian prays only when the eyes of the missionary are fixed on him, should have slept with us that night on the mountain.' He goes on to discuss the rumour 'that the Tahitians had become a gloomy race, and lived in fear of the missionaries.' He says: 'Of the latter feeling I saw no trace, unless indeed fear and respect be confounded under one name. Instead of discontent being a common feeling, it would be difficult in Europe to pick out of a crowd half so many merry and happy faces.' He then replies to those who were ever ready to point out still existing defects in the South Sea Islanders, and blame the missionaries for these. 'They forget, or will not remember, that human sacrifices and the power of an idolatrous priesthood, a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world, infanticide, a consequence of that system, bloody wars when the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance, and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things would be base ingratitude; for should he chance to be on the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast he will most devoutly pray that the lessons of the missionary may have extended thus far.'

. . . .

CXXXIII

ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH.—November 21, 1836, the year after Darwin's memorable visit, a French ship arrived, and secretly slipped ashore two Roman Catholic priests. These men went all over Tahiti telling the people that the missionaries had deceived them. They were ordered off the island by the queen, and refusing to go, were carried down to the seashore by force and packed off in a boat to their ship. This was the beginning of troubles. The enraged and disappointed priests went home and demanded satisfaction for the insult offered to the French flag in their persons. Two years afterwards a French man-of-war anchored at Tahiti and demanded an indemnity of 400*l.* from the queen, in default of which the island would be sacked.

The money was paid with difficulty.

CXXXIV

FALL OF THE ENGLISH FLAG.—The French now went about to persuade the natives that the English flag was a badge of servitude, and told them that if they really wished to preserve their independence, they should hoist one of their own. The missionaries, on hearing this, in a rash and inconceivably thoughtless moment, eager to clear England and themselves from every suspicion of self-interest, advised the natives to take down the English flag and fly anything they pleased. A grand national Tahitian flag was then devised and hoisted; of course the French, who had not dared to touch the Union Jack, at once pulled

down the Tahitian flag and hoisted their own. That moment the Tahiti mission received a blow from which it never recovered.

I have traced the rise and progress of an almost ideal mission: it would be painful, and it is superfluous, to describe in detail its rapid decline. A very few closing paragraphs will suffice.

CXXXV

FLIGHT OF THE QUEEN.—The French took possession of the queen's palace, but failed to capture Pomare herself, who fled with her children to a neighbouring island. Then followed sad letters to the Queen of England for help, pathetic appeals to the French. All were in vain. England was not going to war with France for a little island in the South Seas which had voluntarily rejected her protection and taken down her flag, and France was not going to give up an island which might prove useful to her as a commercial port.

CXXXVI

RESTORATION OF THE QUEEN.—How the French set up a playhouse and a Catholic chapel, circulated a new catechism, appointed ministers, and did what they could to corrupt the people and counteract the established missionary influence; how the queen came back, was received by the French admiral, and reinstated under French protection, deprived of all real power but consoled with a Government pension, a palace, and the show of royalty, need not be told at length. Even then the chiefs opposed the French, and

the people clave to the English missionaries. Catholicism made little progress, though, alas! licentiousness made a great deal. These things have long since become matters of history, but scarcely belong to the first evangelisation of the island, which I undertook to relate.

CXXXVII

TAHITI UNDER THE FRENCH.—There is still an English mission at Tahiti, but no longer is the mild paternal government of the missionaries the moving spirit of the island.

The sad spectacle, so common abroad and so demoralising, of Catholic and Protestant missionaries at war with each other, is now seen in Tahiti; the government equally indifferent to both, the natives a little puzzled and more sceptical. Meanwhile the arts of civilisation, especially the adoption of clothes (instead of the free healthy water life of the old days), and the wholesale importation of European stimulants and diseases, have begun to thin the native population, which is probably obeying slowly but surely the law by which an inferior race so often dies out, and is improved off the earth by the conquering civilisation.

CXXXVIII

THE END.—The beginning of the end was probably announced quite recently, when Tahiti lost the last shred of her nationality and was converted simply into a French province. Henceforth the natives may live or die as they please. The island will probably develop under the influence of steam navigation into the most important station in those distant seas. Its

Christianity will be no better and no worse than that of any other maritime port, and the beautiful vision of something like a real kingdom of Christ set up in a little heathen island in the South Seas will in a few years be nothing but a fair and fugitive dream of the past.

CXXXIX

SELWYN, PATTESON, MARSDEN.—Selwyn and Patteson are the two distinguished names for ever associated with the evangelisation of New Zealand and the Melanesian Islands. To these great Episcopalian names must certainly be added that of the honoured Government Chaplain Marsden, who preceded both, in establishing fragmentary missionary settlements in New Zealand. One of the most pleasing features of this pioneer work was certainly the *entente cordiale* which was easily established between these godly men, Episcopal and Nonconformist; like Peter and Paul, they contrived, despite their sectional differences, to work sometimes together, oftener side by side, in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace.

Theoretically, both in Bishop Selwyn's and Patteson's letters there seems to lurk at times the sting of conscious superiority to the unauthorised gospellers—'I sent not these, but they ran'—and there certainly was a poor-spiritedness about a Christian bishop refusing to join in public prayer with a Dissenting Christian brother in the antipodes; but yet Selwyn and Patteson seated in a log hut with a savage or two, and a Presbyterian or a Baptist, discovered that the common sign of the cross ruled out all differences, and they learned to dwell together if needful, paying due respect to each other's labour of love.

We never read that Mrs. Selwyn, who settled for some time at Norfolk Island and superintended an Episcopal school there, ever had other than friendly relations with the Nonconforming elements she found dominant, or that Patteson or Selwyn refused the right hand of fellowship to the Dissenters at Taranaki or Auckland. *O si sic omnes!*

Of the mixed Episcopal and Dissenting influences that towards the close of last century reached Tahiti, and I may add the Samoan and Sandwich Islands, chiefly through the London Missionary Society, it is needless here further to speak. When Archbishop Howley in 1844 appointed Bishop Selwyn the first Bishop of New Zealand and Melanesia, he wisely gave him charge of those islands in the Pacific only which had not been yet touched by missionary influence, and both Selwyn and Patteson acted scrupulously on the archiepiscopal hint which was also of Apostolical precedent: 'I have strived to preach the Gospel,' says St. Paul, writing to the Romans, whom he claims, 'not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's *foundation*;' a text, by the way, which has always seemed to me a little rough on the Roman Catholics, who believe apparently that St. Peter had something to do with the Church of Rome—was in some sense its Bishop or responsible for its '*foundation*'! An opinion which could never have been shared by Paul.

CXL

EARLY SETTLEMENT.—We realise with difficulty how very new is New Zealand, not only as a Christian but as a civilised centre at all. Discovered by Tasman, a Dutchman, who, however, did not venture

to land, it was first trodden by whites only in 1769, when Captain Cook sailed all round it, made acquaintance with the natives, and left them those pigs which multiplied so fast and whose traces are everywhere apparent to the coach traveller on the wild plains between Napier and Rotorua. Dribblets of whites came over at intervals and formed desultory settlements amongst the Maoris, themselves only tenants for about 400 years, having landed in canoes from Hawaiki, a Polynesian island belonging to the Hawaian group.

It was only in 1814 that the land was touched with the Gospel through Dr. Marsden, who came over from New South Wales. But I was assured that as late as 1830 the white population did not amount to much over 100!

This 'no man's land' state of things was finally put a stop to by the arrival of Captain Hobson with orders from the British Government to establish 'a settled form of government;' and in 1840, not without the general native consent, New Zealand was formally proclaimed a Crown colony, Captain Hobson as governor explaining to the natives 'that the shadow should go to the Queen, whilst the substance would remain to the Maoris.' Had he transposed the words 'shadow' and 'substance' in the above phrase, he would have been nearer the mark.

Still there is no reason to doubt the good faith of Hobson or the 'Queen.' The inexorable logic of events, which neither the 'Queen' nor Hobson could control, must be held responsible for the subsequent decimation of the Maoris, and the wholesale robberies practically committed under the British flag.

At first it was understood that the English would settle here and there, wherever permitted to do so by

the Maori chiefs, that they would bring them the blessings of Christian civilisation, including firearms which would enable them to shoot each other, tobacco which would help them to stupefy their own brains, and spirits which would encourage them to sign away with a light heart their rights whilst in a state of festive intoxication.

I might continue almost in the words of Washington Irving, who, in describing our similar treatment of the Red Indians, remarks of the Christian civilisers: 'They likewise made known to them a thousand remedies by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and cured; and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of these medicines, they previously introduced amongst them the diseases which they were calculated to cure.' Last but not least, we sent devoted missionaries like Marsden, Selwyn, and Patteson, to explain to the Maoris that although most of the whites with whom they had come in contact were shameless, drunken and dishonest, that they were so in spite of, and not in consequence of, the religion they professed, which was indeed intended to make them quite the reverse; and the Maoris were cordially invited to accept without misgiving the means of grace, and imitate the examples of the better sort, e.g. Marsden, Selwyn and Patteson, and as for the rest, to pay more attention to what was preached as Christianity than to what was practised in defiance of its beautiful precepts. Not the least valuable function of the missionary settlements was that of a sort of vigilance committee set over these same unscrupulous and irreligious whites. The very presence of God-fearing and earnest men held in some considerable check the lawless freebooters on the seas and the

profligates on land, who were rapidly bringing into contempt not only the Government of the Queen, but also the kingdom of Christ, in the South Sea Isles.

CXLI

RISING OF THE STORM.—The first muttering of the storm arose early enough at Wairu in 1843.

The native titles to lands seem to have been of two kinds: land was held by the tribe as well as by individuals, and cases soon arose where purchases of tribal land were actually effected, the sale of the individual's *portional* right being assumed without warrant to have carried with it the sale of the *tribal* right. The tribe would then dispute the sale, the purchaser would stick to his irregular purchase and get himself backed by civilised force, and this is how one half of the land disputes arose. Even when I was in New Zealand last year (1895), the courts were still engaged in trying interminable lawsuits between the natives and the settlers which turned upon faulty or alleged faulty land titles.

The bloody troubles thus engendered resulted in 1843 in the defeat of the British troops—for the Maoris are as brave as they are intelligent—subsequent reprisals, new disputes, and *da capo* until matters reached the terrible climax of 1863, which was accompanied by a widespread apostasy from the Christian faith and an equally widespread distrust of the British rule. At this moment nothing can be more anomalous technically than the relations between the Maoris and the whites.

CXLII

THE MAORIS.—It is little understood in England that the Maoris have never been really conquered. Both sides got tired of fighting—*voilà tout!* But the up-north king-country is still in the hands of the Maoris.

They acknowledge no rule but that of their Maori king—he owns no allegiance to England. It has hardly seemed worth while for the whites to molest him or his people. The rapid disintegrating influences around him will do more surely and peacefully what it has proved difficult or impossible to accomplish effectually by persuasion or arms. The big cities of the white man are built from Invercargill to Auckland, and the Maoris melt away before them, or fall into them and are absorbed by major attraction. The rising generation finds it more pleasant and profitable to sit down by the whites, and eat at the expense of their independence the poisoned sweetmeats of peace and plenty which fall from the tables of Cook's tourists, speculators and land grabbers. No doubt there is still a considerable number of free Maori farmers, and the Maoris buy and sell or barter away their land. The Maoris are also ably represented in the Colonial Parliament by picked and eloquent coloured gentlemen; but the time is short. The Maoris may for long ages to come yield a distinctive strain of native blood to the white population (even as the Romans—*pace* Mr. J. R. Green—have to the English); but the time is not far distant when the last of the Maoris will repeat once more the tragedy of a dissolving native race, and follow the last of the aboriginal Tasmanians into the limbo of extinct peoples.

CXLIII

BISHOP SELWYN.—When Bishop Selwyn landed in New Zealand he found a nucleus of Christian effort struggling around Auckland and New Plymouth. Archdeacon Govett, one of his stalwart band of pioneer clergy, is still in his green and revered old age the active episcopal clergyman at New Plymouth, Taranaki. A year or two ago he attended a service at my church, St. James's, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, and hearing Dr. Stainer's choral 'Amen' borrowed it from my organist, and it greeted my ears when I preached last year (1895) at the other side of the world in his fine stone church at New Plymouth. Thus do we stretch forth brotherly hands through our choral liturgies to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the isles of the Gentiles meet and rejoice in Common Prayer and Praise.

Selwyn was a unique man, so was Patteson; but Selwyn was the St. Paul, Patteson was the St. John, of modern missions. Indeed, Selwyn was truly Pauline in his inflexible fidelity to principle, his infinite adaptability to circumstances, his power of initiative, his organising genius, his untiring and restless energy. With almost inspired insight he laid the foundations of the Church in New Zealand on the foundation of native material and native resource. His method was equally clear-sighted and effective. He did not go about at first to establish a number of centres, or to educate on the spot. He established two centres, one near Auckland, St. John's Training College, the other in Norfolk Island, for those whose tropical constitutions succumbed to the

keener air (to us almost tropical) of North New Zealand. Immediately on his arrival in his tiny ship of twenty-two tons, he began those adventurous voyages amongst the scattered cannibal isles of the Pacific Ocean which made his name famous with all seafaring men throughout the southern hemisphere. Unlike his incomparable coadjutor Patteson, he loved the sea for its own sake. He often navigated without charts—for there were none—the most dangerous waters, studded with coral reefs and sunken rocks, and after a night of storm would bring his tiny craft safe into Auckland Harbour to the amazement of even old salts, himself sitting at the helm.

CXLIV

SELWYN AND THE SAVAGES.—He began the method from which his faithful lieutenant Patteson (afterwards first Bishop of Melanesia) never deviated. On nearing a new island a boat was lowered and rowed within hailing distance of the shore, which soon became crowded with savages, often flourishing spears and clubs. The bishop then stood up and held out beads, calico, looking glasses, and then jumped into the sea and swam ashore. Putting his arm on the shoulder of the chief or any other savage, he would lean confidingly upon him, and mix freely with the thronging and amazed crowd, first having presented the chief with beads and a tomahawk as a sign of good will and peaceful surrender of arms. The chief with native courtesy would then order the warlike symbol to be taken to the rear in token of friendly acceptance of overtures. The Bishop would then sit down and practise on them all the words he knew. Shortly after this

he would embark, and revisit next year with more beads and looking glasses, and, if possible, some boy or native, whom he called his tame elephant, who would explain the greatness and the kindness of 'Bisopé' to the blacks. At last, having acquired their confidence by trusting himself in their canoes (the great test) or even going to sleep in their midst, he would prevail on them to part with some of the young boys—adults he refused to take—and sail away with as many as he could capture to Auckland. They were often packed like herrings in his little cutter, and slept feet to feet in a circle. The Bishop's glee on arriving at Auckland with his first capture of five boys is amusing. They came in on a moonlight night, and started off to walk several miles to St. John's College, beautifully situated outside Auckland. I have passed it twice on the rail now open between Auckland and Rotorua. It stands on a pleasant green slope, surrounded by a fertile paradise. They knocked up Mrs. Selwyn, and there was joy and feasting in the house of Selwyn that night. In this way was the mission built up. The boys proved very quick and docile, and soon became blindly devoted to 'Bisopé' and their teachers. Then he would take them back and decoy others, and as time went on they went back no longer as tame elephants but as native teachers. Sarawia, the first ordained native teacher, is still the life and soul of the Norfolk Island settlement, though now his hair is grizzled and his years are numbered. The Bishop of Tasmania gave me a charming photo of Sarawia and his wife, which he took with many others when on his late visitation tour through the Melanesian Isles.

'What's the use of a bishop out here?' said Cap-

tain Hobson when he heard that Archbishop Howley had appointed Selwyn Bishop of New Zealand and the Melanesian Islands. 'There are no roads where his Lordship's coach can travel!' But when Selwyn arrived at Auckland, having walked a hundred miles alone across wild country with the aid only of a pocket compass, the Governor quite changed his mind and said, 'That's a proper man.'

CXLV

A COLONIAL BISHOP'S LIFE.—Few people who sniff at Colonial Bishops in the old country have any idea of what a Colonial Bishop's life is like even now; fewer still can realise what it was fifty years ago. We can get stray glimpses from Bishop Selwyn's diary. He was a man of extraordinary method and exactness. He once appointed to meet a teacher at a day and an hour at some remote place six months beforehand. At the day and the hour the Bishop was seen pushing his way through the tangled bush towards the settlement. He had in that six months travelled 550 miles on foot, 450 on horseback, and had confirmed 1,500 natives.

His resources were infinite. Once near a coral reef island his little ship through injury to the copper plating sprang a leak. It was doubtful whether she could be repaired, as the leakage spot could not be ascertained, and there were no dry docks, nor facility for running her ashore. The Bishop, whilst the crew were debating, jumped overboard and dived and re-dived, coming up on the other side, with his hands cut and bleeding with the jagged copper, but he had localised the leak, and the ship was then made

seaworthy. A French frigate was cruising nigh, and the captain, witnessing the feat, was so impressed with the Bishop's pluck that he invited him on board to dine, and when the little craft sailed away, the Frenchman saluted her with eleven guns.

Selwyn was equally ready in dealing with the natives. Charged with a perilous mission from the British commander to the wild tribes around Taranaki, he attempted to penetrate that district, but was stopped by an angry chief, who with many menaces refused to allow him to advance. The Bishop quietly sat down on his knapsack, apparently in the utmost good-humour, and in his own peculiarly winning way took the chief into his confidence. He said they did not want him from where he came, and they did not want him where he was going, and apparently he wasn't wanted where he was—he was, in fact, like grain between two millstones, pounded on either side; and 'what was he to do?'

The chief was so taken with his coolness and composure that he had no more fault to find with him, and they parted on cordial terms, the Bishop going his way undisturbed.

At another time, a powerful chief forced himself into the chapel where the Bishop and a co-priest were about to celebrate the Eucharist. The chief noticing that within the altar rails was the place of honour, insisted upon seating himself there, opposite the Bishop. 'You,' he said, 'are a great chief; so am I!'

At a given signal, the Bishop with his assistant quietly lifted the table over the rails, and left the chief to his confusion sitting alone inside the rails, and thus put him to shame before all the congregation.

On another occasion the Bishop wanted a horse for

a long journey; the natives refused to produce one—declared they had not got any, although a whole herd was feeding in sight. Selwyn then intimated that, as he would have to walk, he must lighten his pack even of the necessaries of life, and so began elaborately taking everything out and throwing it away. A woman then, feeling ashamed that 'Bisopé' should be so treated, went and fetched him a horse.

A curious matter-of-fact entry in his diary relates a rather rough time. He had to ford a stream breast high, then found he had lost his way, slept in an open cave wet through to the skin, and at daybreak resumed his pilgrimage on foot fasting. Truly, as the Governor remarked, a 'proper man for a Bishop.'

By the time the Rev. Coleridge Patteson joined Selwyn in 1854, the Church in New Zealand had been constituted, and the scheme of mission work in the Melanesian islands fully mapped out. There was not a village in New Zealand where the Scriptures were unknown. In a few years 100 deacons and 1,200 communicants at least had been added to this pioneer Church in the spiritual wilderness. Patteson had little to do but to follow in the footsteps of his great chief. He had not his qualities, and he was intellectually an inferior man, theologically a very inferior man, although Selwyn was no doubt doctrinally narrow. Indeed, neither of these excellent men at all understood the signs of the times; neither could have anticipated that in another forty years, under the title of the 'Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture' by Gladstone (then a young High Church M.P.), most of the clergy and bishops of England would be prepared to swallow silently all and more than all that poor Bishop Colenso had vainly pleaded for, and this whilst still

professing to hold the name of Colenso in pious contempt. Indeed, in Patteson's case it is quite pathetic to see how, after shuddering with horror at the heresies of the Bishop of Natal, he calmly admits in the feeblest way that a certain margin of human error in the Bible must, after all, probably be allowed, but, of course, only in 'non-essentials'!—a most conveniently loose term which will enable any controversialist to beg all or any part of any question at his own sweet will.

The intellectual calibre of Patteson is nicely gauged by his verdict on Mill's 'Liberty,' a work in which he sees little of value and much to deplore. However, he frankly—and sometimes with decent humility—avows his want of interest in current literature outside a certain High Church class of Biblical criticism of the Pusey-Keble school; and his total inability to estimate Maurice, Stanley, or Kingsley, or in the least appreciate the general meaning and position of modern liberal theologians either destructive or reconstructive, is very patent in his letters, nor does he attempt to conceal it.

But to Selwyn, Patteson was invaluable. A loveable soul, gentle, brave, and burning ever with a zeal truly apostolic for souls, especially Melanesian souls. He had an incomparable gift with the natives. He refused to believe in any such thing as an unadulterated savage. To him they were all human, nay divine, and beneath the blackest skin he could see the whitest soul. He seemed steadily to make them good by believing them good, and indeed this was the Divine Master's own method.

As we read his entirely unadorned narrative, we hardly realise the almost, if not quite, miraculous

escapes which it so frequently records; *e.g.* eighty-one landings, many of them on islands never before visited, and only two arrows—never wounded until killed at last by a club, suddenly and probably with little or no pain. Such was the life and death of the first Bishop of Melanesia.

No doubt Selwyn had taught him much. He taught him when to trust and distrust. Selwyn's quick eye caught signs of danger which at first escaped Patteson—a tendency to clutch a bow, forms gliding behind trees, figures threatening at a distance, looks and exclamations, which, as time went on, Patteson read as quickly as his versatile and ubiquitous chief. No doubt both these men owed their habitual immunity from disaster to their utter fearlessness and willingness at any moment to die. This gave them that perfect peacefulness and cheerful serenity of manner that more than anything seemed to melt and subdue the savage man. It was so evident by every look and act and gesture that they were never thinking about or caring for themselves, but always of the natives and what could be done to serve them. These poor people had never seen the like, and they clung to the new teachers in the midst of their wild and internecine wars and turbulent feastings and hand-to-mouth life as men cling to spars in a raging flood. The missioners passed like Divine apparitions, and left a blessing behind them.

CXLVI

PATTESON ALONE.—The moment came in 1867 when Patteson was to lose his master, and from this time till his own death in 1871 he may fairly be said

to have won for himself the title of the second founder of the Church in New Zealand, as well as the first and uniquely gifted Bishop of Melanesia. Indeed, it has been found difficult, if not impossible, to replace him.

In his command of the island dialects he was little short of phenomenal. It was a faculty, 'a gift of tongues,' and he rejoiced in it in the same way that Selwyn rejoiced in his power of organisation, or in his skill to battle with the winds and the waves.

To a man of fastidious habits, the rough life of a pioneer bishop had, no doubt, its trials. But Patteson profited by Selwyn's example, and learned above all how to adapt himself to circumstances. Like Paul, he knew both how to abound and how to be in want. Two or three cocoa nuts to drink, a little fruit, and a spoonful of rice carried him through the day. He slept well on board his yacht, which latterly assumed the stately proportions of a steam vessel—the 'Southern Cross.' It sailed into Auckland whilst I was there in 1895. On shore he was often less fortunate. He treats lightly enough the lizards that fell on him from the roof at night, and 'bit rather sharply' but not poisonously—the rats that frisked around—the natives in some lone isle never before visited, who stole in and felt him all over in the dark, to make sure he was not a god or a spirit. He evidently did not relish these attentions either from man, beast, or vermin. But love conquered all, and there was nothing he would not put up with or suffer to win the affections and save the souls of his dear Melanesians. I began to understand his enthusiasm and his taste when I came to speak and travel with the present admirable Bishop of Tasmania,

Dr. Montgomery, Dean Farrar's son-in-law, who entertained me at Hobart Town. 'I love the coloured people,' he said; and indeed, as he followed in the footsteps of Selwyn and Patteson, in his late extensive Melanesian pastoral visitation, one could easily see that their mantles had fallen upon him. Wherever he went about confirming the churches he took with him dry plates, and the collection of photographic slides which I was fortunate enough to obtain from him has already been to thousands in London quite a revelation of the missionary work in the Paradises of the Pacific.

CXLVII

SELWYN AND THE MAORI WAR.—Not the least remarkable chapter of Selwyn's life in New Zealand was the part he took in the Maori war. The unhappy differences arising between our Government and the Maoris, due partly to the treacherous double dealing of officials and settlers, and partly to the difficulty of determining the validity of titles to lands which had been sold irregularly, caused the Bishop infinite anxiety and trouble. Bishop Patteson, whose work centred chiefly in the Melanesian Islands, escaped these complications to a certain extent. Selwyn always posed as the consistent friend of the Maori, as Colenso posed as the friend of the Zulu, and with the same result. He was denounced by the whites as no ally of the Government, and he was at last distrusted by the natives, because he ministered in time of battle impartially to blacks and whites. Many stories of his prowess and hairbreadth escapes are still current in New Zealand—of his galloping with de-

spatches between the opposing armies, of his succouring the wounded Maoris on the battle field, and being shot at as a treacherous foe by the wounded themselves. Selwyn was probably recalled not a moment too soon. Some thought that his presence really embarrassed the Government. Certainly, when the Maoris found that after all 'Bisopé' could not really get them righted, they assumed hastily enough that he must be hand and glove with their oppressors and that perhaps the whole mission business was nothing but a device under cover of which they were to be the more easily hunted down, cheated and robbed. He was cruelly misrepresented in the colonies. Some thought he had lost the key of the situation. It was evident even to his admirers that his great colonial career was over. He had organised the Church. He has left a magnificent record. His work in New Zealand was practically done, when he was suddenly and opportunely enough made Bishop of Lichfield. For a year he held both Sees. He was Bishop of Lichfield and Bishop of New Zealand as well.

CXLVIII

PATTESON AND KIDNAPPERS.—It is a curious and painful coincidence that, as Selwyn's career was clouded by the Maori war, so was Patteson's destined to be blighted by the wholesale system of kidnapping by white traders and buccaneers in the Melanesian Islands.

The growing sugar industries in Queensland and the Fijis set up an ever increasing demand for black labour. The scattered isles of the Pacific became the convenient hunting ground. Under cover of nominal

contracts entered into for a set term of years, with promise of return fares at the expiration of the contract, hundreds of blacks were decoyed to strange lands, where they found themselves practically at the disposal of unscrupulous overseers, who took care to use them up and exploit them in every conceivable manner.

There were no doubt honest exporters and merciful and just employers of labour, but the tendency of the system was dead against both. The ships used in carrying the blacks were soon known as 'snatch-snatch' and 'kill-kill' ships. At last the contract became a mere feint—a ship hove to, the blacks came on board, they were seized and put under hatches below, killed if they resisted, sails were hoisted, and the human cargo secured and taken off to the sugar plantations. The villany culminated when these free-booters dressed up dummy figures of missionaries in black coats, white ties and tall hats, and stuck them at the stern. The blacks, who had learned to trust and love the missionaries throughout the isles evangelised by Selwyn and Patteson, flocked on board and fell an easy prey to their white captors. Raids, accompanied by murders perpetrated by white crews belonging to European ships, now became of frequent occurrence.

Some of Selwyn's and Patteson's most promising settlements had been decimated. The natives were puzzled and indignant. They could not help associating the actions of one white man with the actions of other white men. Next time the 'Southern Cross' appeared, the missionaries were met with heart-rending appeals and reproaches. 'You bring the good word and teach Bible; is this because you

meant to send the "kill-kill" and "snatch-snatch" ships after?' And when it was explained that the robbers and murderers were wicked whites, 'hog whites,' not 'gentlemen whites,' then said the natives, 'Why does not "Bisopé" protect us?' They knew that 'Bisopé' was backed by his Government, which had big guns. 'Let Bisopé come with big guns on his own ship and punish hog whites!' It was indeed hard to make these poor people understand that the British Government had no such keen taste for humanity as to embroil itself with a French ship or even a freebooter, and perhaps raise an international quarrel, in order to protect a handful of often entirely naked and only half-converted savages in the Pacific Isles.

And so 'Bisopé was practically left without reply. Still, so great was the missionary prestige that numbers of islands still received the 'Southern Cross' and its evangelists gladly. But there were others which had been ravaged and where the impact of Christianity had been very slight, a cannibal feast going on at one end of the island, and a chapel service at the other. Perhaps on such an island several natives had been lately killed and more carried off, when by comes the 'Southern Cross.' 'We now had no means of knowing what had taken place since we left an island, and often we understood the language imperfectly; then the people would be reticent and revengeful, watching their chance to claim, according to universal custom in Melanesia, blood for blood.' These were Bishop Patteson's later difficulties, and to these he at last succumbed.

CXLIX

MURDER OF BISHOP PATTESON.—On September 20, 1871, the 'Southern Cross,' with Bishop Patteson on board, hove in sight of the island of Nukapu, with the blue waves breaking over the circling reef, and the white line of coral sand with the trees like a fringe of fans above it.

It was a glowing midsummer afternoon, and the ship had been trying for some hours to make the islet. On board that day the Bishop had given an unusually impressive address on the Martyrdom of Stephen; but he had apparently no intuition that the close of the day would witness his own. 'And then,' writes his faithful scholar Mr. Wogale, 'he went up ashore on that island, Nukapu.' Several canoes were hovering about when the Bishop landed. The natives seemed very anxious to haul his boat up on the shore—they ultimately took the Bishop into one of their canoes. His quick ear seems to have caught the word 'Tabu,' or 'It is holy!' as certain fruits were offered him—probably *consecrated* fruits, which it would be death for him even to touch. The warning voice was possibly that of a friend, who knew what was coming and tried to save him. But he took and ate. Patteson soon afterwards was seen to land on the beach beyond the coral reef with two Nukapu chiefs, supposed to be friendly. The ship's boat and crew drifted about with several canoes not far from where the Bishop landed. Suddenly a native stood up in one of the canoes and shot a yard-long arrow, shouting, 'Have you anything like this?'—then another and another. 'This,' he cried, 'for the Bauro

man, this for the Mota man, this for New Zealand man.' It was afterwards found that the men alluded to had all been recently murdered or captured by whites, and supposed to have been murdered to the number of *five*.

Several of the boat's crew were wounded, some unto death. The Bishop had by this time disappeared. As hour after hour passed, the 'Southern Cross' waited anxiously after receiving the wounded men on board, but the Bishop did not return.

Then about four o'clock a boat was sent in search of him.

The tide being down, it could not cross the reef.

When it was lifted over in the slow tidal swell of the sultry afternoon, a canoe towing a second canoe put off from the shore to meet the ship's boat, but presently cast off the second canoe and paddled back.

The empty canoe drifted towards the ship's boat. A bundle of some sort lay in it. 'The Bishop's shoes!' said the mate, as he cocked a pistol; but no live thing was in that canoe—slowly, funereally it drifted alongside the mission boat. Tenderly was all that remained of Bishop Patteson lifted out, whilst a savage yell arose from the crowded shores of Nukapu.

As the boat with its sad freight came alongside of the 'Southern Cross,' but two words passed—'The body!' It was lifted up rolled in the native mat, secured at the head and the feet.

A beautiful smile was on the face; a palm leaf was fastened on the Bishop's breast, and beneath it were *five* wounds; *five* knots for the *five* men stolen or killed were tied in the split palm leaf. The skull had been fractured by a club, and death had probably been

instantaneous and painless; and so Bishop Patteson entered into rest.

On the following day he was lowered from the 'Southern Cross' into the blue calm water.

Although dying at the comparatively early age of forty-four, the Bishop's working days were probably well nigh over. His health was breaking, and he complained of lethargy and inability to do quite as much as in earlier times. He too might have been offered an English bishopric, but he would have been ill fitted for it; unlike Selwyn, he had little to contribute to an English diocese—nothing to the theology of the age, and as a social force he would probably have scarcely made himself felt. General society bored him, and he was not in touch with the movements of the age, nor did he desire to be so.

His special faculties had been specially selected, and consecrated to a special use. In his own sphere as an ideal missionary pastor, he possessed gifts which even Selwyn could not boast of, but he had not Selwyn's touch of genius, originality and incomparable faculty for organisation and government. Perhaps the fittest epitaph, not only describing Patteson but disclosing also the secret of his power, is to be found in the words of Tagalanu, one of his faithful natives, 'Black and white he loved them all alike!'

It does not appear that the blacks of Nukapu had any personal grudge against the Bishop; it is pretty certain that some of them would have been glad enough to save him. His body was treated with every mark of respect and even tenderness, and as a token of unusual consideration, instead of being eaten, he was restored to his friends.

CL

JOHN WILLIAMS.—The differences in these respects between Patteson's and John Williams's martyrdom are sufficiently striking. Both, however, suffered merely as blood ransom, and not because they had roused any personal enmity.

John Williams stands out as perhaps (Selwyn and Patteson not excepted) the most remarkable and heroic figure amongst all the devoted evangelists of the Pacific.

In 1818 Mr. Williams settled at Raiatea under the famous chief Tamatoa. He had already won the confidence of the Tahitians, and induced them to adopt through trial by jury a wholesome check to the almost despotic power of the king. His manual dexterity was extraordinary—he could make anything from furniture and houses to ships, and no detail of cooking, clothing, or medicine seemed unknown to him. His command of language was remarkable; his presence was in such a degree magnetic that when he was seized with his companions on the unfriendly island of Aitutaki, and actually taken up to the great maræ to be killed and eaten, he so zealously preached and exhorted the savages to change their evil ways that he was listened to and released, all the more because, seeing he had no care for his life, they concluded that he must be of supernatural origin. After this strange beginning he stayed alone on this island with one native servant, the celebrated Papeiha, who subsequently accomplished such wonders single-handed amongst some of the fiercest cannibal

islanders. After a year alone at Aitutaki, incredible as it may appear, John Williams had caused the demolition of every heathen altar and temple in the island, and in 1822, when he revisited the site of the great maræ where he was to have been killed and eaten, the natives crowded around him as he landed, shouting enthusiastically, 'The Good Word has taken root! The Good Word has taken root!' It was a favourite phrase of Williams's. Soon after this Mr. Williams set out to discover the large island of Rarotonga, of which he had heard at Aitutaki, but the captain of his ship was sceptical as to its existence, and at last it was agreed that if no land were sighted at the end of a five days' voyage at a certain hour the quest should be abandoned. Just half an hour before the time, the blue mountains of Rarotonga broke upon the horizon, and with beating hearts the faithful men neared the coast. They had with them a few friendly Aitutakians, 'tame elephants' as Selwyn would have called them. Thus equipped and accompanied by Papeiha, no sooner had they landed than they were subjected to nameless insults. Mr. Williams decided to abandon the island for the present, but the devoted Papeiha felt a call to remain with a few of the Aitutakians on the understanding that in a short time a coadjutor should be sent him if he were still alive and had proved successful in making any impression on the savages. He was revisited, and in twelve months the people of Rarotonga were building a temple—idolatry was at an end; and at the neighbouring islands of Atiu and Mauke similar prodigies were accomplished.

CLI

SHIPBUILDING EXTRAORDINARY.—It was at Rarotonga that Mr. Williams on one occasion, finding himself cut off from communication with other islands, resolved to build a ship, which he did with his own hands. He made a bellows of goat skins, which the rats immediately devoured; he made charcoal out of cocoa nuts to help weld and work what little iron he could get; he split trees with wedges, used wooden pins for nails and cocoa-nut husks for oakum, hibiscus bark for ropes, and for fastening his rudder 'a piece of a pickaxe, a copper adze, and a large hoe.' In fifteen weeks the 'Messenger of Peace' was complete, a seagoing vessel sixty feet long, and so taut and sound that for years he navigated it amongst the Pacific islets, reaching the Fiji Islands on one side and the Samoan group on the other, and planting native teachers wherever he touched. At Samoa, by the year 1838, Mr. Williams was able to report that out of 60,000 inhabitants in the Samoan group 50,000 were under Christian instruction.

From 1836 to 1837 Mr. Williams and the veteran missionary Mr. Nott, Pomare's 'Notty' ('Notty, don't go'—see *ante*), were engaged in publishing the Bible in the Tahitian tongue; and about this time John Williams's famous book, 'Missionary Enterprise,' was published, and caused a great sensation throughout England, or rather throughout Christendom.

Large sums were raised in answer to Mr. Williams's eloquent appeals. A vessel, the 'Camden,' of several

hundred tons, brig-rigged, was bought, and many are now alive who can remember the extraordinary excitement which stirred the whole of London, the crowds on London Bridge and the shores of the Thames to celebrate the departure of the daring missionary whose striking and phenomenal exploits had suddenly become the talk of the town.

CLII

MURDER OF JOHN WILLIAMS.—It was John Williams's last voyage. He sailed with his wife and family, and settled at one of the Samoan Islands that had lately been worsted in war, and was therefore held in contempt and regarded as a fair butt for spoil. He thought his presence there would be a protection to the poor people, and he was right. Not only were he and his household and his property left unmolested, but the people and their possessions were also spared out of respect to him.

But so restless a spirit and so Pauline an evangelist could not remain long in such a comparatively otiose and honoured seclusion. Ever from across the azure seas seemed to float wandering calls, breaking in upon the dreamy hum of the cocoa-nut groves or the lazy plashings of the clear waves upon the coral reefs or white sands. 'Come over and help us!' came the call as clear as ever the spirit voice in the dream of Peter, or poet's vision,

'Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me.'

Never could such words be more appropriate than when John Williams embraced wife and children for

the last time, and preaching prophetically to his flock upon the text, 'Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more,' sailed away to the New Hebrides. It is interesting and pathetically strange to note how, in common with the great Apostle to the Gentiles, both Patteson and John Williams uttered in their last recorded words a distinct prophecy of the doom that awaited them. After all, to them it mattered so little—they were so ready for the change—so willing to spend themselves and be spent—so eager to depart and be at last with Christ and the 'innumerable company'—so fain to join 'the choir invisible.'

On November 20 the 'Camden' anchored off Erromanga (New Hebrides), to the west of the Fijis. All that was known of the island was that the people were unusually fierce and intractable. Captain Cook himself had only escaped by firing on the natives. Williams determined to go ashore. Accompanied by Mr. Harris and Mr. Cuningham, he landed, and at once began distributing presents; and although the natives exhibited considerable mistrust at first, they seemed gradually to calm down, and Williams and Harris strolled off towards some native huts.

Suddenly, and without a note of warning, the savages raised a wild yell, and Cuningham, who had stayed behind near the shore, was horrified to see Williams and Harris running for their lives, pursued by the cannibals, flourishing their war clubs. Williams ran into the sea, hoping to swim to the boat. The savages were on him in a moment—beat him down amongst the waves. His skull was broken, and his

body so mashed that the blue water was dyed crimson with his blood for a great way round. Harris was also killed. The bodies were quickly dragged on shore and away into the bushes, and a grand cannibal feast was immediately held.

So died this great apostle of Polynesia. Captain Croker, of H.M.S. 'Favourite,' succeeded in recovering a few of his bones, and a simple stone marks the spot at Apia where they were reverently buried with many tears.

The murder was doubtless one of strict reprisal for outrages and robberies committed by white traders. It is not too much to say that throughout the Polynesian Islands, as the news spread, one bitter and heartfelt cry arose; it was this: 'Alas! Williamu! Alas! our father!' Truly, as St. Paul said, 'they had not many fathers,' and such a father as Williams—never before or since. Even by the side of his great contemporaries and successors, some of whose achievements I have attempted to record, John Williams towers with a certain majesty and a profound enthusiasm which seemed to lift him as in some divine element above the usual accidents of time and chance. But he died at last as he always wished to die—with his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated, and in his Master's service.

CLIII

A LETTER FROM JOHN WILLIAMS.—I find amongst my father's letters one from Williams pencilled *the martyr*. It refers to the idol sent by King Pomare to my grandfather, Dr. Haweis, and

to the king's letter. The idol referred to and some of King Pomare's letters are now in my possession, and were lately seen by thousands in London when I placed them on view in my vestry, February and March 1896, at the time when I was delivering a course of sermons on 'Christ in the Pacific.' Williams refers also to his forthcoming book, 'Missionary Enterprise,' and to my grandfather's great zeal for the cause.

The following letter, the one pencilled by my father, from the martyr Williams, is written to my grandmother, Dr. Haweis's widow, and addressed to 54 Brunswick Square, Brighton, a house endeared to me by many early associations, and which my grandmother kindly lent us in the fifties at a time when I was supposed by Sir Benjamin Brodie to be on my deathbed. I did not expire, nor did the great physician long survive his mistaken diagnosis.

Letter from John Williams (the Martyr) to Mrs. Elizabeth Haweis, Widow of Dr. Thomas Haweis, Rector of Aldwinckle

'31 Bedford Square, Commercial Road: February 1837.

'MY DEAR MADAM,—When I was at Bath, Mr. McDowell kindly showed me the idol which Pomare sent to Dr. Haweis with the letter by which it was accompanied. You are perhaps aware that I have in the course of publication a narrative of my voyages and engagements in the South Sea Islands. In the first chapter I have given a brief history of the mission, in which I have noticed the great interest Dr. H. took in it from the commencement; and it has occurred to

me that the insertion of Pomare's letter, together with a coloured engraving of the idol, may add interest to the work and be gratifying to yourself and to the numerous friends who venerate the late Doctor's memory. I therefore, not liking to trouble Mr. and Mrs. McDowell, requested a friend to call on them and copy off Pomare's letter, when Mr. McDowell very properly suggested the propriety of writing to you upon the subject, which I regret I did not do before, as I fear the printers will have proceeded too far, and the introduction of it will be attended with very considerable expense. The work is dedicated by permission to his Majesty, who was pleased to express himself gratified at having such a work dedicated to him. The volume will be large and handsome, illustrated by a variety of engravings, and I purpose to make the price, if possible, as low as 10*s.* 6*d.* To subscribers it will not exceed that amount. An answer as soon as convenient will greatly oblige, madam,

'Yours with much respect,

'J. WILLIAMS.

'P.S.—We purpose returning to the South Seas in August.'

I am well aware of the danger of weighting such a record of 'Travel and Talk' as this with what my critics may call irrelevant matter; but having at this moment before me whole volumes of interesting diaries and letters from the chief actors in the South Sea Missions, which I have felt constrained to touch upon after so recently navigating those seas and lingering

in those Paradises of the Pacific, I think that on the whole my moderation in dealing with the unpublished material in my hands has been extraordinary. If life and health remain, I may some day undertake a detailed account dealing with the inner history of this unique missionary movement, and I shall then have to edit the Countess of Huntingdon's voluminous correspondence. But any attempt to do this now would be impossible, and here indeed entirely out of place. It should have been undertaken by my gifted and lamented father; and indeed he has left all the papers in perfect order, with a memorandum for me, that I may do what in my judgment is best; and that if I do not use the material, many of the original documents might at my discretion be handed over to the London Missionary Society. Indeed, I have placed certain volumes at the disposal of their chronicler, who is now making use of some of the material in his forthcoming history of the London Missionary Society.

. . . .

I lay down my pen.

As I close my eyes, the varied scenes I have called up in memory and imagination do not appear merely as the things of yesterday; they carry me back to the dim past, and point onward to the illimitable future.

Savagery, civilisation, progress, and what in its widest sense Confucius called HUMANITY—these are the real subjects and the objects which have lured me on to travel 100,000 miles over the face of the earth and the bosom of the ocean.

My desire to see as much of this small planet as I can during the few short years that I am permitted

to live and labour upon its surface, is as strong and ardent as ever.

The wonder of man, the purpose and meaning of human life, amidst the immensities of matter and the appalling vastness of Time and Space, grow clearer and clearer to me as the cycles of change sweep by, and the crowded generations of men are seen hurrying with feverish haste across the stage of history.

As Phillips Brooks says (vol. i. p. 25), '*one grows surer of a few strong things.*'

Amongst these '*strong things*,' to me the most inspiring is the insatiable and Divine eagerness of the human spirit to know, to feel, to be—oceans are not deep enough, continents are not wide enough, and life is not long enough.

Man stands upon the verge of this 'sorrowful star,' and still the cry of his soul is, Beyond! beyond!

Even as I write these words come rumours of a magnetic wave, whose sympathetic vibrations may place us ere long in communication with the denizens of other planets, and annihilate interstellar space as completely as the electric wire has destroyed time and distance for us upon this tiny globe.

Hail! to these faint snatches from the music of the spheres surprised by recent science; what are they but an earnest of revelations soon to come—prophecies of man's triumph over the things that are seen and temporal, signs of his inexhaustible affinities and tokens of his spiritual supremacy?

And as he soars upon the wings of love and aspiration, and feels within him the bounding divinity which the grave cannot hold nor time paralyse, in his rapt vision the day dawns and the shadows flee away; and filled at last with the mighty

passions of Eternity, the planet with its oceans and continents once the scene of his earthly pilgrimage recedes into the immeasurable distance, and becomes but a little cloud speck in the azure of the All!

THE END

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